SMART SETT True Stories from Real Life

25 ents March

FORGIVE ME MY TRESPASSES

A Throbbing Life Story
i Girl's Renunciation

KLINE



60 MILES ON A GALLON

O. B. Zeigler reports 60 miles on a gallon—as he ran 15 miles on one quart. J. T. Jackson got 57 miles on a gallon out of a 1914 model Ford.



SAVES 50%

F. A. Cole writes he put one on a Studebaker Special Six. Reports a saving of 59% in gasoline.



36 MILES ON 11/4 GALLONS

"I was getting 8 to 10 miles on a gallon. Vesterday I made a trip of 36 miles and used only 1½ gallons." L. L. ROBINSON



43 MILES A GALLON

"We have tried them out. Ford got 40 miles on a gallon and Chevrolet 43 miles"—F. S. Carrott. Rex Dran, another Chevrolet owner reports he got 25 miles a gallon. Took the device off and mileage dropped to 19. Put it back and mileage moved up to 25.



30 MILES A GALLON

J. R. Wood writes he increased mileage on his Oldsmobile from 17 miles a gallon to 30 miles a gallon by actual count on 3,000 miles."



40 MILES A GALLON

"I made over 40 miles per gallon on my Dodge between Brownsville, Texas, and Tampico, Mexico."

T. L. BROWN

INTERNATIONAL

SAVES 41%

"I find it better than you recommend it. On the International Truck we use, we are saving by positive test 41% in gas and our engine uses less oil." George Bell

Sworn Affidavit

I, L. G. Stransky, Vice President, J. A. Stransky Mfg. Company, being first duly sworn depose and say that the J. A. Stransky Mfg. Company have in their files thousands of unsolicited testimonials from satisfied users all over the world.

Signed L. G. STRANSKY

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of November, 1926.

Signed ERNEST HENEGAR Notary Public



With This Amazing Device I Drove 1300 Miles Without Buying Gasoline

No wonder over a million car owners have installed the Stransky Vaporizer! Here's a remarkable instance—one of many that shows how this amazing device has saved gasoline and increased power. J. R. Wood of St. Louis writes that he ran his car 3,000 miles on the same amount of gas that he formerly used on only 1700 miles. Think of it! 1300 miles without buying gasoline! Read the inventor's daring no-risk offer to you.

\$75 to \$200 in a Week

SELDOM if ever has such a money-making opportunity been offered distributors—experienced or otherwise—full time or spare time. Think how fast the money rolls in when Foster could make \$137.50 in a week—Fuller, \$104.50 in five days—Cronk \$51 in an hour!

If your present job doesn't pay you \$75 to \$200 in a week, think fast! Full page newspaper ads are being used all over America. Over a million car owners have installed it

lion car owners have installed it already—on all makes of cars, trucks and tractors—even on an aeroplane. Thousands of car owners have ordered direct from the factory because they couldn't find a distributor. Jump in quick and get your share of the cream!

How It Works

The Stransky Vaporizer was invented by J. A. Stransky, former candidate for Governor of South Dakota. It is based on a newly-discovered scientific engineering

principle that has stood thousands of tests by car owners, dealers, garage mechanics and other authorities. It has no delicate parts to get out of order. There is nothing complicated about it. You can attach it to your engine in about three minutes and it needs no further attention.

Official tests show that most car owners waste 20 to 30% of their gas by improper combustion. Thousands of car owners say that this amazing device has saved them as much as 50%; that it picks up power more quickly, ENDS spark plug and carbon troubles, and works in all weather or roads. And so convinced is the inventor that it will prove its story that he makes

the following no-risk offer.

17



J. A. STRANSKY

Former Candidate Governor of South Dakota is the inventor of this amazing device now installed by over a million car owners.

Mail Coupon Below

Over one million car owners have installed the Stransky Vaporizer at the inventor's risk. This coupon will bring you full details of our plan to let you test this device on your car in the same way and pay you a cash forfeit if the test is unsuccessful. You will also learn a definite plan that has helped others

earn \$75 to \$200 in a week, full or spare time. Your request will not obligate you. Rush the coupon today.

Free Gasoline C
J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co., Dept. C-1150, Puk Ves, send me without obligation full detail risk test offer. Aboutell me about your distribu

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The STRANSKY
VAPORIZER
Saves Gasoline

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO., Dept. C-1150 Pukwana, S. D. Resources \$500,000.00



As she steps into maturity

important

statements

is not a

poison

does kill

Zonite

Zonite

will she have been told the truth about poisonous antiseptics?

FORTUNATE is the girl with a mother who takes her responsibilities seriously—a mother who will not avoid a delicate subject, a mother who will frankly tell her the truth about poisonous antiseptics.

Hygienic cleanliness—surgical cleanliness—is among the important things every young woman should realize.

Yet there has always been a cloud hanging over this subject of personal hygiene—a cloud of fear because all the known germicides have been marked "poison."

Carbolic acid compounds a common danger

Chief among these poisonous antiseptics is carbolic acid in various forms and under various names.

These compounds can always be detected by the carbolic odor, and they are required by law to carry the "skull and crossbone" sign on every package.

This is a necessary precaution with these carbolic acid preparations: they are corrosive and caustic in their action, and their continued use results in an area of scar-tissue, as well as dullness and hardening of delicate membranes.

Zonite is the new way —without danger

Until recently, such poisons as these were the only agents available for genuine surgical cleanliness. But now there is a new antiseptic known to all physicians and nurses.

This antiseptic is called Zonite, and it represents

probably the greatest discovery of the World War.

In strength it is comparable with the old poisonous germicides: in fact it is

far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed to touch the body.

But Zonite is not a poison. It is as safe to use as ordinary peroxide of hydrogen. Yet in strength Zonite is more than forty times as effective as peroxide is.

Special booklet for women sent on request

Every woman who values health and beauty should send for this special booklet. Every woman who fears accidental poisoning with little children in the house. Every woman who wants to keep up to date concerning the latest developments in personal hygiene. Don't neglect to send for this dainty booklet today. Zonite Products Co., 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)



Use Zonite Ointment for chapped hands, cracked lips, cold sores and windburn



In bottles, 25c, 50c, and \$1

FFB SULT

VOLUME 80 NO. 1

SMART SET

MARCH 1927

True Stories from Real Life

The BEST True-Life Serials

Forgive Me My Trespasses . . . 18 Only a Cigarette Girl 34

The Story of a Woman With a Siren Heart Romance Led Me to Danger in Gay Miami

Men Who Have Kissed Me . . . Is True Love Always Just Around the Corner? . 74

The BEST True-Life Stories

I Long for a Wife and Home . 22 I Have a Past—What of My Future? But Who Would Have Me Now? Will My Early Mistake Rise to Cheat Me? More Priceless Than Love . . . Won't You Come Back to Me? 33 54 A Letter to the Man I Love The Story of a Strong Man's Renunciation Can a Good Wife Be a Good Sport? I Made My Husband Proud of Me 58 My Husband Urged Me to Become a Petter Every Woman Will Find a Lesson in This My Buddy's Mam'selle Sweet Irish Love . . . 42 65 Between the Fires of Love and Loyalty I Served My Mistress and Starved My Heart All's Fair In Love 48 Yes, No Help Wanted . 68 Did I Trick Him Into Marriage? The Way of a Man With a Maid

The BEST True-Life Features

A Toy for Broadway Chinese Girls Are Taught to Love . O. O. McIntyre's Best True Story This Month By Dr. Sum Nung Au-Young From the Gutter to Fame . . 24 Your Love is Never Wasted 78 By "The Sparrow" Who Became a Star By Martha Madison This Funny World I Took a Chance 80 By Aleck Smart By Lilian Lauferty Cover Design Painted by Henry Clive Beauties of Screen & Stage 29-32: 61-64

Assistance in the production of photographic settings was extended through the courtesy of the following companies: First National, page 35; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, pages 24, 26 and 42; Universal, page 66; Famous Players, page 65.

Next Month Beginning: A Powerful True-Life Serial

HUNTED LOVERS

The Thrilling Adventure of a Girl of The White North and a Man from the Great Beyond

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Would you like two pay checks

instead of oneeach week in 1927

RANKLY-are you in earnest in wishing to increase your income, but doubtful as to the aid you could get from home-study usiness training?

E. J. Dryden

I Dryden, of Laredo, Texas, was jul, too. But he determined to try, and to measure his results by the good old sign of the dollar!

He was earning \$150 a month when he started with LaSalle. His course in Higher Accountancy was completed in eighteen months. His salary increase paid for the training plus \$1.00 an hour for every hour spent in study.

After his first lesson in Business Management, dealing with Selling, he tried out his newly acquired knowledge. In six weeks he made \$750 in commissions working after hours.

He has since followed thru with Commercial Spanish, and is now completing his fourth course—in American Law and Procedure. For two years past his earnings have been better than \$11,000 a year.

Again we ask—are you in earnest in your desire to increase your salary?

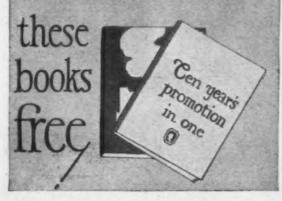
Send for Free Book About Your Own Field

You are faced with a problem—and the only way you can solve it is to get the facts.

A special 64-page booklet describes the opportunities in your field of business and outlines a definite plan that will enable you to realize them.

The coupon will bring this booklet to you fee—and with it your copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without

Dreaming-wishing-you've had enough of that! Send for those booklets NOW.





LaSalle Extension University. Chicago, Illinois. Gentlemen:

My schooling stopped when I was fourteen; and when I first enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy I was earning only \$150 a

Yet that training enabled me to make certain suggestions to the firm I worked for which resulted in a trip to Washington with all expenses paid and a commission of \$2,126. That alone paid for the training seventeen times over!

Since then I have followed thru with two other LaSalle courses; I am now on my fourth. And for two years past my earnings have been in excess of \$11,000 a year.

I used to think you were too extravagant in your claims for LaSalle training. Now I honestly believe you are too conservative. Why don't you tell the full truth about what LaSalle can do and is doing to lift men out of the low-pay class and put them in command of the really important Class in the business world? portant places in the business world?



LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 350-R CHICAGO

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Street

Effective Speaking

Right out of the secret lives of SMART SET'S own readers have come the human and intimate stories that will be brought to you in delightful variety in next month's SMART SET.

Be Sure To Read Next Month's

SMART SET

Every

Story

Sensational

with

TRUTH

Every

Line a

HEART.

These stories are more than entertaining. Springing from the heart, written from the depth of experience, they throw light on the intimate personal problems of all sorts of people. Thousands troubled by questions concerning life and love are going to find help as well as thrilling delight in the April issue. For instance:

Must Girls Use Their Sex in Business?

"Just so long as men are going to let themselves be swayed by sex, just so long do we women in the business world enter the race not with a handicap but with odds in our favor," says the writer of an astonishingly frank article in the April number of SMART SET; and then she goes on to cite amazing examples of how girls have used their charm of body and soul to win the largest success in the man-made world of commerce.

My Mysterious Husband

If you were blonde, and the man you loved had called you "the loveliest thing in the world"———if you were a stenographer at \$120a month———and if a middle-aged man hired you to drive his car, and paid you \$100 a week because you had nerve, could pass anything on the road, and could keep your mouth shut———would you listen to the allurements of that middle-aged man?

It Was All So Long Ago

It Might Have Happened to Some Other Girl

Suppose your son adored you as having all the virtues that glorify the word mother. Suppose there was a secret episode in your life
-- something that happened before you were married—a chap-ter of passionate love that had been a closed book through all the years.

Suppose your grown son brought suddenly to your house a beautiful girl, announcing his engagement to her. Suppose, as you studied her parentage, you learned that her father was !

For Being Nice to the Guests

Why is a Night Club? What is its excuse for beingthis dazzling, scintillating, exclusive yet Bohemian byproduct of a jazz-mad age, where prima donnas and jewel-thieves, dancing sheiks, bootleggers and dope peddlers hob-nob with the cream of society, each trying to outdo the other in unconventionality and abandonment? Read my story in April SMART SET and you'll see a Night Club from the inside.

Hunted Lovers

In the sky the ghost-dance of the northern lights-and beneath, a dancehall blazing in the icy dark. The open door flings a beam of brightness across the snow, letting out the riot and blare within-letting out also a girl who steals away in the shadows. A moment of peace—then the door bursts wide again, and a man leaps out roaring curses. She turns—sees her danger—

I was the girl-and Wolf Claws, the half-breed, wanted me because men say I am beautiful, and hated me because I had refused him-I, a dance-hall girl of the North! But out of the night, like kindly fate, came deliverance.

From the moment when The Stranger stepped in front of Wolt Claws and saved me from him, to the time we went away together—that wonderful Stranger and I—into peaceful Lost Valley, we expected each hour to be our last. I prayed for him fought beside him

A Dozen Other Remarkable True Stories

"Forgive Me My Trespasses"—that amazing confession; "Only a Cigarette Girl"—the story continued, growing tenser still; "Why
I Am Afraid to Marry"—by a handsome young bachelor, telling what kind of girl not to be if you want a man to propose to you; "I Didn't Mean What He Thought"—be careful how you use the word "lover" in speaking to a Frenchman; and the problem "Was I Justified in Breaking the Tenth Commandment?" -the story of a man who coveted his neighbor's wife and took her! And with each story, wonderful, thrilling illustrations!

Read It!

Beautiful, intimate, human-a magazine of life as it is really lived!

April

SMART SET

> On Sale March 1st

LOVE-PASSION-ROMANCE

Great Stories of the Eternal Emotion—Comments on Man and Woman Books of Information About Life—Popular Titles

FRENCH LITERATURE OF LOVE 178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier
230 Quest for a Blonde Mistress. Gautier
953 Gourdon's Four Seasons of a Great Love.
196 The Marquise: A Secret Passion. Sand
345 Clarimonde: A Supernatural Passion. G.
922 A Wife's Comession, and Other Stories. 196 The Marquise: A Secret Passion. Sand 345 Clarimonde: A Supernatural Passion. Gautier. 922 A Wife's Comession, and Other Stories. Maupassant 1043 A Study of Woman. Balzac 1044 Another Study of Woman. Balzac 6 Love, and Other Stories. Maupassant 21 Carmen: A Colorful Romance. Merimee 292 Mile. Fifi, and Other Stories. Maupassant 319 Amazing Intrigue of Comtesse de Saint-Geran. Dumas 540 Passionate Stories of Many Hues, Gourmont 541 Brightly Colored Tales of Passion. Gourmont 344 Don Juan; A Passion in the Desert. Balzac 1042 The Red Inn. Balzac 1067 The Splendors and Miseries of a Courtesan. Balzac 1067 The Splendors and Miseries of a Courtesan. Balzac 1067 The Splendors and Miseries of a Courtesan. Balzac 1067 The Splendors and Miseries of a Courtesan. Balzac 1067 The Splendors and Miseries of A Discussion of Love. Montaigne 123 Mme. du Barry: A King's Mistress 920 A Queer Night in Paris. Maupassant 1915 Mad; An Artist's Wife. Maupassant 1915 Mad; An Artist's Wife. Maupassant 1915 Mad; An Artist's Wife. Maupassant 1916 Coquette vs. a Wife. Balzac 1916 More of Sarah Bernhardt's Love Letters 1917 Sarah Bernhardt's Love Letters 1918 Sarah Bernhardt's Startling Philosophy of Love 1918 Story of a Mad Sweetheart. Balzac 1919 The Tallow Ball: A French Prostitute's Sacrifice. Maupassant 1916 A Night in Whitechapel, and Other Stories. Maupassant 1918 A Book of French Love-Artists. Symons 1918 Tance 1918 The Love-Life of George Sand 1918 Toom No. 11, and Other Stories, Maupassant 1918 Room No. 11, and Other Stories, Maupassant 1918 Room No. 11, and Other Stories, Maupassant 1918 Other Stories 1918 A Tillyloss Scandal. Barrie

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GREAT BRITISH LOVE LITERATURE

GREAT BRITISH LOVE LITERATURE

307 A Tillyloss Scandal. Barrie

1017 Without Benefit of Clergy. Kipling

222 The Vampire, and Other Poems. Kipling

303 She Stoops to Conquer. Goldsmith

63 Famous Sonnets of Shakespeare

250 Romeo and Juliet. Shakespeare

251 The Taming of the Shrew. Shakespeare

252 Othello: A Drama of Jealousy. Shakespeare

252 Othello: A Drama of Jealousy. Shakespeare

254 Venus and Adonis (Great Love Poem). Shakespeare

255 Venus and Adonis (Great Love Poem). Shakespeare

256 Venus and Adonis (Great Love Poem). Shakespeare

257 Venus and Adonis (Great Love Poem). Shakespeare

258 Lady Windermere's Fan. Wilde

268 Panthea, and Other Voluptuous Poems. Wilde

2787 The Harlot's House, and Other Poems. Wilde

289 Dreams (Short Stories). Schreiner

285 Euphorlan in Texas: An Unconventional Amour.

266 Lyrie Love. Robert Browning

355 Aucassin and Nicolete: French Lovers. Lang

2712 Shelley and the Women He Loved

2731 The House of Life and Love. Rossetti

274 Triumph of Time, and Other Sensuous Poems.

Swinburne

275 MERICAN LOVE LITERATURE

276 Laisy Miller and Her Adventures. James

791 Love Poems and Ballada. Swinburne
792 Triumph of Time, and Other Sensuous Poems. Swinburne
69 Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Dumas

AMERICAN LOVE LITERATURE
182 Daisy Miller and Her Adventures. James
363 Miggles: Girl in the Night, and Other Stories.
Bret Harte
659 Lost Phoebe: Old Rogaum and His Theresa.
691 Tales of Chicago Streets. Hecht
692 Broken Necks, and Other Tales of Chicago
Streets. Hecht
653 Main Street Tales. Anderson
665 The Untold Lie, and Other Stories. Anderson
745 Montes: Matador and Lover. Harris
1037 Get Ready the Wreaths. Fannie Hurst
1038 T. B. Fannie Hurst
1038 T. B. Fannie Hurst
1039 "Ice Water, Pl—" Fannie Hurst
1032 Humoresque. Fannie Hurst
1032 Humoresque. Fannie Hurst
1032 Humoresque. Fannie Hurst
1033 The Wie of a King. Jack London,
144 Was Poe Immoral? Whitman
631 The Naturewoman. Sinclair
283 Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow
578 The Haunted House, and Other Poems of Passion, Viereck
981 Songs for the New Age. Oppenheim
846 Love Sonnets of an Artist. Ficke

GREAT BOOKS ON LOVE
98 How to Love. Wood
1113 Love from Many Angles. Ehrmann
1957 The Art of Kissing
1988 The Art of Courtship
175 A Hindu Book of Love
103 The Love Rights of Women. Ellis
103 The Course of True Love in Ancient Greece (Essays on Sex. Ellis
174 Modern Sexual Morality. Wood
221 Women, and Other Essays. Maeterlinek
175 The Subjection of Women, Mill
121 Havelock Ellis and His Plea for a Sane Sex Life
186 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
177 The Subjection of Women. Mill
187 The Course of True Love in Ancient Greece (Essays on Sex. Ellis
187 Hoches of Heilenic Heroines (Essays on Sex. Planting Market Plant. Ellis
188 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
197 What Great Women Have Said About Women
198 What Great Women Have Said About Women
199 What Great Women Have Said About Women
199 What Great Women Have Gaid About Love

EACH

ORDER BY NUMBER

SEXUAL ENLIGHTENMENT AND HEALTH

SEXUAL ENLIGHTENMENT AND HEALTH

74 Physiology of Sex Life. Dr. Greer

14 What Every Girl Should Know

653 What Every Boy Should Know

654 What Every Young Man Should Know

655 What Every Married Man Should Know

656 What Every Married Man Should Know

657 What Every Married Woman Should Know

658 What Every Married Woman Should Know

659 What Every Married Woman Should Know

650 What Every Married Woman Should Know

651 What Every Married Woman Should Know

652 What Every Married Woman Should Know

653 What the Woman Past 40 Should Know

654 Confidential Chats with Husbands

1092 Simple Beauty Hints

689 Woman's Sexual Life

690 Man's Sexual Life

691 The Child's Sexual Life

692 Homosexual Life

692 Homosexual Life

693 Homosexual Life

694 The Determination of Sex

726 Simple Facts About Venereal Diseases

905 Facts About Syphilis

1089 The Determination of Sex

726 Simple Facts About Venereal Diseases

903 Facts About Syphilis

1089 The Common Sense of Sex

726 Prostitution in the Ancient World

1111 Prostitution in the Modern World

1127 Prostitution in the Modern World

1135 Prostitution in the Modern World

1135 Prostitution in the Modern World

1147 The Nature of Dreams

804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams

104 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams

1052 The Nature of Our Instincts and Emotions

727 The Psychology of the Affections

978 The Vital Psychology of Jung

1061 Behaviorism: The Newest Psychology

1071 A Psychology of the Affections

978 The Vital Psychology of Jung

1071 A Psychology of Cellini: Fiery-Hearted Sculptor

1084 A Debate on Birth Control

1085 MEN AND WOMEN IN FACT AND FICTION

1085 Autobiography of Cellini: Fiery-Hearted Sculptor

1086 And Lover

1086 Oscar Wilde's Strange Letters to Sarah Bern
hardt

194 Letters of Lord Chesterfield to His Natural Sub 335 Autobiography of Cellini: Fiery-Hearted Sculptor and Lover 438-439 Secret Memoirs of Mme. de Pompadour (2 vols.)
644 Oscar Wilde's Strange Letters to Sarah Bernhardt 72 The Color of Life and Love 220 Merry England in Shakespeare's Time 899 Decadent Rome as Seen by Tacitus and Juvenal 1057 The Truth About New York's Chinatown 1058 The Truth About New York's White Light Region 1106 The Truth About Greenwich Village 546 Love, Heroism, and Prudence. Emerson 31 Pelleas and Melisande. Maeterlinck 555 The Happy Hypocrite and His Love. Beerbohm 1019 Bluebeard and His 8 Unhappy Wives 938 French Tales of Passion and Cruelty 577 The Lifted Veil (False Lover). Ellot 107 The Dream Woman. Collins 955 Italian Tales of Healism and Passion 956 Italian Tales of Healism and Passion 957 Italian Tales of Healism and Passion 958 Love Tales of Italian Life 587 Tales from the Decameron. Boccaccio 672 Illicit Love, and Other Tales. Boccaccio 672 Illicit Love, and Other Tales. Boccaccio 674 The Falcon, and Other Tales. Boccaccio 674 The Falcon, and Other Tales. Boccaccio 674 The Falcon and Other Tales. Boccaccio 675 True Story of Eleanora Duse's Love Affair with Drannunzio 975 Cleopatra and the Women of Genius 294 Love Sonnets from the Portuguese. Elizabeth Browning 980 Richard Wagner's Great Love Affair 416 The God of Vengeance. Asch 353 A Doll's House. Ibsen 350 Hedda Gabler. Ibsen 666-667 Sarah Bernhardt As I Knew Her: Her Conquest of Life and the Stage (2 vols.) 417 The Gueen of Spades. Pushkin 951 An Amateur Peasant Girl. Pushkin 951 An Amateur Peasant Girl. Pushkin 951 An Amateur Peasant Girl. Pushkin 961 Falling in Love. Herrace 166 Oses of Roman Life. Horace 166 Oses of Roman Life. Horace 166 The Lady of the Lake. Seott 1670 Life and Morals in Greece and Rome. McCabe 1793 Ballad of a Nun, and Other Poems. Davidson 118 Great Women of Antlutty 951 An A

945 Tales of Oriental Life
946 Tales of Desert Places
23 Great Stories of the Sea
1075 Tales of Ghouls and Ghosts. Bierce
1050 Tales of Haunted Houses. Bierce
1050 Tales of Haunted Houses. Bierce
238 Tales of the Far North. London
1024 Tales of the White Silence. London
12 Tales of Mystery. Poe
939 Tales of Imaginative Science. Poe
940 Tales Grotesque and Weird. Poe
941 Tales Psychological and Grezonic. Poe
941 Tales Psychological and Grezonic. Poe
1021 Eight Humorous Sketches, Mark Twain
102 Sherlock Holmes Detective Tales, Doyle
1026 Sherlock Holmes Detective Tales, Doyle
1027 Sherlock Holmes Mystery Stories, Doyle
1028 Sherlock Holmes Mystery Stories, Doyle
1029 Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, Doyle,
1028 Sherlock Holmes Crime Stories, Doyle
1029 Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
1010 Sherlock Holmes Problem Stories
942 Two Great Detective Stories
942 Two Great Detective Stories
942 Two Great Detective Stories
103 Mulvaney Stories, Kipling
134 Short Stories of French Life, Daudet
139 Tales of Terror and Wonder
145 Great Ghost Stories
115 Ridiculous Stories, Leacock,
1069 Tales Strange and Supernatural, Machen
1971 Book of Humorous Anecdotes
1063 Best Fun from the Pickwick Papers, Dickens
144 Aesop's Fables
156 Andersen's Fairy Tales
1397 Irish Fairy Tales
1307 Irish Fairy Tales
1308 Irish Fairy Tales
1308 Irish Fairy Tales
1309 Irish Fa

946 Famous Russian Stories
45 Short Stories of Russian Life. Tolstoy

MISCELLANEOUS POPULAR BOOKS
516 A Book of Real Adventures
558 A Book of Great Pirates
132 History and Beliefs of the Major Religions
819 A Book of Strange Murders
795 Gunga Din, and Other Poems. Kipling
831 Crossword Puzzle Book
876 Curiosities of Mathematics
833 Five Hundred Riddles
1023 Popular Recitations
847 How to Play Card Games
467 Evolution Made Plain
94 The Trial and Death of Socrates
648 The Truth About Rejuvenation
95 Confessions of an Opium-Enter
56 A Dictionary of American Slang
738 Poor Richard's Almanac
972 Popular Joke Book
1118 This Life As I See It. Leacock
1012 Best Negro Jokes
1013 Best Irish Jokes
1014 Best American Jokes
1016 Book of Nonsense Verse
1015 Comic Dialect Poems
97 Self-Contradictions of the Bible
1 Rubalyat of Omar Khayyam
491 Psychology for Beginners
217 Psycho-Analysis: Puzzle of Personality
1069 The Conquest of Fear
888 Some General Hints on Self-Improvement
109-110 Facts You Should Know About the Classics
102 How to Teach Yourself to Play the Plano

109 The Conquest the Feat
109-110 Facts You Should Know About the Cl
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2 vols.)
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999 Latin Self Taught
1622 German Self Taught
1621 Italian Self Taught
1623 Hayming Dictionary
192 A Book of Synonyms
1846 Hints on Etlquette
1821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
1872 Manual of Parliamentary Law
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noiseless. The body of the
fabric is 5 in. above the side rails,
the best, most comfortable construction
known. At each end 30 helical coils fasten
the spring to the sturdy angle iron frame.





Suddenly I Broke Away and Held Them Spellbound

As I review that tense dramatic moment when I electrified that meeting, it all seems strange and weird to me. How had I changed so miraculously in three months from a shy, diffident "yes" man to a dynamic vigorous he-man? How had I ever dared give my opinion? Three months before nobody ever knew I held opinions!

ALL my life I had been cursed with a shy, timid, self-conscious nature. With only a grammar school education I could never express ideas in a coherent, self-confident way. But one day my eye fell upon a newspaper article which told about a wonderful free talk in public would have held me to my seat. But suddenly that new power took possession of me and drove me to my feet. That wonderful 15-minutes daily training at home had taught me to forget myself and think only of my sub-

book entitled "How to Work Wonders with Words,"—a book that was causing widespread comment from coast to coast-a book that was being read not only by millionaires, but by thousands of others. It discussed men like me and explained how we could overcome our handicaps.

At first I was skeptical. I thought these defects were a part of my natural makeup — that I would never be able to overcome them. But some subtle instinct kept prodding me to send for

that free book. I lost no time in sending for it, as I was positively amazed at being able to get cost free a book that made absolutely plain the secrets that most sucessful men have used to win popularity, distinction, money and success.

As the weeks wore on and I absorbed the principles of this remarkable method, I became conscious of new physical and mental energy, a new feeling of aggres-siveness, and a resurrected personal power that I never dreamed I possessed. Then that I never dreamed I possessed. Then came that day in the general meeting when the president called on the assembled department heads and assistants for suggestions on the proposed new

Three months previously, the forces of indecision, timidity, and inability to

WHAT 15 MINUTES A DAY WILL SHOW

How to talk before your club or lodge How to address board meetings How to propose and respond to toasts How to make a political speech How to tell entertaining stories How to make after-dinner speeches How to converse interestingly How to write better letters How to sell more goods How to train your memory

How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
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How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power
and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate
thinker
How to develop your power of concentration

centration How to be the master of any situation

ically the ideas which had heretofore lain dormant in a mental jumble, now issued with a vigor, clearness and enthusiasm that astounded me no less than my boss and associates. And I noticed with a silent exultation the rapt, intent look on my audience as my story unfolded itself smoothly and eloquently.

Today the men whom I used to greet deferentially I now meet with an air of cool equality. I am asked to conferluncheons, banences,

a popular after din-And my talents are quests, etc., as ner speaker. confined to business matters but have made me an interesting conversationalist at social affairs. I am meeting worth-while people, I own a good job, a good home, a good car. I am the happiest man that ever lived.

And I frankly and candidly admit that I owe all of these blessings to that won-derful little free book "How to Work Wonders With Words."

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness, and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Thousands have accomplished just such

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ing materials. Beneath the seats, strong coil spring supports give you resilience and restful comfort. The overstuffed rocker is 32 inches wide overall—back 26 inches high from seat. Seats of the other chairs are 19 inches square—backs 19 inches high from seats. The table is 48 inches long and 18 inches wide—a perfect size. A supremely beautiful suite, appropriate for any home!

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"I have always enjoyed the work so much that I feel I would continue it, even though I received no pay," writes Mrs. Raiph Goodyear of III.

In Queen Margot's French memoirs are the most amusing in the world. Education of the French court, The New York Sun.

WAS AWAKENED by a noise at the door and a voice calling Navarre! Navarre!
when a wounded man, pursued by four archers, ran in and threw himself upon
bed. I did not then know the poor gentleman; neither was I sure that he meant when a wounded man, pursued by four archers, ran in and threw himself upon my bed. I did not then know the poor gentleman; neither was I sure that he meant me no harm, or whether the archers were in pursuit of him or me. I screamed aloud, and he cried out likewise; for our fright was mutual. At length, by God's providence, M. de Nançay, captain of the guard, came in, and seeing me thus, was scarcely able to refrain from laughter. However, he reprimanded the archers and at my request he granted the poor gentleman his life; I had him put to bed in my closet and caused his wounds to be dressed. I changed my chemise, because it was stained with the blood of this man, and whilst I was doing so, De Nançay gave

So Marguerite de Valois, the beautiful sister of Charles IX, set down in her memoirs an account of what she saw and heard when Huguenots were being killed in the corridors of the Louvre on the dreadful night when the massacres of St. Bartholomew began.

In these mem irs she gives you a startling picture of ciety in an age when life in France was most corrupt. Reared in the m. Ist of the court at Paris when license kne no limit and the morals of the Valois' kings were at their worst, it is not surprising that Marguerite's own life brought up n her the scandalous lampoons of the DIVORCE SATI-RIQUE or that her ideas of discretion when writing her MEMOIRES SECRETES were liberal.

But Margot, as her brothers called her, if not better than the manners of the times demanded, was go dhearted and tolerant in a time of excessive reignus intolerance. Her fascinating memoirs rank am ng the best of her century, the style is admirable; written in simple language of rare distinction they reveal, with piquant frankness, the life of the times and particular the intrigues of the court. It is as if she showed you



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A Femme de Chambre Lifts the Veil

A Femme de Chambre Lifts ine ven As an example of the intimacy of the character of these memoirs, it may be remarked that Madame du Hausset, famme de chambre to Madame de Pompadour, states in the preface to hers that La Pompadour and Louis took no more notice of her presence in a room than if she were a cat or a dog. And Madame du Hausset shows her appreciation of this lack of reserve in the candor, and naïveté with which she litted the veil in an account of their private life—an account which is startling in its revelations.

Intimate and Startling Disclosures

Intimate and Startling Disclosures

The Marquise de Montespan was not afraid to speak even more frankly of the scandals of her day, nor del the Duchesse d'Orléans hesitate to tell the secrets of the courts of Louis XIV and of the Regency. Madame Campan, who was for nearly twenty years first lady of the bed-chamber to Marie Antoinette, in her memoirs was of course able to give a most lifelike picture of the private life of Louis XVI and his queen during the happy days at Versailles and as the clouds of revolution began to gather. And the Princesse de Lambelle, whose devotion to Marie Antoinette cost har her life, disclosed many secrets of those dark days in the memoirs given here.

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He had played with death a desperate game high in the air where nerves were continually tensed to the wild thrill of combat—

At night he dreamt of Fokkers swooping, shooting . . . of tracer bullets that barely missed . . . of planes that crashed in flames . . . and five shallow graves in Flanders Field. . .

Ruthless in war...he was ruthless in love.

She played with love as he had played with death, seizing each fleeting moment and wringing from it the utmost it could give of joy, reckless of consequences.

They met . . . and Romance flamed—Read what happened in



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MECLURE'S

It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher!

WE always thought of her as an on-looker, you know. A sort of social wallstower. Certainly she had never been p pular, never the center of attraction

in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said,
"Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some
sections from Grieg"—we thought she was
joking A rather poor joke, at that. But she
sectivally did not up and seat herself at the j kins. A rather poor joke, at that. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the

Everyone laughed-and went right chatting. I was a little sorry for her. But I saw her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chird, and it rang through the room like a challenge. "Listen!" it seemed to say.

a challenge. "Listen!" it seemed to say.

And suddenly the room was hushed . . .

She played Anitra's Dance—played it with such soul fire that the room faded and ing around the camp fire. Everyone sat we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chantforward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, she

giorious chord vanished like an echo, she turned around and faced us, her face glowing, her eyes happy: "Well!" she seemed to be saying, "you thought I was bluffing. But I can play!"

We were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "Why, you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular! She always to the contribution of the contribution teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular! She played for us all evening, and now no one would even think of having a party without inviting her.

She Told Me About It Later

We were lifelong friends, and I felt I could

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Banjo (Tenor, Plectrum or
Satring)
PROOF!

PROOF!

"I am making excellent progress on the 'cello—and owe it all to y ar easy less no."

Georgia C. Lauer, Belfast, Maine.
"I am now on my 12th less of and can obready play simple prees. I knew in thing about music when I started."

I truel Harmishfe or, I re Wayne, Ind.
"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are ast nished. I now play at charte, and Sunday School."—Turner B. Blake, Harrisburg, Ill.

Pick Your

ask her about it. "You played superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's a teacher. the secret?"

"No secret at all!" she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a didn't have the time for a let of practice—so I decided to take the famous U.S. School of Music course. In my spare time, you know."
"You don't

"You don't mean to say you learned how to play so beautifully by yourself, right at home in your spare time?" was astorinded. I couldn't

"Yes—and it's been such fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I be an playing almost from the playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece classical or jazz. From the notes, you know."



and learning all by yourself."
"I'm not wonderful," she replied.
"Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why, it's

stand those simplified lessons. Why, less like playing a game!

"You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone, the way I did?"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first—and now I play not only the violin but the hanio!

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The Secret of My Happy Marriage

Prize Winning Letter Writers

WHEN you come to sift them out there seem to be a lot of happy marriages in the world. You may think this isn't so but you're wrong. If you had it in the chair of the Editor of SMART SET for the last month you would know better than to doubt married happiness in these United States and Canada

I have been married seven, ten, fifteen, thirty years and I know I am perfectly happy," wrote those who entered their letters in the contest. "What is the Secret of Your

Happy Marriage?"

Many things are mentioned as the secret ci marital bliss. Among them are con-

sideration, kindness, attention to details, trust and understanding But the greatest of all is LOVE. Get love, these letters say, and all else, in a married way, shall be added unto you.

We married, and we maintain that marriage because we love each other," says the first prize letter. We are not forced to remain together, but if we love each other it is inevitable that we will be true." There, you see, faith and constancy are built on love, and the foundation lies secure in the heart of each of these people. The letter written by Mrs. Paul Sponler of Lawton. Okla.. to which the indees awarded the \$15 prize

I AM one half of a perfect marriage partnership. A wide statement, but true. Paul and I have len married ten vears, long enough, I believe, for a fair test Paul and I were married at the

..zes of 23 and 21 years. possessions we had few, but in love we were rich. I was a child of divorced parents, so I made up my mind that my own marriag. should not go on the rocks.

I am a professional woman. I can earn more money than Paul. A man does

marry a doctor, a nurse, an editor, etc.; but a woman, the woman, and any man longs to feel himself the protector of and provider for his woman. If he is not allowed this feeling, something very fine is lost from marriage.

Paul gives me a house allowance. He does not question my disposal of this money nor lo I question his use of his spending money. We have no petty quarrels over money. know how much we have and live within

Paul is a handsome man. I am a nice looking woman. We are both quite popular with the opposite sex. We have worked out the following common sense philosophy to avoid jealousy. We know that we married and maintain the marriage because we love each other. We are not forced to stay together, and if we love each other it is inevitable that we will be true to each other.

So we are not jealous.

We have one child. We expect another soon. We waited until four years ago for our first baby, because we wanted to be free from acute financial worry before undertaking the responsibility of a family. A soung couple trying to raise a too large family on a meager income will be nervous and irritable and unhappiness and quarreling We avoided this

Last but not least, we still remember the

little attentions which mean so much to man or woman, birthdays, anniversaries, etc. Death alone will part us, for we have found the secret of true marital happiness

Selfishness and lack of patience blamed for the "tears and misery" of the first three years in the married life of the second prize winner, Mrs. John W. Heath, of Winston-Salem, N. C. Quarrels over trifles marred those early days, but peace and happiness followed the awakening.

E iGHT years ago I was married. The first three years were anything but

I'm just a stubborn old ox, always have been—but never intend being again." Hav-ing made his declaration of peace, I con-tinued with my formula on the subject. "Now dear, I have taken inventory and I find that to establish peace and hold it, we must bury that old enemy selfishness. We must each consider the other first in all things and we must have patience too and be more considerate of each other. If we can only abide by these simple rules I believe we will be happy." And so we pledged ourselves anew to each other and resolved to make Happiness not misery our motter in the future. motto in the future.

For the past five years we have

lived up to that resolution and ours has been the happiest, most ideal marriage that I know of that is since we came to our senses and made a paradise of the situation instead of a hell. life is what we make it, and we must make it for ourselves. Whether it is sweet or bitter depends entirely upon the parties in-

volved. It is a game at which only two can play successfully and it is a most enjoyable one, when entered into and played in the fair, square way. There must be Love in the first place supplemented with Honesty. Kindness and Patience, to make the joys of married life supreme I thought my husband a grouch and the soul of selfishness until I placed myself under the microscope—after that I could find no more criticism to make of my husband. You girls contemplating matrimony, let me urge you to

make a thorough study of your-

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selves, not your husbands. The fault usually lies at your own door, when you have met and conquered personal traits, then Happiness readily assured. I have readily assured. I have found more real happiness and pleasure in the past five years of my life, than ever before, because I have studied my short-comings and made an earnest endeavor to overcome evil with good. My husband is a changed man. He is always telling me

how proud he is of me and every married woman knows the value of this compliment coming from their husbands. I'd much prefer a compliment of this order to any I know of.

If all married people would resolve to live for each other and their individual selves in the beginning of married life, what a different world this would be.

THE great response to SMART SET'S contests proves that thousands of people are seriously trying to think out life's hard problems. In this effort SMART SET wants to help. It opens its pages to its readers and does what it can to encourage clear On page 60 of this issue another contest is announced, the subject this time being "Can a Good Wife Be a Good Sport?" The question is timely and important, and one that thousands of married people are asking themselves right now. SMART SET wants to know what your experience has been with a petting husband or a petting wife and what you think about such liber-ties On page 80 Aleck Smart has two new contests for you.

Smart Set's Prize Winners on Happy Marriages

First Prize -- Mrs. Paul Sponler, Lawton, Okla. Second Prize-Mrs. John W. Heath

Baisly Park, L. I.

Mrs. Millicent Kadow, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. A. R. Tuxill, Pontiac, Mich.

Mrs. Julian Goulston, Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. Bonnie Whaley, Spokane, Wash.

Winston-Salem, N. C. Third Prize—Mrs. Betty Luten,

Seven Prize Winners

Mrs. M. C. Vest, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. H. C. T., Kerman, Calif.

Mrs. L. G. Stephens, Upton, N. Mex.

happy. I spent most of the time in tears and misery, while my husband sought consolation in dissipation and utter recklessness attribute the cause of our unhappiness to selfishness and lack of patience on the part of both my husband and self.
We would have a quarrel over the merest

incident, each striving to gain his point. Finally after one of our wrangles, my husband disappeared. A few days later he called me over long distance and inquired after the baby. He had gone to a sister who resided a few miles from the town in which we lived. We lived apart for three months, each refusing to give an inch. But the each refusing to give an inch. repeated plea of baby for her daddy softened my heart and eventually we packed and went to the home of my husband's sister, he having sent us money with which to pur-chase tickets. He met us at the station and I could see with a look that he had really missed us. He did not pretend to conceal his delight in having us with him once more. That night after baby Louise was tucked in bed, we sat before the fire and discussed our future. "John" I said, nestling discussed our future. "John" I said, nestling my hand into his. "I think I have found the solution of all our troubles." He looked at me sadly and with tears in his dear brown eyes replied, "Well dear, I hope you I've acted the fool my last time.

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students and friends embraced such names as Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons, and others of equal fame.

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O. O. McINTYRE'S Best True Story this Month



A Toy for Broadway

SHE came to Broadway like thousands of others, vibrant with health and girlish freshness. She had youth, beauty and a voice, the talented triumvirate upon which Broadway feeds.

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Her hair, coiled above her classic profile, held the glint of burnished copper and her eyes, wide, questioning and deep sea blue, had the innocence of the startled deer. Her cheeks were the delicate texture of the pink rose's petal.

the delicate texture of the pink rose's petal.

Broadway, calloused to beauty, stopped dead to stare!

I saw her first in a musical comedy chorus. Even in the obscurity of that ensemble the critics had singled her out for a fulsome rave. It was predicted that soon her name would be etched in the White Way heavens in letters of fire.

Three months later she was the featured player in a reigning musical revue, a star in the rapid ascendency.

In the cafes and night clubs, when she swept imperiously to her table, dowagers lifted their lorgnettes, aging Romeos felt their pulses quicken, young bloods sighed and debutantes glanced enviously.

Broadway had a new toy. How long would it last? The old highway has watched them come and go—one, two, three—and is just a bit cynical, you know.

Her descent was rapid. It began, as all Broadway descents begin, by "going the pace." Gay cavaliers prostrated themselves at her trim feet. She awakened amid gifts of roses from scores of admirers.

Blessed with perfect health, Nature rallied her at first from Broadway's attack but soon the telltale marks began to appear. A slight pallor and furtive manner. Then lines that cosmetics could not hide, dark circles, careless dress and that hardened brash "none-of-your-business" manner.

In a very short time she became one of those innumerable roguishly rouged and buoyantly bunned creatures who seem to drift about the dazzling canyons in an alcoholic haze.

Headwaiters began to arch their polite brows at her approach; "Sorry Madam, all tables reserved this evening." So she slid around the corners to the speak-easies. She had been given her theatrical notice for missing three performances in a row and in the blind pigs she basked in the hollow mockery of days that were.

Her name became a whisper, but one night she had a fleeting moment in a night club. Somehow she and her escort had slipped by the silken rope. When merriment was at its height she suddenly swept to her feet, her falling chair pistoled a silence. She was disheveled, sodden and her splotched red lips held a dangerous leer.

lips held a dangerous leer.

"This is your Broadway," she huskily screeched. "What a little pal it has been to me. The best I get out of it is a tent in Arizona and you can all go to hell!" Then overcome by her exertion she coughed into her handkerchief which turned to a pinkish stain and then she lurched out of the room.

That unhappily is not all the story. Broadway extracts its toll to the last farthing. Seven months later she came back not well but vastly improved and steadied by her experience. But the old lights beckoned and she answered the call.

Three times she was arrested for causing disturbances in public places and twice for issuing spurious checks. Once she was lifted from a gutter by a kindly policeman as Manhattan was going to work.

And a few weeks later in a delirium of drugs and drinks she was taken to an asylum in a mid-western city, babbling and quite mad. It is not a pleasant story but it is a true story.

FORGIVE ME My TRESPASSES

AM the notorious Savannah Lane.

My life today is quiet and retired. None of my neighbors know that the rather prim, dutiful wife they meet at the corner grocery or in the movie show was once one of the most infamous women of New York. My husband knows, and I know. The secret is ours. It will remain locked in our hearts forever

I do not live under my own name; my husband does not live under his. We have chosen, for the purpose of conceal-

ing our identity, what is perhaps the commonest of all names. We are simply Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

We might even be the next door neighbors of someone who will read what I am writing tonight. The name of Jones covers a multitude of sins. Not sins exactly, for deep in my heart I cannot feel that I was ever really guilty of sheer, unadulterated wickedness. In the eyes of the world I was a bad woman, but my husband knows the truth, understands and forgives me. Who, then, shall condemn me?

Still, we think it best that we should live anonymously to protect ourselves from the notoriety that surely would follow us if people knew who we really were. Our names, too recently, were plastered all over the front pages of the New York newspapers. We are living in another city, making a fresh start in life.

But I won't dwell on our present respectability. Respectability, however worthy it may be, is sometimes dull and stupid. The most interesting episodes of my life, I think, occurred during the days when I was gambling

with all a woman holds most dear.

I was never a thief, yet I made my debut, so to speak, among the moneyed classes of New York in stolen finery.

When I first arrived in New York City I was twenty years old. Slender, blonde, and, as I was frequently told, beautiful. Back in the Pennsylvania town where I was born of strictly religious, Puritanical parents, I had had some experience as a stenographer. The lure of New York got into my blood like a fever, and like thousands of other girls I broke the home ties for the thrill of life on what I thought was a higher plane.

I have no story of financial hardship to tell. I found positions easy to obtain; but even then, I realized that my youth and appearance seemed more desirable to my employers than my stenographic ability. Men, I have always found, seemed to take a proprietary interest in a girl who works for them, if the girl is good-looking enough.

Every girl who has worked for any length of time in a number of offices will gather what I mean, and there are plenty of men, too, who will know what I am talking about. However, I was able to protect myself fairly well from much unpleasant-

This is the man whose cowardice and deceit caused me to become the girl with the "siren heart." When Mr. Karby saw me in our narrow hallway his eyes flew open. "Exquisite," he said fervently.

ness. After all, it all depends on the girl. She usually makes the final decision hers, despite a lot of sentimental blah to the contrary.

My life story really starts when I went to work for John L. Karby, president of the Karby Real Estate and Investment Company, with offices on Madison Avenue. He was the man



who put me on the rocks. I started in the outer office as a stenographer; six months later I was Mr. Karby's secretary.

first big night in New York.

At first, I don't think he was conscious of me as a person who could possibly mean anything in his busy life. Our relations for three months were truly on a business basis,

He was, I should say, fifty years old, with white hair, a

strong, distinguished looking face, and he was alwaysimmaculately clothed. His manner toward his employees, especially the men, was rather abrupt.

But one Saturday afternoon we worked so long past quitting time that we were alone in the office. When he had finished dictating he looked at his

"Why it's after two o'clock, Miss Lane. I didn't realize I was keeping you here so long! Really, I'm sorry. I think I ought to make it up to you. Suppose we take a taxicab and go up to the Plaza for luncheon to-gether."

The Plaza! I had never been in one of the fashionable hotels of New York in my life. My meals had been eaten in my cheap boarding house, my lunches in cafeterias. Did I ac-

cept? You bet your life I did, and was tickled to death to have the chance. For me it was a thrill, a kick. He didn't have to ask me

The Plaza proved all I hoped it would be, and more. The snowy linen, the shaded lights, the silver, the soft-footed, obsequious waiters made me feel as though I were a person of great wealth and distinction. All of my life I had a hunger for refinement and luxury. A stringed orchestra played soft, delicious, music. Mr. Karby was exquisitely defferential. And the food! I was starved, and it simply

melted in my mouth. We talked with no thought of the time. "All of my life," he said, as he lit a cigarette after the coffee, "I have stuck to one axiom in business. Do you want to know what that axiom is, Miss Lane?"

I didn't really care but I told him that I was anxious to know. "Never play around with a woman client, or your stenographer," he said. "That's my motto. I have broken the rule today for the first time in my life. I wonder why?" He looked



Mr. Karby swung open the door and we stood petrified! Three hard-faced men confronted us. There was a blinding explosion. "Got it, perfect,"

at me thoughtfully, curiously. "I wonder if you could tell me why, Miss Lane?"

I was flattered. Mr. Karby was the richest and most important man I had ever known. In those days I tlushed easily, and I imagine my face must have colored.

"I'm sorry," I said, like the young dumb-bell I was.
"I'm not sorry," he said, "but I'm interested to know why
I find your company so very, very pleasant, Miss Lane. You
know I'm married, do you not?"

I knew nothing about his personal atfairs, and I told him so.

"I have been married twenty-five years, and my wife is a very dear lady," he told me. "In fact we have a grown-up son, so you see I'm old enough to be your father. I don't feel that way, of course, but I am."

I had enough feminine wisdom to see that he wanted to talk about himself, and I rather encouraged him to go on.

"My life has been given up almost entirely to the business of making money. I have never played very much, Miss Lane. I have never had much fun. You have no idea what a depressing sensation it is when a man turns fifty and suddenly realizes



Mr. Karby became pasty white. One of the men struck a match. the man with the camera cried.

that his youth has slipped away, and all that he has got out of the game is merely a bunch of money, a few ink marks on the ledger book of some bank. Somehow, he has a feeling that he has been cheated."

This was all new to me. I heard it plenty of times after that, and from other men, but at the time I was a more or less trusting young person. Actually, my sympathies were stirred. He watched my eyes and I can remember, now, how keenly intelligent he seemed. Except for a rather full, selfish mouth, he was handsome and suave.

Our luncheon ended most conventionally. He escorted me to the street, gave my address to a taxi driver, paid the fare in advance, and stood with his hat off while the cab rolled away.

O. Henry, in a short story, once called New York "Bagdad-On-The-Subway." It is. The driver of that taxicab was Jimmie DeLong, who lived in my boarding house!

When we got home he got down and opened the door of his machine for me. "Say, Miss Lane—" he looked at me

"Say, Miss Lane—" he looked at me curiously and hesitated. Always when men feel a certain way toward me, I seem to sense it; I knew what was coming. "I don't suppose a girl with a lot of swell friends like you got would care about makin' a date with a guy like me, would you?"

I had for three months been sitting at the same boarding house table with Jimmie DeLong, but had carefully avoided anything other than the most casual relations. This was not because I disliked him. As a matter of fact, he seemed rather agreeable, in a crude way.

"I don't go out very often," I told him, but he shook his head and smiled disbelievingly.

"Aw, have a heart," he urged. "I'm a good guy. I don't mean nothin' wrong. We'd take in a show or something. That's

all."

"Maybe we'll do that some time," I

told him, and started to enter the boarding house, but he detained me.

"Listen. I don't blame you for not wantin' to run around with a taxi driver," he said, "but I got regular clothes, a swell outfit. You won't be ashamed of me." A sly grin was on his lips. "Listen, I ain't just a taxi driver. I'm somethin' else besides that. If I like a girl I'd be in a position to treat her right."

I was so unsophisticated at the time that I really thought he was referring to good manners, or something like that. It was his intention, of course, to arouse my interest but what he really stirred was a kind of pity. "I'll think it over," I said.

He looked at me with his burning eyes, made as though to seize my hand; but he checked himself and touched his cap. "Don't forget. Think it over," he said, and flung his graceful young body back into the driver's seat.

This occurred rather late in the afternoon. Jimmie DeLong was not at the dinner table in the evening. I went alone to a neighborhood motion picture show, and I remember, suffered the feminine, agonizing pleasure of seeing other women,

in the picture, gowned in the most gorgeous clothes. I wonder if any man can understand what clothes mean to a woman. A few, perhaps, do. My salary was fairly good, but even so there was but a pittance left for those airy, precious garments that for me, at the time, seemed so tremendously important to happiness.

I was back at the boarding house and in my room preparing for bed by ten-thirty. A soft knock sounded on my door. I drew on a kimona and cautiously opened the door a few inches. Jimmie DeLong stood outside. [Continued on page 93]

I Long for a Wife

HAVE been married twice, and twice I have been divorced. Neither time was I at fault. My friends say I was too kind to my wives. I know that no man ever tried harder to make a success of marriage, and few men have failed so miserably. Now here I am, neither a husband nor a bachelor, and the kind of a girl I should like to marry is kept away from me by wise parents who regard me as slightly soiled second-hand goods.

ARRIAGE never rested lightly on my shoulders. I accepted it as a trust and a responsibility. No man ever tried harder to make a success of matrimony and few men have failed so miserably as I.

I have been married twice, and twice I have been divorced. Neither time was I at fault, a fact which would be gladly testified to by each of my former wives and by friends who are familiar with all of the circumstances. It may not be becoming for me to say so, but people who are candid enough to criticize me in other ways say I was too kind, too generous and too considerate of my wives. Whether or not that is true, I can honestly say I tried in every way I knew how to hold their love and loyalty, but I failed. Now, at forty-five, corpulent in person as well as corpulent in wealth, I feel that there is no more romance in life for me and I sit back and review the past, trying to understand just what happened to my marriages and why.

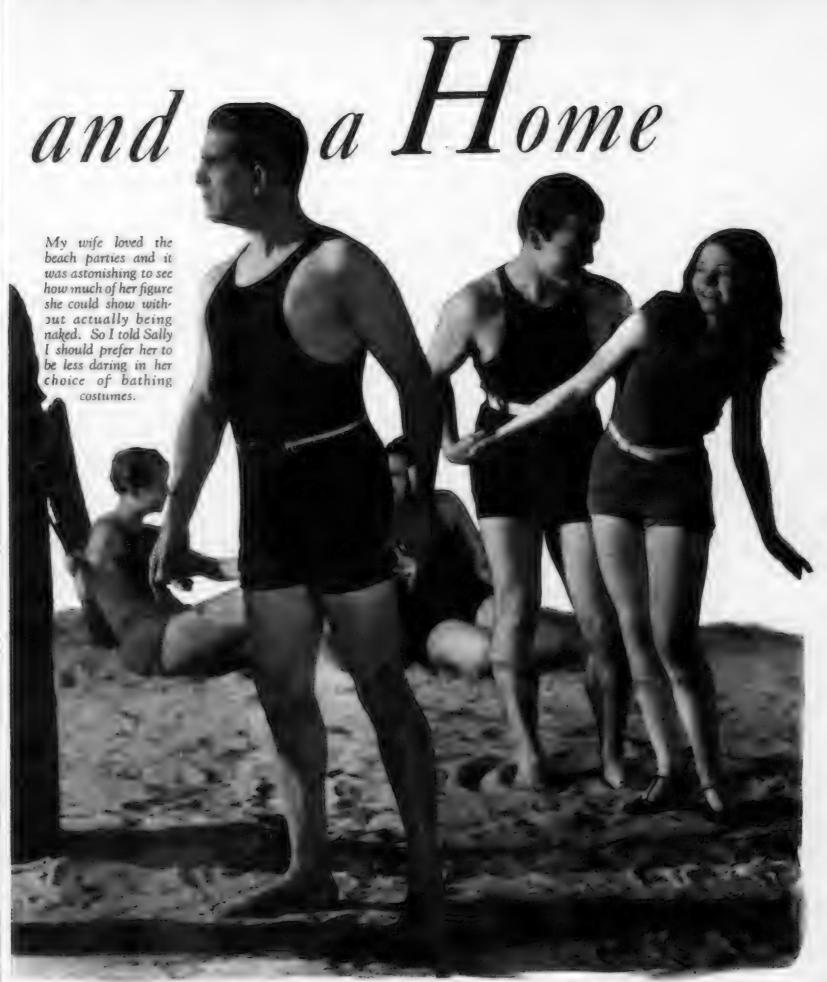
Before I submit my problems for your analysis.

may I say this about myself? It is my nature that when I am finished with a person, man or woman, I am finished. I want nothing more to do with them on any terms whatsoever. Such a policy has made me successful in business, far more successful than the average, but I am undecided whether such a policy should be rigidly adhered to in matters of the heart especially in view of the remarkable events that wrecked my second marriage. I am seeking happiness now, not wealth.

My first marriage was one of those boy and girl unions which did not last a great while and it was no great sorrow to sever.



Every now and then I meet my first wife, and as she becomes more matronly, a bit older each time, I wonder how I ever could have fallen in love with her. It is next to impossible for me to recreate the picture of the slim, lovely girl she was at eighteen when I married her. Eighteen! More than twenty years ago! Why, the daughter who was born to us is eighteen, and that daughter is mine. Beryl was given to me by the court, because her mother didn't want to be burdened with a child. My first wife married again before the ink on her decree was dry.



No, it wasn't my first wife who caused me any mental anguish. It hurt at the time, although I had let her go when she insisted she wanted to be free.

But the second marriage! That was the one which promised the happiness I felt fate meant me to have. When this second venture went on the rocks I learned what real heartache meant.

I was forty when I married Sally Chapin. She was seventeen and beautiful! A face that was serious and saucy at the same time. Blue eyes that had the very devil of mischief in them one minute and the soft glory of motherhood the next. A nose

that was pert, yet strong; lips so pouting and tempting I could not blame anyone for wanting to kiss them. Her skin was fair and smooth and her yellow hair was the fluffy kind you want to put your hands in and caress.

Of course, no one could be as beautiful as Sally and be perfect otherwise. She was by no means witless, but she would never have taken a prize in a mental test. That was one reason, perhaps, why she was always on the go, always craving the kind of excitement she called "having a good time."

The first time I met Sally was when [Continued on page 99]



This Is the Story of How I, a Nameless Child of the Paris Slums, Rose

From the Gutter By Ca Môme Moineau (The Sparrow)

CALL myself the "Sparrow" because I don't know my family name. I don't know who my parents were. My earliest recollections go back to my life as a tiny child among mountebanks who travelled about France giving performances at carnivals and fairs. I learned to sing and dance under the lashes of a whip.

I was five or six, a tiny little thing, when I first began earning money for my masters by giving public performances. At ten I was a hardened gamin of the Paris gutters. What few playmates I picked up were children of the depraved and criminal classes, urchins with whom I fought, biting and scratching. My earliest boy sweethearts were ragamuffins of the Paris

streets, tough and rough little brutes but I guess I was tough too, for I was always able to take care of myself. I was afraid of nothing and of nobody. I was the terror of the Paris police.

In violation of the law I went through Paris selling flowers from my little basket, singing songs and dancing on the curbs of the boulevards. I could run so fast no policeman could catch me. They said I was the wildest thing in all Paris. And that is how they came to call me the "Sparrow." I was so elusive, so swift. I just seemed to fly out of the policemen's hands.

All of Paris came to know that "Sparrow." I was notorious.



trematy of cajoling rich old men to buy a bouquet of flowers for a few francs which would save me from hunger and a flogging, or to go riding with them in their cars for a pittance which would buy me a new silk shirtwaist in lieu of the dirty tars I was wearing. Here in New York I am paid \$500 every week for my work in "A Night in Paris" and I can buy all the silk shirtwaists and velvet skirts I desire.

A FEATURED star in a great American revue, applauded by my audiences, praised by the critics, I, who was once a street girl of the boulevards, can have my pick of admirers. I, who were rags a little over two years ago, am living in luxury; rich men take me to dinner; the sons of rich men take me to the night clubs and cabarets; they offer me jewels, they send me flowers. I, an unloved child who hungered for love, and who was grateful for an Apache boy's kisses, a pickpocket's kisses, could several times have married a millionaire. A few months ago and before I came to the so wonderful New York a French nobleman committed suicide because I refused to marry him, but I am still, and shall ever be, the wild one, the uncatchable one, down in the gutter one moment, and the next high in the tree tops. For I am the "Sparrow"!

Like a cyclone, a little tempest from "gay Paree," I descended upon your New York stage. The spotlight follows me. All eyes are upon me. I am dressed in the patched and tattered trousers of an Apache. I wear a frayed and dirty sweater, and a colored silk bandanna about my neck. A battered and grimy old bowler hat gives a finishing touch of toughness. But in my make-up of a hard-boiled devil-may-care girl of Montmarte, in my act in "A Night in Paris," I am no tougher than I was when I had to fight tooth and nail with the street gamins of Paris five or six times a day to keep some place of advantage where I could sell my flowers.

Some critics have called me a human hurricane. I sing and dance in a sort of tempest. I know I have a flair for devilishness! Your dignified New York critics call it "personality As a kid, when the police weren't looking, I did my stunts before the Cafe de la Paix and Cafe d'l' Opera, and before swell Rolls Royce and Hispano Suiza automobiles along the curbs of the boulevards. Since I came to America a few months ago I have made something of a hit in this so great New York. They've never seen anything quite like me before.

BUT if I do my dances in a cyclone of tangled motion wilder than your Charleston, if I make everybody shout and handclap by my songs so—what do they say?—spicy, by my impish merriment and my crazy antics, it's because all that was brought out of me under an old woman's leather whip. I got whipped so often as a kid I got the so thick skin, I guess. I ceased to care, and ceased to weep, and could only laugh. I could laugh at Monsieur Devil in his face, and I've met men worse. I think, than Monsieur Devil.

Often, though, when I swoop down on to your New York stage, out of the blurred faces of the audience in the glare of the footlights I seem to see an ugly old woman rise up before me. Her face is shrivelled up and brown like an old apple. Two yellow snaggly teeth protrude over her under lip, and there are curly hairs from moles in her chin. Her white hair is all stringy, and her eyes glare at me. In one hand she holds a whip, and so I begin to laugh more wildly. I gesticulate move therety. I sing my song begging people to buy my flowers in a more pleading frenzy of appeal. I dance as though I felt that whip flicking my ankles with burning welts. She was so like a witch in the fairy tales your children read, but she taught me to dance and sing, that old woman who whipped me nearly every day and took all my earnings. That old woman was my "mama."

Or I see a big brute of a man, with black hair rising from his forehead like a brush, and scowling eyes under brows that are like toothbrushes dipped in ink, and with gold rings in his cars. His fists are like the big ox-bones. How I can feel the smash of those fists on my little body when the centimes didn't ring on the cobblestones of the market place. That man with the so heavy fists was Lucien d'Lodette, the leader of our troupe. He was an ogre, a brute and I hated him.

I didn't hate the woman I called my "mama," even if she had a whip, as it was she who brought me up, and she did teach me to sing and dance. But Lucien, with those fists that would knock me over sprawling on the cobblestones, I hated

him! I felt I wanted to kill him. I tried to scratch his face. I would bite into his wrists and fists. Lucien hated me, too, I think, for I was the only one in the troupe who fought back. The others were afraid of him, and cowered away. He had



The better known I became the more trouble I had and, presto, like

once been an animal trainer. He called me a little wild beast. Well, I was an animal whose spirit he couldn't break and tame.

We travelled from one end of France to another in a great wagon drawn by horses. The wagon was gaudily painted, and we lived in it. It was divided into rooms; a section for sleeping, one for eating, and a kitchen. From town to town we jogged along, stopping off in the market places and putting up our tent, or giving open-air performances. We were gener-

ally in the north of France in the summer, and went south and along the Riviera in late fall and winter.

THERE were Lucien, who owned the Troupe, his wife and children; "mama" and myself, and the other performers. By the time I was seven I was the star Under old "mama's" whip attraction. and Lucien's big fists I'd become somehave had something in me; it was my nature to dance and sing. and a certain wildness and abandon is part of me.

In all the period of my childhood, I don't think I ever experienced any single evidence of human love. You would think I should have grown up into a hardened little brute, and I wonder myself that I didn't. And yet, while I got calloused in many ways and lost all fear of people, I craved for affection so much, I was so sensitive to kindness, that a woman's gentle

look when I begged for contributions after a performance, a kind word from a man, almost moved me to tears.

At first the old hag who had raised me told me she was my mother; but I knew better. She was too old to have been my mother, for one thing; for another, if she had been my mother she would have shown some natural tenderness. I've seen people express more kindness to performing animals than I was ever shown. Her

> single interest in me was to exploit me. As a child I possessed the promise of good looks; and she must have detected my talent.

MAMA" told me I had been born in Rheims. I don't know. She was a terrible liar and I think she wanted to conceal the place of my birth. I may have been an orphan that she picked up, or as I think more probable, she may have stolen me. At any rate I owe my early training to the harsh old witch. Even if she stole me from some

good family maybe I should be grateful anyway. Of all the hardships and sufferings in my childhood I regret nothing. I'm happy in being what I am and my life made me what I am.

And it's something, isn't it, for a girl of sixteen to become the rage of Paris and to eclipse the famous Mistinguet and Spinelli!

One thing I do know, I was different from everybody in that mountebank troupe. The d'Lodette children were coarse and slow witted. I was a fragile little thing, with delicate features and slender, fine, diminutive hands. I had bright sparkling black eyes, intelligent eyes. eyes that I came to employ well in the arts of beguiling coquetry. Men told me later that I had beautiful eyes. Evidences of birth and good blood? Perhaps. Mentally I was quick as "mama's" whip, sharp as the knife blade d'Lodette carried in his belt. If I saw someone do a dance that was new to me I could do an imitation My ear for music was good. right off. Natively witty, alive to the humor in anything, I later became quite a figure on the Paris boulevards because of my flashing repartee. I never went to school and when I got my first engagement in a Paris Theater, I couldn't read or write. When When began earning money, ambitious and

eager to get on in the world, I began to study under teachers and within a year was able not only to read and write. but to appreciate the great French romances. I read and loved the poetry of Verlaine, which is another proof to me that I was in no way related to the d'Lodette



with the police. Just as I'd be handing forth a bunch of flowers, I'd see a flic approach, the sparrow I was up and away.

I was glad of the great war when it swept like a scourge over France, for through the war I escaped from d'Lodette and in the end from "mama." We were playing in towns along the Belgian border when we heard the explosion of burst-ing shells. The whole sky turned to fire. The Germans were coming! In wild terror we piled into the wagon and d'Lodette flogged his horses southward. Everywhere people were in flight. Old men, old women, women carrying babies, and tiny children hardly able to walk; men and women driving cattle and wagons filled with household goods.

Day and night we fled, with only short resting spells, until the horses gave out. Then a word of panic came down the line of that staggering, running horde of fugitives. The Huns

were upon us. We left the wagon and horses, and fled.

I DON'T remember much of the rest of that night. held my hand; she was a strong old woman, and she dragged me, half running, along the road. Our troupe got separated. morning, when we rested among several hundred others in an old barn. "mama" and I found ourselves alone. What happened to d'Lodette I never knew; nor did I care: we never saw him again. Somehow we kept on. And then the French poilus came like angels of deliverance from heaven! And in the end we got to Paris.

We lived in the lowest, dirtiest, vilest section of the Paris slums. It's worse than your lower East Side. The house in which I spent the next years of my life was strangely called the Maison Blanc. The "White House!" Somebody must have played a grim jest to call that place the Maison Blanc. It was tottering and dilapidated, and black with grime. "Mama" and I lived in a room high up under the leaky roof. That winter, the first winter of the war, we almost froze.

It was "mama's" idea that I should become a flower girl, that I should try, especially, to sell flowers to the men. With the

money she pinched together by begging she bought a wicker basket and my first flowers. Thereafter, early every morning before six o'clock I was sent off to the market to buy a basket of flowers. I got in the habit of hopping on the back of automobiles, taxicabs or delivery wagons, to get to the market early. In rain, snow and cold I wandered the Paris streets, soliciting the people I met to buy my wares, violets, lilies of the valley, little bunches of baby roses. In those first days of war it was hard to sell When I returned with any flowers unsold I got a flowers.

I didn't like to be flogged so I soon learned, mere kid that I was, how to coquette with my eyes, and to whisper nice things to men, or to crack jokes that would bring a smile and open the purse. I haunted the boulevards, back and forth, and attracted attention by singing on the street corners. At night I darted in and out of the cases, carrying my basket and dancing among the tables. I found that men accompanied by women were promising customers for my wares. I would plead with them, cajolingly, to buy flowers for the lady. If they refused, I would fly into a tantrum, and denounce them furiously. They were not gallant. They were tight-wads. They were not gentlemen. Many would buy a bouquet and so get rid of me. By such tricks I built up my flower business.

On the streets and in the cafes I improvised songs and performances as the mood inspired me. I made up original songs and jokes of my own. During the next few years I became quite adept in my tricks, and became a well known if some-

what notorious figure on the boulevards and in the cafes. I wore rags, but I loved beautiful things. When I made extra money, for a little hug, a little kiss, I bought myself sheer flimsy lingerie, fake jewelry that delighted me. I began to take a lively interest in myself. I kept my face washed. I got to fixing up my tumbled hair. Something of a natural born actress. an instinctive mimic, I'd rehearse before the mirror, devising changes of expression, of appeal, promise, disdain, the art of coquetry by a play of the lips and the eyes. Oh, I was a little devil! I began to sell more and more flowers.

But the better known I became along the boulevards the more trouble I had with the police. It was against the regulations to sell flowers on the streets, the sale being restricted to

booths which pay for the con-Paix dancing and singing. as I'd be handing forth a bunch of violets and the nice wealthy proaching. Presto! Like the sparrow I was up and away. had lots of fun with them. Often, to escape, I hopped on the running boards of swell rides than any kid in Paris. Often people would stop on the boulevards to watch my antics, flying off of one speeding automobile on to another. I got a lot of fun making an exhibition of myself. I guess I've always been a little monkey! It was the police who first nicknamed me the "Spar-row," because I was so agile, so

I had my professional troubles, too. When I found an advanrageous place to sell flowers, or when business got going good, other girls with flowers would come up and try to compete with me. Then I had to take care of me. myself. I could fight and scratch

and bite. They could, too. Crowds would gather while we fought like cats. They howled and applauded. "The Sparrow! The Sparrow!" They cheered when I dragged my rival to the gutter or sent her tleeing in terror. Wild eyed, panting, I'd gather up my scattered wares and then the crowd would buy. Most of the girls came to be afraid of me. I was a hell-cat! When I was twelve or more, girls much older than I was gave me a free berth.

cessions. The Paris police, known as the flics, knew me, and were forever on the lookout. You'd You'd see me before the Cafe de la old man would be reaching into his pocket, I'd see a flic approaching. Presto! Like the automobiles. I got more free swift, so nimble on my feet.

But even if they arrested me often the flics liked me. They weren't insensible to the way I could roll my eyes!

I LOVED dangerous places. When I tired of the boulevards and selling flowers to the men and women in evening clothes who came from the opera, I'd jump on the back of a taxi and go up into Montmarte. I became a familiar figure in the lowest dives. If I had any left, they bought my-remaining flowers. They bought me food and drinks. They taught me the uncouth Apache dances. When they got too rough, I could fight and bite. Often those roughnecks, who wouldn't hesitate at killing, fought over me. I could have had many lovers had I wanted them! But just then, for the first time, I fell in love.

When I stayed out all night and came home in the mornings the old witch with whom I lived was up waiting with her stick. She would flog me until my back bled. Almost every day I got a beating. I came to ask why I should stand for it. I was earning all the money. All the money I made the old ogre took away from me. She would buy herself flasks and tlasks of cheap wine and the few silk [Continued on page 90]



De Mirman

I have become a star, but like the sparrow, I have risen from the mud of the streets and gutter.



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Marion Davies has brought "Tillie the Toiler" to life. You will meet Tillie and her pals, Mac and Bubbles, the Boss and all the rest of the bunch from Russ Westover's comic strip, in the laugh provoking Marion Davies Production made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



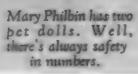


Aileen Ray's high-brow cock-atoo won't pet. He prefers conversation.



When it comes to petting a pretty girl, Viola Dana's monkey acts just like a man.

Anns Cornwall will never be thought wild as long as she only pets a rag doll.



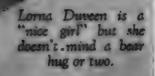


Mae Busch has a decided preference for "puppy love." It's a case of "pet me, pet my dog."



Natalie Kingston is a regular girl. She thinks petting parties are "the cat's."





Ethelyn Claire has a mandolin that responds eagerly to her petting.

On With the Dance

STLVIA PIELDS, who always puts her best foot forward in "Broadway," is smiling at her own eleverness in refusing to let her right foot know what her left foot does. (Helen Pord, who became known to New York as the "Gingham Girl," has been rechristened Peggy Anne since she became the leading lady in the new musical comedy of that name.

MARGARET MANNERS, (below) of
George White's "Scandals,"
does her deep breathing exercises early in the morning
with the radio wide open.
(Ancient Egyptian only in
pose and dress, Louise
Taylor is really one of the
most modern of moderns in
"Gay Parce, 1927."



Won't You Come Back to Me? A Letter to the Man I Love

Y LOVED One: Your are gone! And with you has gone all the light and heauty of life. I am like a blind person groping in eternal darkness for the sun that never comes. I say to myself over and over, a dozen times a day, "He is gone; he is gone; he is gone," until the words have become a meaningless drone. There is no peace anywhere for me.

Don't think that I haven't tried to reconcile myself to the loss of you. At first I guess I was really a little mad. My only thought was to rush about in a constant whirl of excitement, matinees, dinner dates, dances, parties, all night rackets that ended up with breakfast in a cold dawn. But in my effort to forget I only succeeded in remembering.

I thought that if I gave myself a chance I might find someone to take your place, and so I deliberately encouraged the attentions of every man I met. I presented a gay mask to the world when all the while my heart was breaking underneath it. I tried, oh, so desperately, to believe that I was gradually liberating myself from the exquisite, torturing memories of you, but I was forging ever stronger chains around my love; there was always the eventual and fatal comparison of all those other men to you.

Of course, you were not the first man to whom I gave my love, but because of those previous illitations I was able to measure the depth and sincerity of my love for you. I had been kissed before, too, just as madly as you kissed me.

I do not conjure up the memories of those other kisses in the hope of arousing any latent feeling that may still linger in your heart for me. I drag them into the light for a very definite purpose. When you broke with me, left me forever. you released me from all obligations. There was no reason why I shouldn't let a man kiss me if I wanted to. And yet I couldn't bring myself to such a thing. I have fought against the false kisses of other men. Whether you want me or not. my sweet, I still belong to you. It will always be so.

Sometimes, to myself, I call you Pan, because to me you are the God of Love. It was two long years ago that I first heard and answered the call of your magic pipes, and even now when the sweetness of your music is but a whisper in the trees, a laughing in the waves, I can still hear the maddening beat of your hoofs in the distance.

Forgive me, my precious, if I grow a bit lightheaded before I come to the end of this letter. There is so much that I want to tell you; so much that I must tell you; and such miserable, cold, shop-worn words to say it with. So if I seem to be talking from some high and unreal place, you will understand.

I wonder if, among all the girls you have known and loved there was ever one who scorned your love? You never told me very much about those other girls. I didn't want to hear. But I hope that just one of them caused you to suffer as I am suffering. It will help you to understand the things I am telling you.

Have you ever longed so desperately for the sight and sound of the one you love that you would peer feverishly into the face of every person who passed you on the street, hoping that you might find her? I have done that, dear heart, knowing all the while that it was useless. I never see a bit of blue sky or hear a piece of music or have a lovely thought that I don't close my eyes, because [Continued on page 103]

In Mr Mad Search for Romance I Come Close to Great Danger



S IEVEN WAINRIGHT, stunning in flannels, blue coat and a gold-braided yachtsman's cap, came over and pretended to buy cigarettes as he told me, "I have \$1,500 for you." I gasped and felt dizzy. Then I remembered his promise. He must have won the money for me at the roulette table.

only a igarette Tirl

Love of Life Led Me Into Adventure.

N SPITE of my father and my brother Pedro I had been selling cigarettes at the Hotel Conquestador for a week. My father was a sullen, silent sort of a man who seldom expressed his opinion about anything, but Pedro was the quick tempered kind that so many girls in the tropics have for a brother. He was sure that my love of luxury and gaiety was going to make trouble for me so I had taken the position at the Conquestador while he was on a fishing trip. I revelled in the atmosphere of the hotel. I loved the palm patio at dusk with its soft music, its splashing fountain and its gorgeously gowned women. In one short week among them I had made two friends and an enemy, a woman of course. One of the friends was Schuyler Briggs, the polo star, who thought I looked like a princess; the other was Steven Wainwright, the wealthiest man in Miami. His home, Fiesta, was the show place of the city and my delight at being asked to serve drinks at the carnival he gave there was beyond words.

Mr. Wainwright gave me the finest undies and a beautiful costume to wear because, he said, he wanted his guests to see just how a real Spanish beauty looked. It was all wonderful to me and for the first time in my life I went among these rich people and a wild spirit of abandon filled me. I danced madly

and was greeted with a wild burst of applause. It was only when the dance ended that I found out my partner was Schuyler Briggs-the man I was sure I I was on the point of telling how could trust. I happened to be at the carnival when we were interrupted by a blonde girl with whom I had seen, him at the hotel. When the party broke up Steven Wainwright begged me to stay—and I wanted to stay. I was sorely tempted by everything I saw around me. The room where I changed my costume was the loveliest thing I had ever seen. Loving richness as I did, I couldn't resist slipping between the silken, scented sheets of the bed just to see bow they felt. At that moment, Mrs. Vanderpool, a beautiful society divorcec, opened the door and saw me. She hated me for attracting Steven, so it was the worst thing that could have happened.

Now Read of My Growing Fear.

S I shrank back into the pillows, I knew Mrs. Vanderpool was thinking terrible things about me. on her face was even more damning than the three words that issued from her curling lips: "I thought so," she sneered.

I will never quite forget the way she drew herself up, and shrugged her beautiful shoulders, then closed the door as if she were detaching herself from something unspeakable. Although I was only nineteen I knew the truth, for even a girl knows when a woman is damning her.

An awful feeling of horror and degradation swept over me. I slumped into the silken sheets feeling as if I had been publicly whipped for some crime. Of course, Mrs. Vander-

pool believed the very worst about me.

The thing that mattered was not that there was anyone she could tell who would be hurt by her story, or that the telling would hurt me. It was the terrible feeling that another woman believed the worst about me that mattered most of It almost made me believe I was as bad as she thought me.

I began to cry into the pillows. It took all the will power I had left to stop crying and get up. I dressed nervously, wondering if I dared tell Steven Wainwright what had hap-

pened. I finally decided it would be better not to mention anything about Mrs. Vanderpool's appearance at the door. It might make him angry with me if he thought I had been the cause of possible trouble to him

Just before I called him I took a last look around the luxurious room. Some of its lure had departed. Even the glow of the shaded lamps seemed dinimer. A shadow had stalked



Mr. Wainuright's yacht, El Bandelero, was so beautiful that it was called the Pride of Biscayne Bay. It was on that boat that he gave his wildest parties. When he invited me I was thrilled at the thought of the danger I ran in going with him.



"Young woman," Mrs. Vanderpool told me with a sneer, "Steven Wainwright lost every bet he placed at roulette last night. For the first time in his life he lost every bet." With these cutting words she turned away in scorn and disgust.

MY own father turned told me I could never terrible thing to hear, but prayers could move him. stood and sobbed because my because he turned away of scorn Mrs. Vanderpool afraid . . . afraid

into the place! I think Mr. Wainwright realized something had happened to me, but, he said nothing about the way I looked and acted.

You've decided to go home?" he asked. Something about his voice made me sure he knew the answer.

Then I'll drive you in my roadster. chauffeurs have all gone to bed. Wait here until I get a hat."

Mr. Wainwright was back in a few minutes. We went down the great circling staircase in a strained sort of silence. It seemed impossible to believe that only an hour or so ago Fiesta's vast hall had been the scene of a wild carnival. Only the disorder of the place convinced me I

MOMENT later we were seated in the car A and he was bending over the wheel. We shot forward and the cool air of dawn rushed over me. The weariness; the feeling of degradation; and the fear that I had offended Mr. Wainwright by deciding to leave Fiesta, all slipped away. I put Mrs. Vanderpool out of my thoughts, and refused to worry about what awaited me home at the end of the ride. crimson and pink glow in the east spread like molten fires. A new day was coming "It's beautiful!" I cried, unable to restrain

myself under the spell of sunrise.

Steven Wainwright looked at me. then that some of the flame-like quality had burned out of his dark eyes. He seemed tired, and somewhat older in the rising light. Even his voice had lost something: "That's your his voice had lost something: youth speaking, Nunciata. Youth, greeting the dawn. Of course, it is a pretty picture to me, but, I cannot produce enthusiasm, or ecstasy, over it any more. Here you've been up hours and hours, and you sound and look as fresh as the new day.'

After that we bowled along in silence. Once the speeding car swerved sharply to the right. I looked up in time to see Wainwright open his cyes suddenly, and jerk the wheel around. He

had dozed off!

I made him let me out of the car about one block from my house. As I was getting out he took hold of my hand: "I won quite a bit of money for you on those roulette bets up at Mrs. Vanderpool's. Something like fifteen hundred dollars. They gave me checks, and I

forgot about it during the rush this evening. But, some time tonight I'll be over and deliver

"Fifteen hundred dollars for me!" I gasped, "Oh! Mr.

Wainwright I couldn't take it.'

You've got to. It's yours. I bet it for you as I said I would. But, run along, and get some sleep now, Nunciata. I don't even dare kiss you good-by. If I did I might become very romantic for a man of forty, rush you to my hydroplane, against me. In a rage he come home again. It was a neither my tears nor my There in the public street I father thought I was bad, from me with the same look had given me . . . I was . . . afraid.

and run off with you to some air cave!"
With those words Steven Wainwright again became the fascinating man of the palm patio, the man whose eyes and voice had swept me off my feet. I drew my hands away, and throwing him a kiss ran down the street.

My house looked forbidding. The old ugly, unpainted blinds were all tightly drawn. And yet, as I tiptoed up the rickety steps I was sure that eyes, black sullen eyes.

were peering right through the closed blinds at me. This feeling increased as I tried to unlock the front door. My key could not get in the hole. I understood. My father had left his inside of the door. I began to knock. No answer. I walked around to the back and tried that door. It was locked fast. I knocked at my father's window. I might as well have been tapping on a tomb. Of course, he was inside, and of course he heard me, but, that was his sullen way of doing things. He had decided to lock me

out, and had done so.

The thing that worried me most of all then was where to find a place to sleep. My eyes were beginning to close. Tiredness was upon me at last. It didn't occur to me that my father intended to do more than punish me for the time being. I never dreamed the truth then.

A STREET car gong suddenly clanged down the street. An idea came to me. I would take the car to the Conquestador, and get a room.

It was a long ride, and I drifted off to sleep several times. The great clock in the lobby said five-fifteen as I went up to the desk. A bell-boy shook himself to life, and called the clerk. It was Harry Weaver, one of the night men who had been shifted over to the early morning force. I had not liked the way he looked at me from the first day I came to the Conquestador. He had an evil face.

"Well for the love of Mike what's the Spanish cigarette senorita doing around this time of morning?" he asked freshly.

"I've been working late at a party. I want to get a room. I'm not going all the way home now." I said.

He gave me a funny look, then whistled softly. "Been working late at a party! Ha! Ha! that's a good line. What d'you do when you're not selling cigarettes?" he demanded.

"I'm awfully tired. Please let me have a room."
Weaver looked at his house chart, and took a
key from the rack: "There's just one left, kid. It's
next to twenty-four on the third floor. Let's see,
twenty-four. That's Schuyler Briggs, the polo guy.
He left orders to be called at six-thirty. Don't
forget Ike," he said to the gaping bell hop, "Briggs's got to

forget Ike," he said to the gaping bell hop, "Briggs's got to be sure and get out, to exercise his pony. All right, Spanish, I'll take you up myself."

I followed, strangely apprehensive. We went up the first flight in silence. Ascending the second he turned to me: "Been stepping out a little, eh kid?"



Strong hands seemed suddenly to catch me by the throat and throttle me. My blood burned in my veins. In the madness of that moment Mrs. Vanderpool was only a woman who had insulted me. Hate and anger bred a passion for revenge.

My failure to answer peeved him. He said there wasn't any percentage trying to high-hat him. We reached the room. I held out my hand for the key. Weaver gave a funny little laugh. "We don't let our guests [Continued on page 114]

STRANGELY enough it was my husband who urged me in du a little petung. This made me desk mixecif: Would I. . . od wife, enjoy Hirting with other men? Il as I missing the thrill of romance, because I wanted no love-making from anyone except my hus-I determined band? to be a "good fellow". Read my story and vill will learn the startting discovery I made.



Can a Good Wife

I WAS three o'clock in the morning, and I was ready to call it a day. Eighteen holes of golf, two sets of tennis.

swim, hostessing it at a dinner-party, and six hours of the six is a large program.

But. Alan, my tall, youthful blond husband was all for triing on. The party was still going strong for him. He is treen high-powering himself from the apparently bottomless that of Scotch Mist. Incorrigible Jimmy MacLean, whose golf ker was said to be the wettest spot in Westchester County. The up on the ballroom floor immediately after the last to be country club's dignified, old Board of Governors went home. Whenever Alan got tight at a party, and there was a ew teminine attraction on hand, he resorted to his old trick to postpone our departure

'C'mon, honey, be a good sport, just this one time. Stick round a lil while. More fun! more people going be k-killed! I gotta million dances. Best music this summer. Everybody goin' swimmin' down Rep Carter's beach. The Reynolds throwin' out eggs an' bacon afterwards. Dot'n me 'lected to scramble dozen eggs. C'mon, Polly dolly, just be good teller. Step outa the—the, you know, the photograph. We got guests. Dot 'n Phil. Gotta show 'em wild time. Going stick, sweetie? Please," he begged, towering rather uncertainly above me.

Somehow, he reminded me of a big, little boy teasing his mother into doing something his heart was set on. In the days to come, our little two-year old Billy, would be teasing me to do something in the very same way. The pattern of



Life repeats itself that way for women. I thrilled at the thought of little Billy grown into a big, boyful Alan. Some of my physical weariness went away. But, I knew it would be foolish to stay. I had danced plenty. Alan had an interest in remaining. Dorothy Adger, and her husband Phil, who had been my former beau, were our week-end guests in the country.

"Alan, dear, my running home needn't matter. You just stay on, and have a wonderful time. I don't like to be a poor sport, but honest, I'm all done up.'

"Lil Scotch Mist put you on your feet, honey. Let me pour

us a lil Scotch Fog

"No, dear. You let me run 'long please. Go on and break on Dot. That awful dancer, Mr. Kelly, is stepping all over her feet."

I suspected my words would have a magic effect. Alan's head turned swiftly to the dance-floor. His blue eyes sharpened. The same look of eager anticipation that had come to his face upon meeting Dot for the first time at our house that noon, lit up his countenance. I had sensed immediately from something in Dot's dark eyes and his, that even in those first moments they were dreaming of being in each others' arms. But, I had not seriously minded. Alan often kissed other women, and even went so far as to tell them he was crazy about them. Such things didn't really mean anything at all. Only the effect of too many cocktails, and the fact that almost everybody was doing it. That was all. My faith in the idea that I was the only woman he really loved had never been touched. "C'mon, stay, Polly," he urged. But, he was looking away

from ner, tollowing Dot with eyes glowing from a false brightness

No Alan. I'll see you in the morning Hope you fool your usual Sunday be id whe—"

Polity, he turned on me as swittiv as he had swerved about to each sight of Dorothy dancing by I knew by his tace that he was going to ask another explanation of the one thing he couldn't seem to an less and about me. How come, honey you never be a good feller—sport? The the going always kiddin me in locker too... bout havin' such Pilgrim—Puritan I wife. Show 'em up'. Stick round! Latt with some bird.

Vin derling, we won't start on that old subject now." I cut in.

It was deadly in a way. Alan was ever anxious for me to go in for a "good time and be what he called a "goo sport." He could never shut up on the reatter, once started, although he knew my secuments better than his own.

Standing there, wavering a trifle on his teet. Alan saw that I was going to stick by my guns. But, knowing I was note aving in any spirit of pique, jealousy, or envy, he seemed satisfied for once to drop the subject with one last weak little-shot. Can't figure you t'all, honey. You get Phil your old sweetie, chasin' yo round, and you'd think he was just your brother. Here comes old Phil after you now.

Bye-bye, Scotch Plaid," I laughed, "Go to the Dot. Have a big time

Man waved both of his big hands at me in a sheepish way, then half-tackled kelly, the atrocious dancer, who was making Dorothy painfully aware that she persessed feet. Phil came up at that moment. He was a tall, slim, dark-eved, handsome boy of twenty-seven. Just Man's age. Yet he had an older, more sophisticated look. Once when I was eighteen. I had been very proud of going our with twenty year old Phil, with his man-of-the-world air.

What's all the conference been about. I know you haven't been raking him over the coals for the way he and my wife are carrying on. You're not the type that would. Polly

I don't mind his little flirtations as ining as he doesn't give away to some other woman what really belongs to me. Phil I said. Phil and I had unintentionally seen Alan and Dorothy kissing cach other rather intensely before we left our house for the club.

Phil give me a look as if he understood what my statement stood for, then his expression changed to a little frown of

perplexity. "After all, Polly, it is sort of queer-unusual. I mean your being so liberal, broadminded, or whatever you want to call it about letting Alan do those things. Usually a woman who does not go in for love affairs herself after marriage is taughty narrow."

But, Phil, I'm not narrow. I'm not a little Puritan as they say I am I don't think it's wrong for other people to flirt. Personally I can't go around kissing, petting, and playing at love with men, simply because I think it would cheapen me, in



my own mind. It's not because I think it's morally wrong. And then, there's another reason. Even stronger."

"What's that reason, Polly?" he asked, coming closer. Then suddenly, as if he were saying something he had beer suppressing for hours, "Gosh, you're beautiful Polly. I ve caught myself remembering back five years when I was noping and planning. But, there, I didn't mean to tell you. Please go on, tell me what your second reason, is. I'm interested."

"Ever since I married Alan I've never thought of another



Phil was an old flame of mine and he said he loved me more than ever. he didn't even squeeze my hand.

man as a man. Understand? Marrying him seemed to make you all seem like brothers—" I stopped short at the way Phil had swiftly averted his head. I understood. He was remembering our sweetheart days, and thinking me cruel to show him how utterly he had been wiped out of my memories as a man. I was sorry, and wanted to say something that would make him think he was not really included in my classification of all

But, he turned back upon me before words came to my lips. There was just a flash of cynicism strangely mixed with

"I think I understand You challenge in his eyes. cherish the illusion of the woman who marries in love. and continues to love her husband. You've convinced yourself that you were born to be just naturally faithful to one man. You think you are incurably monogamous because you tell yourself you only want to kiss your own husband, want only his love-making.'

"That's true. I only want to be kissed by Alan." "Listen, Polly," and the sophistication of his eyes spread to his voice, "a great, great many women like yourself cling to the idea that they are incurably monogamous because in believing it they shield them-selves from temptation. The truth is that you do not know you are monogamous until you have proved it from experience. You don't know right now that you would not like to kiss a man, me, for instance. only think you would not like to."

His words brought something of a shock to me. gasped over my interpretation of his statement. He meant that I might enjoy flirting with other men, that their kisses might thrill me, that, perhaps, I was missing Life, romance, excitement, and glamour because I assumed I wanted no love-making from anyone except my husband. My mind became confused and all of

my former physical weariness returned.

'I'm so fagged, Phil. Will you be a good boy, and run me home? You can come right back, and join the merry-lovers," I said, smiling lamely.

You bet, Polly. I'd love to. But, I won't come back. There won't be anything to interest me after

you leave."
"Phil!" I cried, almost frightened by the seriousness of his tones

"I mean it, Polly. I've never loved you more than I do tonight, but, come on, honey, you're dying on your feet, and you've told me all of us were nothing but brothers to you. Are you ready?" he asked, putting his arm through mine.

I nodded, and he led me out into the morning of paling stars and waning moon. We sped down the white road to my house at a mad pace. We parted in front of his room which was next to mine and Alan's. Somehow, it piqued me that Phil didn't even attempt to kiss me good night. He'd said he loved me more than ever. Yet, not even a squeeze of his hand!

I got into bed actually aware that things had really changed. Fundamentals, I mean. Marriage wasn't what it used to be. Ideals were shattered. The bars

were down. Husbands no longer seemed to want their marriages to be sacred things. There was my husband suggesting that I follow the example of the modern young married couple. His own! Alan wanted me to have an affair. Be a good sport as he put it. Why? God only knew, unless he just wanted me to be considered a "regular fellow". Phil's words came back to me as I realized that at that very moment, Alan and pretty Dot were probably making love to each other. Phil had insinuated that I might like other men's attentions in a romantic way, that other men's caresses might thrill me. Had I been a blind little fool? There certainly must be something to the business of love-making with people other than your own husband, or wife. Everybody was doing it, and apparently liking it

I holted up in bed. Jealousy flamed inside of me. Then. anger that I had gone on so far without finding out the truth.

I made decisions, and unmade them.

At last gray light filtered through the shutters. Shortly there was the roar of a car up the drive. Dot, and Alan coming home. They whispered for some little time, then stumbled up the stairs. I determined to sound him out, and tell him I thought we were heading toward trouble. If he insisted on going on as we were going, then, I intended to prove something for myself

"Alan," I said after he'd gotten [Continued on page 86]

MY Buddy had rescued me under shell fire. I owed him my life, but when we fell in love with the same girl the new love threatened to destroy a beautiful friendship. Then grim Fate took a hand in the game-

My Buddy's Mam'selle

NE September night, nearly two months after I got wounded in the wheat fields above Chateau-Thierry, a truck dumped me in a little French village behind the Saint Mihiel lines where my infantry outfit was billeted awaiting battle orders. There wasn't a light glimmering in the dark because German planes were droning overhead. I stood in my tracks like a lost person, and tried to decide which way to go to find my buddy, Big Sam Sanderson.

Big Sam had called me Kid from the first day I came to his outfit at Toul as a green replacement. Like Sam himself, the name had come to mean more to me than mail from home.

I owed my life to him. He had crawled out through hellish machine-gun fire, and carried me back to shelter, first-aid—and an ambulance. I had stood all the torture of bumping down the shell-gutted Pairs-Metz Road because I wanted to live, and go back, some day, to Big Sam. Now that I was back, at last,

in Company K's village, I was eager to be with him once again. Not to thank him for saving my neck. He'd never wanted any thanks from me. He was too much of the rough and ready sort for pretty words.

Now, don't get me wrong about my feelings for Big Sam Sanderson. There wasn't any soft-boiled business between us. We had just been the best of buddies. Fellows who went through it all will get exactly what that means. They'll understand how I'd come to depend on Sam because he was about six years older, almost twice my size, and, to boot, just the kind of fellow I'd have followed any place.

The first time I went over the top as a green replacement with K Company, Big Sam was next to me. He said the right things to me in that gray dawn as we waited for the order to



walk into German fire. He did the right things to calm some of that awful terror a fellow feels the first time in battle. After it was all over I had tried to thank him, but the big dough-boy had shut me up with: "Say, Kid, I know I'm a roughneck, an' you're one of them boys that run away from college to be a sojer. I know we'd have passed each other up like two blind guys back home. But this old war's got a way of shovin' fellows together an' makin' 'em buddies. That's the answer to

what I did, an' I don't want no thanks for nothin'. Savvy?"

American voices suddenly sounded behind me. I turned and asked where Big Sam was billeted. One of the voices directed me to the Second Platoon's barn, saying that Sergeant Sanderson was supposed to be there.

"Gee! that's great. So Sam's a sergeant now? Well, he oughta been one all the time," I cut in.

"Yeah, he's a three striper now," said the speaker . . "But, hells bells, you'll never find him 'round the platoon's billet. Old Sam's gone and fell for a pretty Frog jane named Yvonne, down the road. Course, he can't parley voo this crazy Frog talk, but, he's sure usin' the sign language to beat all hell. Nobody ever heard of him goin' soft on a skirt before, but he's so busy courtin' now he ain't got time to salute the Cap'n, or even sign the pay-roll."

"You mean Big Sam's in love with a French mam'selle?" I asked, afraid of what the answer would be, yet feeling that I must know what to expect. If Sam had fallen in love with a girl it meant he'd forgotten all about me. Then what the devil was the use of looking for him?

"You said it, buddy," returned the soldier. "He's took the count for Yvonne."

Standing there in the September dark I suddenly began to hate the girl named Yvonne. I felt that she had come between my buddy. Sam Sanderson, and myself. It was a bitter feeling. After two months of suffering in a hospital, looking forward to going back to Sam. I had found out that my buddy was head over heels in love. Would he be too busy with Yvonne to remain my buddy?

I found the barn easily enough, and as I opened the door there was my buddy. He stopped in his tracks, and stared at me as if I were a ghost. I just stayed where I was, and looked back at him through the jumpy candle-light, unable to make a move, or a sound until he started for me, saying:

"Holy Cripes, Kid, is it really you or am I seein' things

"It's me all right, Sergeant." I managed to say as I-saw his hig hand shooting out.

"Come on over here nearer the light, lemme see if they treated you O. K. at the hospital," he said, catch-

ing my hand, and halt-pulling me over to a deserted corner where a candle was burning on a barrel.

After looking me up and down he started shaking his head. "You never had any business leavin' that hospital. Why, Kid. you're white as a sheet, and ten pounds off."

"I know it. but I couldn't stand the place any longer." I

cut in, shuddering over my memories of the hospital smells, and the way the newly wounded fellows groaned, and carried But, such things were only half the reason why I'd left the hospital before I was really fit for duty. I had left because I wanted to be with Sam as much as for the other reason. Gee! I hope you never have to go to an Army hospital, Sergeant

"Can that Sergeant noise, Kid. I'm just Sam when we're away from that gang," he said in a low voice, nodding his head towards the others. "You know I never did want any stripes," Sam went on showing his chevrons, "but, so many non-coms got hit between Torcy and Sergy Plateau that some of us had

to take the jobs."

You should've been a sergeant long ago, Sam," I answered, all the old admiration for my buddy in my voice, all the old feelings for him gripping me just because he was still the big. fine old Sam Sanderson who'd taken me under his wing, and made the rough places seem easier. Hope suddenly swelled my heart. Maybe, after all, Sam's being in love with a French girl wouldn't cut any ice with our friendship.

BUT, a swift motion of his left wrist, and the sound of his voice dashed my sudden hopes to the ground. "Holy Cripes!" he blurted, frowning at his wrist watch, "It's nine o'clock already, and I gotta a date with . . . say, Kid, I forgot o'clock already, and I gotta a date with . . . say, Kid, I forgot to tell you. I gotta a sweetie down the road. She's—she's—"
Big Sam's voice wavered, "Gosh! Kid, she's so pretty and sweet that sometimes I clean forget I'm in the Army, and that there's a war goin' on." he finished.

'Don't let me keep you, Sam.'

can get that way when he sees a girl

"Now, don't get me wrong. I was mighty glad to see you id, only you know how it is. When a feller's in love—" Kid, only you know how it is.

Think I'll be assigned back to your platoon, Sam?" I broke I didn't like to hear him telling me about his being in love. I guess it was some kind of strange jealousy. A fellow

taking away his best friend. I began pain that he had forgotten I was behind him. The to hate that girl Yvonne more and more music of Yvonne's call had made him oblivious of I'll take care of that," everything, and everybody except herself. It would said, and just then he saw me trying to always be that way. I began to wish I had stayed back in the village. lift my pack. I hadn't had any real food since morning. The pack seemed heavier than a load of bricks. Big Sam snatched it out of my hands. "Look here, Kid you ain't in shape to stand the gaff of duty. You ain't got heft enough. First thing you know, you'll be back in what it was that made me

Somehow, because he was my buddy, I guess, I got Sam up in my arms and staggered off.

one of them stinky hospitals. What you need is a lotta rest, milk, eggs, and stuff like that. When's the last time you put on the feed bags?"

"I had some canned willy and hard-tack for lunch. We didn't

have a chance to stop for anything else.'

"Embalmed mule's a fine dish for a guy in your fix. Say, Yvonne and her ma's throwin' a feed together for me tonight. You come on with me. They'll hand you out a meal. And, then, mebbe I can figure some way to put some real heft on you," he said, swinging my pack to his shoulder.

T MIGHT have been broad daylight so far as Sam was concerned. He led me through the darkened village at a fast clip, saying it would be best to get away before bumping into an officer, or the top-sergeant. "I'm not goin' to report you back for duty, Kid. I gotta a scheme that may work. We'll see after we get down to Yvonne's. Gee, I'm glad you can parley voo this fool lingo. I'm 'bout worn out makin' love to Yvonne by signs," he half-laughed. Then, "Gosh, it's funny bout this love business. I can't parley Fransay, and she can't savvy American. But, then I guess a deaf and dumb, and blind couple'd know it if they met, and fell in love.

We walked on in silence after that until Sam told me to follow him to the left. The deeper dark of the woods swallowed us, for we had taken what was only a path. "The first time I kissed her was three nights ago on this path. She walked as far as the road with me. Holy Cripes, Kid, but she's the darb!"

A light suddenly glimmered through the shadowy woods. Big Sam began to whistle, and his pace increased. There was the sound of an opening door, and a square of gold danced through the night. Then there was music in the air, the music

of a girl's voice calling a man. I drew my breath in sharply.
"I'm comin' honey," shouted Sam, breaking into a run toward that square of dancing gold which had become the back-

I did not run after Sam. I knew with a certain feeling of

ground for a slim form.

But, the next moment my wish melted mysteriously into the golden square of dancing light that framed the most beautiful girl I had ever seen anywhere, the girl I had already made up my mind to hate. I will never be able to really tell you just how I felt as Big Sam introduced us, and her face lighted over my use of French. But, I can tell you

> strangely glad that I had come, although it was a guilty sort of gladness from the first. It was the warm, dreamy light in her dark eyes.

She bowed us into a great room where her mother welcomed When Yvonne shut the door, she stood gazing dreamily into the flames leaping in the open fire-place. I had an unaccountable feeling then that she did not love my buddy. Somehow, he had made a terrible mistake. And, an awful sort of fear came over me.

Sam got me to ask if there was enough supper for one extra.



Yvonne smiled in her sweet, wistful way over my question, saying that there was always enough for one more, especially Sergeant Sam's comrade. I thanked her, and relayed the word

ma are honest-to-God white people, Kid. Her old man was knocked off in 1914. Guess they got soft spots for sojers. You can't blame me for takin' a hard tumble Beauty, eh? there, can you, Kid?"

"She's the most beautiful girl I ever saw, Sam," I blurted out before I could check myself. Sam's face lighted in the dancing candle glow. But my cheeks flamed, and my sense of guilt deepened when he said he was glad I thought so

"The outfit's been kiddin' hell outa me 'cause they know I ain't ever taken the count from a jane before. But I don't give a hoop what they say. She's a wonder and Kid, it's a fine war when you're in love like me. Hell's bells if anything happened to me and Yvonne, everything'd go blooey bust, toot sweetwouldn't it, sweetie?" he asked, turning to the girl and put a

big arm around her slim waist.
Yvonne smiled up at him, but almost immediately looked at me in such a way that I felt awfully uncomfortable, and self-conscious. I was glad Sam was too busy looking at her to notice the way I fidgeted before her glance. From that moment on I felt under a great strain every time she spoke, and every time my eyes strayed over her blue-black hair and red little bow of a mouth, for I was already secretly coveting the girl my buddy loved. Of course, I condemned myself. I realized it wasn't right, and I honestly tried to deny her appeal,

but there was something about Yvonne Gambeau's soft musical voice, soulful eyes, and her wistfully beautiful face that kept me from commanding myself. I wonder if it isn't always that way when love comes? We struggle against it, if it is wrong for us to love, but in the end we are not strong enough.

Supper was almost over when Big Sam, his honest eyes still devouring Yvonne, outlined his scheme to keep me from duty. He proposed secretly billeting me at some isolated French farmhouse until I got my strength back fully.

"Mebbe, Yvonne and her ma know of such a place. Ask 'em," he said.

I told the two women about myself in a few words. An indescribable thrill ran through me as Yvonne, her eyes and voice brimming with tenderness, suggested to Madame Gambeau that they billet me. Fire suddenly burned in my face, and I looked at Sam half-afraid he'd noticed how my cheeks were flaming, or that he could hear the mad pounding of my excited heart. But, my buddy's eyes were still busy with his sweetheart. Yvonne's mother turned to me saying they had a spare room upstairs, and would be happy to have me. I made some lame remarks to the effect that I did not want to inconvenience them. In reality I was [Continued on page 132]



FOR will Lauferty read thousands of letters from people who were troubled with problems of love Hundrals of these letters were from married folks. They did not tell of happy marriages, because happy wirted people ealism write their stories. Miss Lauferty saved many homes through her kindly advice to forward and forbear. Seeing and hearing all she did about the troubles of marriage, it is no wonder that she swore woulded life for me. I'll be wise. I'll stay single." Yet she did marry. Her husband is James Wolfe, the distinguished singer, a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Two careers in one home! Enough to start trouble in itself. But read Miss Lauferty's own story of why she finally married in the face of all she knew adainst marriage. More important, read how her marriage is turning out.

In Spite of All I Heard Against Marriage

I Took a Chance

FOR ten years I was known as the world's greatest authority on heart-trouble. My profession was not medicine; it was giving advice to the love-sick.

One million people have informed me that love is an illusion, romance a snare and marriage the grand finale to any hope of "living happy ever after."

There was no reason why people with a few kind words to say for love and marriage should address them to me. It was my business to listen to other people's troubles. So in the past ten years I have heard practically everything that can be said against marriage.

I used to feel as old as the world and as wise as the Sphinx as I sat and read letters in which women of forty-odd asked one of twenty-odd to give them her best motherly advice. Everyone wrote to prove that love is a curse and to ask how to get more of it. Most of my correspondents made out fairly clear cases for their dissatisfaction with the institution that

safeguards the inheritance laws and seems to make "Home" synonymous with "Hell."

If he who runs may read, you'd suppose that she who reads would have sense enough to run. Certainly I had plenty of warning. I can never say that they failed to tell me marriage is another word for misery.

Then one sunny October day in 1924, I let myself be draped in a white satin dress and a trailing lace veil with orange blossoms. And I marched down a flowery aisle to the immemorial tune: "Here comes the bride"

When I walked to the innocent looking bower of white chrysanthemums under which I was to plight my troth, I marched past more "Stop, Look and Listen" signals than any other woman in the world has ever ignored. So as my father cheerfully informed me, if my marriage is a failure, I'll have only myself to blame.

In the past I have heard about all there is to say against marriage. Five years ago I wrote a widely circulated article called, "What's the Matter with Matrimony?" . . . As far as my million correspondents had given me to understand, everything is the matter with it. As I near the end of three years of personal investigation I am prepared to say a few words at first-hand

There never were two people less suited to each other than we. My husband hated professional women. I scorned artists. I am a writer. He By Lilian Lauferty

Noted Writer and Authority
on Heart Problems

have never had any use for foreigners.
He is a cosmopolitan and used to believe that all American women were
inclined to insist on being queens in
an otherwise pleasant democracy.

My husband is a Russian. I am a
Hoosier. He laughs at trouble and

is a very well-known opera singer. I have always been a jingo and

turns his back on it. I sit down and try for conclusions with all problems. He speaks six languages and numerous Czecho-Slovakian variations of one of them. I know just one tongue—my native American, and love every word of it.

Dancing is my pet diversion, and I like it trimmed with wailing jazz, dim lights and exotic surroundings. My husband's idea of a good time concerns itself with a speedy car and an open road... At least that is how it all was in 1924—say about October first.

During the year of our wooing, it appeared that my fiance—or near-fiance—was a restless soul who must ever be going on

to somewhere else. To save money, I developed an insatiable desire for the movies which offered the change and variety he craved. We had been married six months when we discovered that each of us had been going nobly through weary evenings, lighted only by the conviction that the other one was having a good time. We love good motion pictures now, but we came by this taste through sacrifice and ennui. For each of us went to please the other, and neither of us wanted to go at all.

We didn't understand each other in the least when we met at the altar and vowed a lot of things about which we were equally vague.

Our honeymoon was one long quarrel . . . If I hadn't forgotten my purse, I'm sure I'd have run home to my quiet single-blessedness on the third night of our wedding-trip. My marriage has knocked all my pet theories about the "sort of man with whom I'd fall in love" into a cocked-

If ever during the period when I was earnestly, honestly and to the best of my ability advising the world how to conduct its love affairs, anyone had asked me how many chances of happiness I thought there were for marriage like ours, I know quite well what the answer would have been. "None. None at all, my dear. I'm sorry, but it won't work. It can't."

No indeed. No honest adviser of youth would ever recommend a marriage like [Continued on page 139]



Underwood and Underwood Copyright

One sunny October day I let myself be draped in white satin and a trailing lace veil with orange blossoms and I heard the immemorial tune, "Here Comes the Bride."

I wouldn't wouldn't pet. It wasn't pruderv. I was not in the least cold. 1 was incurably romantic. That's why 1 tricked the man I loved into proposing tome. But a guilty conscience spoiled what inouta have heen the nappiest hour of my lite, until



Il's Hair

OTHER died four years after dad did so I was alone in the world except for mother's sister, Aunt Ella. Dad had very little money, but as we had lived in a small town in Maine where thing, were much cheaper than in the larger cities, somehow we had made out. Mother was very clever with her needle and despite the struggle, she had managed to have me better educated than most of my friends.

Among other things I had learned stenography and type-

writing, so that I was able to make a living. I secured a job with a local merchant and my salary helped things a lot during mother's last illness

I can't write much about that. Every girl loves her mother. but perhaps I loved mine even a little better than most. didn't begin to recover from my great loss for quite a while after I had moved to New York and was living with Aunt Ella, who had a small income of her own_



My most cherished possession was an old-fashioned ring which mother had

always worn. The ring wasn't a bit valuable, even though it was set with some tiny diamonds, but I would not have sold it for a thousand dollars. It seemed to bring mother back.

I really was a good stenographer, so before I had been with Aunt Ella long, I secured a job with a firm of wool importers on Fourth Avenue. This was quite close to where Aunt Ella

Vincent Olney looked at me and I looked at him and something told me that at last I had met the one man.

lived, on Seventeenth Street, East of Second Avenue, so that I was able to escape the subway crush by walking to work and hack.

It was just after my twentieth birthday that I met Vincent Olney, and that was the biggest thing that had ever happened

Before that, of course, I had had beaux. They told me I was pretty, and I was rather vain of my good looks. I have dark

har end blue eyes, and these boys used to tell me I was cute." not that they meant much to me. None of my admirers lasted very long with me, and more than one of them implained of the same thing

I wouldn't be kissed or petted!

That was my trouble. It wasn't prudery. I was not in the

least cold, but I was incurably romantic

Why don't you let a fellow kiss you once in a while?" Clara Knox asked me several times. Clara worked for the same She was a year or two older than I and quite we were great chums. "It doesn't do you any firm I did. She was a year or tw pretty, and we were great chums. harm, does it?'

No. I suppose not," I assented doubtfully

And no fellow is going to take you out much if he can't even get a kiss," Clara went on. "Why, you can't blame them! A kiss means a whole lot more to a boy, than it does to most girls, and it stands to reason they get fed up pretty quick with a girl who won't even give them a kiss to say thank you for an evening out! I don't say that a self-respecting girl should let them get—oh, sort of too fresh—but she can draw a line between that and being an icicle, you know."
But I'm not an icicle," I confessed, "only—only

But I'm not an icicle, 'Only what?' she asked sharply.

Only what?' she asked sharply.

'I capfided in her, "I'm going to meet the one I want One day." I confided in her, "I'm going to meet the one an. I know it! I sort of feel it. And when I do, I want him to be the very first one to kiss me. These boys I know are nice enough in their way, but they aren't the one man Even if it means being unpopular. Clara, I'm going to keep my kisses for him."

Frouble with you." Clara sniffed is that you are about fifty years behind the times What's it matter if you do give a kiss now and again, if it stops at that? It won't keep you from meeting this one man you're waiting for, will it? Wouldn't be the same thing." I

told her, and what's more, I stuck to

In this attitude. I had Aunt Ella's support. She was a widow, and she had never looked at any other man than the one she had married.

Don't let anyone else take the bloom from you, my dear." Aunt Ella had advised me. "Just wait and 'Mr. Right' will come along before you know it! I never regretted waiting for John, and sure enough, he came into my life when I was least expecting it.

Then one Saturday morning, just ifter I had come out of the boss's room where I had been taking dictation, Clara rushed up to me

What are you doing tonight?" she asked me

Not a thing," I told her.

Well, the other evening, I met a fellow by the name of Bob Eames, she said all excited. "He's a commercial artist and makes a lot of money doing advertisements. Has a regular studio on Sixty-sixth Street and he phoned me just now. got a studio party on tonight and he's invited me and asked me to bring any girl friend I care to. Want to go Bound to be carloads of fun!"

I had never been in an artist's studio, and I accepted eagerly enough, little guessing what that evening was going to bring

into my life

Clara called for me about eight and we went uptown together in the subway, shuttling over to the West Side at Times Square. I had on a new dress of silver lace that Aunt Ella and I had Then I had on a new pair of pumps and altogether I was feeling rather pleased with myself.

I was quite thrilled when I entered the studio, a big room in which about a dozen people had already gathered introduced me to Bob Eames, a short, rather stout man, with

But I hardly noticed him, was hardly able to reply to his

welcome, for at that moment a man was entering the studio He looked at me and I at him, and something inside me told me that at last I had met the one man!

He was tall, but not too tall. He was what I would call an for his face was a little bronzed, and he had outdoor man." wonderful shoulders and held himself well. He had fair hair smoothed back from a broad forehead and his smile lighted up his good-looking face. There was about him a certain polished air that made me realize that he was accustomed to going about a great deal. Though he was so good-looking, I knew instinctively that he was not an actor. He had none of the mannerisms of one. I decided that he was the best type of a clean-cut young American business man

He came straight over to where his host was standing by me, and placed a friendly arm around the artist's shoulders.

stood there, still smiling down at me, as he said

How are you, Bob, old man? As usual, I see you have all the prettiest girls in New York! That's what comes of being an artist instead of a poor devil of an automobile salesman! Suppose you introduce me," and he was looking directly at

I know my heart was beating wildly as Bob Eames made the introduction and I learned that the man who had so fascinated

me was Vincent Olney

A True Story in Fifty

Words

THE guard was closing the

my way. "Can't you watch

where you're going? You've

made me miss my train." She

looked up. Her eyes held ages of

suffering. "I'm sorry," she said.

"But there are more trains and

YOU have SOME PLACE to

Do you know a true story

that you can tell in fifty

words? SMART SET will pay

\$5.00 for each one accepted.

go. '

gates when a woman got in

Somebody put a dance record on the phonograph, and Vincent held out his hands to me. He didn't say a word, but we danced off together as though we had known each other all our lives. Later, I learned that this was one of Vincent's chief charms he could always waive aside any formalities and establish relationships as though he had known the person he had just met tor years

And he danced superbly, so easily and yet with such perfect assurance, as lightly as a cloud before a summer breeze. "Suppose," he said, when the rec-

ord was finished, "we go and sit over there on that couch in the corner. and tell each other things.

I followed him to the place he had indicated, and he sat down beside me. giving me all his attention as though there were nobody else in the room.

"Let's cut formality." he began. "You know my name, Vincent Olney Suppose you begin by calling me 'Vincent.' You will, anyway, in a 'Vincent.' You will, anyway, in a week or so, and I hate conventions, Mildred! You see I call you that instead of wasting time and beginning by calling you 'Miss Tremaine.' You don't mind, do you?

"Not in this case!" I smiled at

"Gee!" he enthused. "I tell the truth most of the time, you know, or you will know it before long, and it's the truth that you're the prettiest girl I've seen for a long time. black hair with those blue eyes, is it

'Not yet!" I laughed

Working girl, home girl, or one of the idle rich." he asked with that charming directness which won him so many friends.

'Working," I answered. "Stenographer." I went on to explain how

I lived with Aunt Ella.

"I sell automobiles for a living," he told me. Shan't always, but it does for the time. Need capital, then I'll have a garage ot my own Lots of money in a garage As it is. I'm a fool I clean up an average of about seventy-five a week, and I never save a nickel out of it I live all alone in a bachelor apartment over here on West Seventy-third Street, and it takes all I make just to keep going But you are engaged! I might have known that anybody as pretty wouldn't be free!"
"As a matter of tact. I'm not," I said. "What makes you

think so?

He took my left hand in his and pointed to my mother's ring on the third finger

That's the only finger it really fits." I explained how much



As I came out of the elevator, a man grabbed me by the arm. It was Vincent. His face was white. "You can't play with me like that, little girl," he said, "I love you and you love me." I managed to smile but my heart was breaking.

I valued it, and why, and he listened understandingly.
Soon afterwards, Bob Eames came up to us with a tray
loaded with cocktails. I refused one simply because I don't like the taste of them.

"You are an old-fashioned girl, aren't you?" Vincent said as he helped himself to one.
"Don't like them," I said. "That's the only reason I smoke now and then if I feel in the [Continued on page 128]

Have a Past-

Teannot think that there
will ever come to me
again the love that I experienced for four years and
more. I may be wrong. I
am still young and men continue to find me attractive.
But if I am wrong, if love
should come into my life
again—what must be my
course? Am I to blot out
my past at whatever cost?
Can I risk building my happiness on a series of lies?

HAVE little fear that my past will be misunderstood.

A man with a past may have gone astray in one or more of a hundred different ways, or may merely have some mystery about him, but to speak of a woman as having a past is to mean but one thing; it is to impugn her chastity. The woman with a past is forever Magdalene.

This, then, is my story. As little more than a child myself I became the unmarried mother of a child. That simple fact has colored all my life

I spent my childhood in a manufacturing town near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. My parents were by no means well-off, but they were decent, independent and proud, like most of their class. I had that fair education which is open to every boy and girl and I might readily have had a better if I had shown any desire for it. But I was cager to be through with school and be out in the world About me were hundreds of girls little older than myself who seemed to be free and independent, tremendously grown-up because they were earning their living in one or another of the factories that were peppered about the town. According to the law I should have been held at school until after my fourteenth birthday, but as a fact I managed to get to work rather under that age.

The town where I lived and worked is said to be one of the most immoral in the country. I cannot say how much justification there is for the charge, because I have had few opportunities of making comparison, but I do know that many of the workers, both men and women, with whom I came in contact in those early days had a frankness of speech and a coarseness of humor that I now understand was appalling. Now-a-days I cannot think with any serenity of a child such as I was at fourteen, being placed in such an environment, but after the first shame-faced qualms of modesty, I became used to the

Women whom I had every right to despise, sneered at and insulted me in the public street.

What of My Future?

My life became a burden to me but gradually I acquired the appearance of a hardihood I did not feel and became indifferent to the sneers af my former friends.

ribaldry of my elders in the factory. I searched in secret for the meaning of things in their conversations which remained obscure to me. I was ashamed to confess my ignorance of what seemed to be common knowledge even to girls of my own age. I knew that ridicule would probably be my portion, if I did. By the time I was sixteen years of age I must have appeared the most knowing and brazen of unfortunate children, but as a matter of fact my real knowledge was absolutely nil.

I was sixteen when I became the victim of a young man of the town. He was in a better social position than I, and I was flattered by his attentions. He was good-looking, ten years older than I, and I imagined that I was in love with him. My parents were strict, and I had to meet him in secret. I was warned against my lover, but I laughed at the warnings. I had often heard that some men were dangerous to girls, but in my ignorance the thought of danger only thrilled me. I looked on it in the same way as I looked on cycling full speed down the big hill in the town, which was said to be a death trap. I would not be warned.

After a bewildering episode, the sheer brutality of which left me bruised of body and soul, there came to me long months of fear and quaking. I was degraded among my friends—just how I could not understand—and I had disgraced my family. My lover no longer sought me out, but if he had I would have hid from him. I hated and feared him.

THEN one day they told me I was going to be a mother. I hardly knew what it meant, and I was miserable with shame. The one beautiful thing that I remember of that time of disgrace and misery is the lovely kindness of my father. He was the strictest of men, and visited the childish offenses of his large family with the harshest punishment. Often I had felt the weight of his hand myself, but in my trouble he was the kindest and sweetest father a girl ever had. He had no blame for me, but his resentment against the man was deep. I was under what is known as "the age of consent," and the young man who had betrayed me stood in peril of a serious criminal prosecution. Without consulting my feelings in the matter, my father used this fact to frighten my lover into wanting to marry me. I heard nothing of it until my father came and told me to be ready to marry in a day or two.

Here I found food for a new and awful terror. I did not want to see the man again, and it seemed as if I were about to be forced into living with him forever. I hated him, and dreaded a repetition of his brucality. I shivered with fear the whole of the ensuing night and all next day. And then my

father, forgetting his own desire that his grandchild should be legitimate, said I did not need to marry unless I really wanted to. My boy was born out of wedlock, and has never seen his father.

After my baby came, my life was made a burden to me by the sneers of the people in the town. I have had the foulest names thrown at me in the street by women I had every right to despise. I was desperate, but in selfdefense I gradually acquired the appearance of a hardihood that I was far from feeling.

About a year after the birth of my child I met a man who seemed to have more understanding than the average. He soothed my heartache. He asked me to run away with him to another state and he married there. the end he persuaded me, and I went with him as far as the state line but then my fear of the unknown and the dread of men got the better of my res- [Continued on page 88]



HAD I the courage to close the gates of Paradise in my own face? Could I, for the sake of her happiness, give up the girl I loved? With the thing I had wanted all my life within my grasp could I still play the game?



More Priceless

SUPPOSE, you had worsed so acthing all your life, suppose after weary years of search you found what you were seeking; then suppose Fate or Conscience, or some Var Fower outside of yourself told you to open your hand and let the pearl slip from your grasp. What would you do? Whit did I do?

This is my story

I remember more vividly than any event of my life my needing with Myrtle Angell. I did not know her name for when I tound out what it was I was not surprised. That

was my first impression of her, that she was an angel indeed. She was the new girl who had come to assist with the book-keeping in the hospital office. I had sat down at the desk to look up one of my cases in the card index. The head clerk was out and rather than wait for her I had taken the drawer

from the cabinet myself and was looking for the card I wanted when I heard a voice at my shoulder.

I looked up and I saw brown har and brown eyes, into which one looked as through a chirly opening out from some mountain cave where one caught arth or mile upon mile of incom-



I heard a voice at my shoulder and I looked up and saw Myrtle Angell for the first time. I saw brown hair and brown eyes and incomparable beauty. There was worship of all good things in her voice that matched perfectly the worship in her eyes.

parable, incomprehensible, inexhaustible beauty. If one stood searching for a hundred years one could not begin to see and

understand the beauty that was there. When she spoke it was almost with the lisp of the nursery. There was a timidity, a hesitance, a worship of all good things in her voice that matched perfectly the worship of her eves.

In thought, when I saw and heard I fell on my knees and worshipped her, although she was only a child and I was a married man much older than she.

The next event that stands out in this story of my life occurred some six weeks

after our first meeting.
"Doctor," she said. "I want to learn something about psycho-analysis. Tell me a good book to read.'

She knew nothing of this new science and one thing about it I was sure she did not know, and that is if one offers oneself for treatment there is almost sure to come a moment when the love ardor of the patient is directed toward the analyst.

I loved my wife, but ours had been a friendly, rather than a romantic marriage. A sensible, pleasant marriage, but a marriage that had nothing whatever to do with the dreams which I had tried to abandon for the insistent realities about which my science is so dogmatic.

There were rough waters ahead, I knew, for there was a husky boy about. who often called for her at the hospital. He obviously loved her, and she was just as clearly not indifferent to him. and here she was asking the first fatal question:

"Tell me about psycho-analysis, doctor. What books shall I read?"

"Well, Miss Angell," I said, "I'm not sure I'd advise you to read any book about it. If there's any person in the world who doesn't need psycho-analysis I'm sure it's you."

'Why?" she insisted.

She was working overtime, checking up and rearranging the card indexes. We were alone. It was a winter night. Outside was ice and cheerlessness and the oncoming dark; inside was warmth, comfort, light-and she.

'Well, you see," I said in my best professional tones, "you see psycho-analysis is for unhappy people and I think you are about the happiest person I know.

She smiled more gloriously than ever at that.

"But would psycho-analysis make me unhappy?" she asked.

How little she knew the significance of what she was saying 'I don't know," I said gravely. "It might. Come and let's sit down here, and I'll try to tell you what I mean. Maybe when I tell you, you won't want to read any of those books.

She left her desk with a bright laugh and sat down alongside me on the plain wooden settee. The office was very quiet. It was almost impossible for me not to reach out and take her hand. I knew she would not have minded. I was almost old enough to be her father

She had asked me to become her adviser so I faced about and looked squarely at her. "If I were you I'd let it alone," I said. "You, of all people in the world, don't need it. You specialize in surgery if you want to, or keep special track of the children's cases, but leave this business of healing mind and nerve wounds to old fogies like me.'

HELD out my hand and she took it, absently

I thought I was trying to play a fair game but had my subconscious self tricked me into the worst kind of a fool? Had I forgotten womanly curiosity? Had I forgotten the old story about the one tree from which Adam and Eve must

At any rate she had asked my advice and I had tried to tell her what I believed to be the truth. If she was determined to dig down into those forgotten mysteries it should not be at my direction.

She stood looking down at the floor. There was a strange She had been fascinated by these hints of a look in her eyes. forbidden world. Was I the snake who had done it?

The room was awesomely still. I could have taken her in my arms and no one would know. I knew then what I had only suspected before, that there was some subtle tie between I seemed to know that if I should take possession of her then and here she would not resent it, but I would keep on at least a little longer trying to play the game

"Well," I laughed, "aren't you going to shake hands with

e? Come back. You seem to be far away.'
Then her eyes found my face, her fingers tightened about mine and her laughter echoed through the silent, dim-lit place

Yes, I was thinking about something else," she said. night, doctor, you are very good, and I thank you very much.'

She had said I was very good!

But she did not say whether or not she would find and read the books

Of course she did find them. Of course she did read them

and of course they troubled her

The glory slipped out of her eyes. The laughter on her lips was less frequent. I began to notice that Harry did not call for her quite so regularly.

O NE warm spring afternoon she knocked at my office door just as I had dismissed the last patient and asked if she could come in

She tried to laugh, but it was not the light laughter we all

Doctor," she said, taking the chair to which I pointed "I'm not exactly sick, but I'd like to talk with you. I haven't been sleeping well lately, and I have such funny dreams. 1 wonder if you wouldn't analyze some of them for me.'

The Pearl of Great Price was in my hand

But I would play the game "Why, Miss Angell," I said. "I'd do anything in the world to help you. But you remember I said last winter that this is a funny business we new-fangled fellows are working with. We can't always tell how things will jump. And it has been found to be better not to let good friends work at the treatment together. Like surgery, don't you know?" I tried to "A friend does not like to operate on a laugh naturally. friend: a relative on a relative." I hesitated. "You see he cares too much." I thought this was the way to plan the cares too much." I thought this was the way to play the game, but was I saying the wrong thing? I had to go on "You see you and I are very good friends. At least I like to think so.'

She nodded sweetly, as I looked up at her

"And I wouldn't like to have anything happen that would spoil our friendship, and I wouldn't want to treat you myself if I thought someone else could do it better. Won't you let me ask Dr. Young to see you? He's had a lot more experience than I have in this work, and could probably help you more."

"Oh, I'd he afraid to ask him. He's not nearly so jolly as vou are. I don't see why friends should make any difference. Let me tell you my dreams, won't you—and see if you can make anything out of them? I can't."
"All right," I said. "Go ahead. Only remember I warned

What I meant I could not tell. My head was whirling. It seemed inconceivable that the cut-and-dried thing would happen. I don't know quite what I was afraid of, but, for all my science. I was afraid.

Then she began, and my head reeled still more dizzily.

Not an inaccessible angel after all. I should have known it. There are no angels. Just a simple everyday girl, just a little half animal like all the rest of us, her dreams telling the old

story of desires held down in waking hours.

There lay her mind before me like an open book. I hated psycho-analysis then. It is so relentless, so inexorable. It tells its tales and maps its charts so brutally. I had learned not to care too much when these revelations came to me casually in my work with other patients. It was sometimes hard even to be interested. I had long ago ceased to feel that the things I learned were shocking at all, but with her it was so completely different. She-my angel. To find her not unlike her brothers and sisters at all. Perhaps, I thought grimly to myself-I needed to be analyzed myself. I believed I had learned that all these matters were natural, wholesome, not to be despised or felt shame for.

B UT to see these things in her mind, to know that they were troubling her was more than I could bear.

Yet how accessible it made her

She had laid herself, the Pearl of Great Price, in the hollow

of my hand

"Well, doctor, why don't you say something?" Her shining eyes were turned full upon me. Their old luster had returned. Her lips were parted again, as she waited, breathless, for me

"Suppose we wait till tomorrow, Miss Angell."

I would at least give myself time to think out a course of action. Too much was at stake to plunge precipitously into such a vortex as opened at my feet, even though it might be the gateway to paradise.

The disappointment on her beautiful face was easier to dis-

cern than her dreams were to interpret.

I took out my watch.

"I've really got to go, Miss Angell. There's a case waiting at my office. Won't you come in at this time tomorrow, and I'll make my report. In the meantime there's nothing to worry As a matter of fact I knew that the crisis that faced me was cause for more worrying than anything I had met in "You're not ill at all. the thirty-five years I had been alive. "You're not ill at all. I'm sure I can convince you of that. Come in tomorrow, and we'll go to the bottom of it.'

But would we? After all my boasting was I a coward? What would I do tomorrow? Would it be any easier to know the right way then than it was now? But I would at least give myself these twenty-four hours for thought.

She held out her hand wistfully to say good-by. She was not an angel but I was asking myself to be a god.

OOD night," I said as though I had had a grown daughter and this was a friend of hers who had dropped into our house for afternoon tea. "This time tomorrow, remember, and we'll see what's best to do."

The clouds were again-threatening her eyes, but she smiled frankly and the little muscles of her fingers tightened again

about my hand.

"Good night," she said. "You are very good. I will come in again tomorrow if you're sure it won't bother you."
"You are very good." I remembered that she had said the

same thing when we had had our first talk about reading the

The words, spoken earnestly and simply enough, seemed a huge mockery. How little she knew what she was saying! Good! If there was such a thing as a good man anywhere in the world, surely it was not I. I was a serpent, getting ready to crush her.

But would it destroy her? If it was to mean bliss for me. would it not also mean bliss to her?

Well for at least twenty-four more hours I would play the game. So I let her go.

Those were a bad twenty-four hours for

What made matters still worse was that my wite was more thoroughly charming that evening than she had ever been.

I went back to the office the next day, after my almost sleepless night, determined to play the game at least a little longer

At half past five there came the same soft knock on my door and I said "Come in." as though I did not in the least know whom to expect

She came, the light shining again in her heavenly eyes.

I did not trust myself to take her hand.

"I'm glad you didn't forget. Miss Angell. Sit down and I'll tell you what I think we had better do. I think I am ready to write your prescription, but I also

think it will surprise you."

She looked at me expectantly.

"We'll not go into the dreams just now, Miss Angell. I'm going to surprise you by asking you to do something you have probably not thought of."

Still the look of sur prise and expectancy on her face, now again the face of an angel.

"You have noticed if you've been reading psycho-analysis, (which by the way you will remember I advised you not to do in the first place) that practically all nervous troubles have something to do with



MYRTLE looked at me appealingly. "Doctor," she said, "why must we talk about Harry? I'd much rather talk about you. Can't you see how I love you?" she cried and flung herself into my arms.

one's love life. So I'd rather talk to you about that than about your dreams just now. For instance—" I hesitated and as I did so I noticed that the paper knife I toyed with absently was pointed straight at my own heart. "For instance, this boy Harry used to call for you quite regularly, but I haven't seen him lately. Has there been any trouble between you?"

The pink roses on her cheeks turned to scarlet. "Must we talk about him, Doctor?"

My heart was asking the same question, but we must, if I was to go on playing the game.

I tried to laugh again.
"Yes, I think we
must," I said. "That is
if you really want me to
help you. That is the
place to start."

"But I'm not sure I like Harry," she temporized.

"Precisely," I said.
"I fancy that's just the trouble, but tell me the other side of it. Are you quite sure Harry likes you?"

"Oh, yes."

The silver laughter floated out again.

"Well, so far so good," I said, gripping my knife still tighter. "Now I must ask you to tell Harry I'd like to see him. Will you do that?"

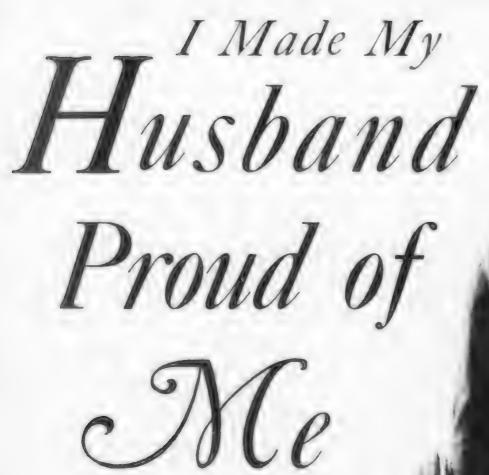
"Why, doctor I'm not sure whether I will or not. It seems a strange thing to do."

"I told you in the beginning," I said, a bit roughly, "that psychoanalysis is a strange thing. If you want me to treat you you must play the game."

How little she guessed what those words meant to the man who was speaking them!

"Must I do that?" she asked, the wistful trouble threatening again to cloud her eyes.

"Yes, I am afraid you must," I said. [Continued on page 110]



THEN Mrs. Nixon's car stopped in front of our house one evening, my husband sneaked off the back porch in a manner most undignified for a lawyer

Good night!" he said. "Nix on Mrs. Nixon

George, don't be rude." I said. "What will she think?"

Tell her I'm reading law, important case," he whispered.

from behind the door. "I can't stand that female dread-

Two hours later George emerged from his den, a detective story in his hands. "The super-dreadnaught gone? Pretty formidable. Helen. She couldn't bring Mr. Nixon. She sold the farm. Whose farm? His. She sent Mr. Nixon out there to bring away everything but the barn. Suffering cats! old war horse! She's a regular lion tamer."

These words stuck in my mind.

I'm glad I'm not a female dreadnaught," I said to the children, a couple of days later.

"I don't suppose Mrs. Nixon looked like that, either, when she was young like you," said Claire who was then twelve.

Why, do you think I may some day look like that?" parents have learned that there is no one so frank and blunt as their own children

"Oh, I was only thinking of Mrs. Nixon," she replied, noncommittally.

The idea haunted me. My children were half grown. What would I look like in another few years? I thought of my poor, tired, faded mother in her last few years.

This is the prospect that faces every woman. The thing a woman hates to think about, the thing a young woman refuses to think of. When one is twenty, forty seems a thousand years away. But a few racing years, and one is facing forty, When one is twenty, forty seems a thousand then shortly she is facing fifty. I said to myself that youth is like the bloom of the rose, here today, and faded tomorrow. As some one said, "Tomorrow today will be yesterday." then, Mrs. Helen Harford will be "that war horse, t dreadnaught!" Oh, one could die at the very thought of it

And yet this thing comes ultimately into every woman's life I mentioned it to George a week or two later. "How long has Mrs. Nixon looked like a lion tamer?"



"You are quite a picture in that outfit," my husband said and came towards me.

George laughed at the first mention of it. Then he gave me sharp look. "Why, I hadn't thought. It has come gradually. suppose. These things do, the way a tree grows.

"I was wondering when people will start calling me an old war horse.

"Don't be silly, Helen. You can't always stay young." Which was not very encouraging.

"Or will I look like Mrs. Roberts, next door?" "More like her, maybe. She's fair, fat and forty."
"She's fat and forty, but not fair," I corrected.

"Well, people change," he said philosophically. "After a time, we all begin to slip."

MIAT happened to me was the most natural thing in the world. I was growing middleaged and I was growing careless. I was getting fat, in mind as well as in body. Then my husband began to grow careless in his attentions to me. He took to holding other women up to me as examples of what I should be. That made me mad. I resolved to prove to him that I had lost neither my beauty nor my brains.

"Have I begun?" I asked anxiously. He shrugged his shoulders, we all do." "Oh, well,

That was it. That meant Slipping[†] growing old, deteriorating, getting fat and gross and masculine.

And then a thought struck me. "But Mrs. Jerome, she doesn't change."

At the mention of Mrs. Jerome I thought George brightened up a little. "You're right about that. She doesn't seem to change, but she's an exceptional woman."

"Oh, yes, she's a wonderful woman," I said, but I did not entirely conceal the trace of bitterness. George looked at me, but nothing more was said.

Winston Jerome (whom you might know, if I mentioned his real name) was edging his way upward in national politics, and his wife was helping him.

Mrs. Jerome had not changed as the years went by. It was women like myself, mothers and housekeepers, who became fat and forty, or fussy and fifty, or female dreadnaughts. I forgot, in my bitterness of the moment, that the same things happen to business and professional

women, who drift that way, and that the lion taming look was a matter of the spirit, the character. Anyway, the thing worried me I brooded over it. I suppose George wondered what was the matter with me. I thought he was selfish. He probably thought I was churlish, or perhaps he was so wrapped up in his own affairs that he never thought of me at all. "Why doesn't Mrs. Jerome



"The picture was not intended for you," I said. I didn't want him to kiss me but I wanted most awfully for him to want to kiss me.

change, as other women do?" I asked him pointblank one day. Well, I guess she just keeps herself tuned up," he said,

without stopping to think. "She doesn't let herself slip." That idea of slipping, again. Where did he get that? that one of her ideas?

That's all very fine," I said, "if a woman has nothing else to do. Both her children are away at school, aren't they?

'Yes, but she raised them until they were old enough to go away to school.' Taking her part, of course

One day George came home in triumph to tell us that he was to be a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Madison Square Garden, New York. I secretly wished that I could go along, and hoped that he would ask me, but he didn't. I swallowed my feelings. At breakfast, the day the delegation left, I asked George if Mrs. Jerome was going with her husband.

"Oh, yes, she's one of the delegates. I thought you knew."

I might have known." But that was all I said.

They all had a fine time, in spite of the long-drawn out Convention. It was one long They stopped at the same hotel and George naturally saw a lot of Mrs. Jerome. I couldn't get away from the feeling that he made mental comparisons between this exceptional woman and his humble home-keeping She didn't allow herself to slip. Indeed!

George came home tired. but full of the great old time he had had, as if I, poor stayat-home, should be contented to admire him for his interesting adventures. Or so it seemed to me at the time.

"What I'm trying to figure out," I finally said, after he had talked a lot, "is why I couldn't have gone the same as Mrs. Jerome did."

His enthusiasm disappeared. and for a moment he just stared at me. "Well, I never thought of that."

"No, such things don't even occur to you about me. But Mrs. Jerome is such an ex-ceptional woman."

Perhaps he was even more with her than I chummy thought, for he replied, "For that matter, she is an unusual

woman."

This was too much. I went upstairs. I was in one of those moods when one is ready to do almost anything. And then it seemed to me that I had put myself in such a position. Very well, from that time on, things would be different. would not take a back seat for any woman, and not even for my own husband.

I said to myself that in a few minutes he would be com-

ing upstairs to go to bed. But no, not after tonight. I had been enjoying a room all to myself in his absence. There was the guest room, across the hall. I opened up the bed in this room, saw that everything was in order, and then took a clean pair of his pajamas, his slippers and his bathrobe and put them on the bed in there. I got myself ready for bed, turned out the light and rolled in. But I could not sleep.

Half an hour later he came up. "You'll find the light burning in the spare room. George," I said. "I put your

slippers and things in there.

"Say, Helen, what's the crazy idea?" he demanded of me. "Please don't bother me."

"I'm sorry. Helen, but please don't get sore about it." "I'm not, but if I have no part in your life, then I'm going to live my own.

"Aw, listen—the first night I get home—"

"George, I want to sleep. Good night."
That was the beginning of a new arrangement. It may not be desirable as a permanent thing, but it's a good thing sometimes. It made a difference in George's attitude. held me too cheaply, he could no longer do so. familiarity is sometimes not good even in marriage. not that I did not think a lot of George. It was only that my

pride was stung. I would have to make something of myself.
Truly, Mrs. Jerome was exceptional. One may not have youth, but she can have youthfulness. Mrs. Jerome had this, hough she was older than I. She was straight and trim, and full of vitality. She carried herself like a queen. She kept

her mind polished up. She could talk on any subject. She was not a beauty, after the "Follies" type, but she had life and personality. That was it—personality. And she kept herself up to the mark!

Well, that was what I must do. I would spruce up physically. I would brace up men-I would get up on a higher level. The very idea of my husband admiring another man's wife, and taking me for granted merely as his housekeeper and the taker of his children! Not any more. And with my resolutions firmly made, I went to sleep.

I looked myself over critically in the morning, in the full length mirror of the closet door. I was heavier, just a suggestion of overweight, the kind of thing that women take for granted as a part of maturity. I did not like it. I wanted the daintiness, the girlishness of youth. I stretched my hands over my head and then tried to touch the floor with my fingers. I tried again, and kept trying till I stretched down to it. And then I remembered some other stunts from my school days. I don't suppose you could find a man or woman who couldn't give you a string of exercises if you asked for advice. The main thing is the will to exercise, the desire for improvement.

Claire found me exercising one morning. I explained that I did not want to look like a female dreadnaught. understood. "I'll tell you, Mother, we'll go swimming to-

gether this summer, a lot. And maybe you can come out and play tennis with us, too." "Why not?" I replied. "If I want to be young, I should do the things young people do."

And that really expresses the whole thing. People get old because they settle down. They get stodgy and slow and stiff. And then they look like it. What I needed, physically, was to live the lives of my children, not to keep parental aloofness, but to be one of them. So I joined them in tennis. every nice day, all summer long, we took the flivver and drove over to the little beach on the lake. [Continued on page 112]



- (Are married morals changing? Is there such a thing as freedom in marriage?
- (Does the husband of today want his wife to feel free to be free?
- (Does he want her to pet—with other
- O Does the present day wife care if her husband makes love to another woman?
- C Read the story on page 38 of this magazine. Then consider this question:
- (Can a Good Wife Be a Good Sport?
- (SMART SET wants to know what your experience has been and what you advise—what your convictions are on this vital problem.
- (For the best letter in answer to the question:

Can a Good Wife Be a Good Sport? SMART SET will give a prize of \$15; for the second best, \$10; for the third best, \$5 and for each of the ten next best, \$1. Contest closes March 10th, 1927. Write your letter at once. In awarding prizes first consideration will be given to letters that tell the personal experiences of the writers. See page 80 for other contests.

Hats-High, Wide and Handsome



Familiar





How many times have you wondered who these wonderful girls of the ads were in real life? Well, here they are! First, the Lily of France girl, as she appears in the ads, and a close-up which shows her face as lovely as her figure. She is Agatha Debussy of New York and of Mr. Ziegfield's new show "Riolita." Then, here, too, is the girl with the dark curls who so modestly steps out before the public in Van Raalte "step-in" ads. She is really Myrtle Rich, one of Penryhn Stanlaw's favorite models and her home is in St. Louis



Photographic Studies by



Figures





Alfred Cheney Johnson





It is not surprising that Arnold Bennett, the great English novelist, found the advertising pages of the American magazines so fascinating when he could turn to such a lovely picture as that of the Van Raalte bloomer girl. In real life she is Dorothy Donnelly and she can be seen nightly in person, in George White's "Scandals." Now, last but not least, we show you the legs that turned a million heads—towards the advertisements for Gordon hosiery. Those enticing limbs are owned by Margaret Davies and won her a high place in vaudeville.



Dorothy Sebastian coyly confesses that sometimes a demure gingham dress covers a multitude of frivolous ruffles.

more Ar Kerr Floor the r

The Story of Rosy O'Casey of County Kerry, the Same as Would Wear a Queen's Crown Today, If.



HIS is the story of my lovely young mistress. Gladys Easton of Easton Hill, Stonington, Long Island, who had everything a girl could wish for, but wanted one thing

And this is how I, Rosy O'Casey of Castle Kenmare, County Kerry, descendant of Kronson, King of all Ireland after the Flood, went down to be her maid, and how I saw her fool the man I loved while it tore the heart out of me.

It was a sad ride down to Long Island for me, a greenhorn

right from the Emerald Isle. All stately mansions! And me sick for the sight of a tumble-down castle and a stretch of green. I hoped the place would be a kind one, for the heart of an Irish girl craves love as a puppy craves milk. I had a newspaper marked for me, and when I could see for the lonesome feeling, I read it.

the lonesome feeling, I read it.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham Easton announce the engagement of their daughter Gladys to Mr. Algernon Sydney Laird. This unites

in marriage two wealthy families

Laird' The name was one I knew well, and many a time on my knees, I had prayed that all who bore that name should be happy! It was a name every O'Casey wer-hipped Once upon a time, only three years ago, a 11th young American named Laird had helped my father in the old country and made his last days comfortable. And though I had never seen the Mr. Laird who had done so much for us, I loved him as I loved my life. My mother's last words to me were, "Pray every night for Mr. Laird, Rosy, that he may be happy all his days!"

And here, the first thing, on my way to my first job, I tound the name of Laird! I knew he was a good man; he couldn't be anything else. And I was going down to be lady's maid to Miss Gladys Easton who was engaged to be married to this Mr. Laird. I hoped she was pretty and that she loved him as a Laird deserved to be loved.

They met me with a big car and drove me through grand grounds to a magnificent house. It was like our old Castle Kenmare before it fell to pieces, except that it hadn't the look of the warm old stones, nor the turrets whispering with the love birds that nested there. The chauseur put me out and a footman took my bags. In the front hall Mrs. Easton herself met me.

was a big, cold-faced woman, elegantly dressed, but she seemed like everything else, to have been spoiled by too much money. She took me up the wide staircase and talked as she went. "Your references are satisfactory."

My grandmother was maid of honor to the Queen.

and my mother—"
But Mrs. Easton did not hear. She led me down a broad hall and threw open a door into a beautiful room. Gladys, this is your new maid," she said. And she went out and shut the door and left me standing there.

I LOOKED around. Such a rich room, with the light coming dimly through windows heavy with velvet hangings. Such a room for a young girl!

I stood wanting to cry, when I saw a sight that drove every thought of home from my mind-a sight such as

angels seldom show to mortal eyes.

In a far window looking to the east I beheld a vision, in the form of a lovely virgin. Her face was white as a lily. Her hair was like all the suns that ever shone in the heavens, and her little hands, clasped in front of her, looked as if they were moulded in wax. She was slender and straight as the candles that burn on the holy altar, and there fell around her a robe of filmy white that was like floating incense.

And I ran forward and threw myself on my knees before her. I pressed my lips to the hem of her floating garment, and to the silver slippers on her feet. I lifted my eyes to her face, not daring to touch her hands. "By all the Saints," I whispered.

She looked down at me. "So, you're my new maid," she said.

"Yes, Miss," I managed to utter, in spite of the choking in my throat.

She took a step into the room. "Well, get up! It's time to dress me for dinner. I'm Gladys!'

I clasped my hands. "I can't get up for loving the face of you."

She laughed: "You Irish girls are funny."

I followed her across the room to where she sat before a little silver dressing table, and every move she made

was like a dream from heaven.
I'm Rosy O'Casey," I said. "And I'll serve you, Miss Gladys, to the last drop of blood in my heart."

She looked at me hard. "Do you mean what you are saying, Rosy? That I can count on you?'

I do, Mistress. I'm new to you, but you can treat me as if I was born loving you."

"And you won't go back on me?"

"Now when did an O'Casey ever do that?" And the tears almost came to my eyes to think that she should



As Miss Gladys and I approached the house we found Mr. you wanted to go to bed," Mr. Laird said. "I wish you'd



Laird waiting on the piazza. "You said your head ached and stop spying on me," Miss Gladys cried petulantly.

ask me such a thing as that. I couldn't believe it.

She moved to me swiftly. "Look at me, Rosy O'Casey! I've got to have a friend. Right away!

I'm desperate or I woudn't dare talk to a strange Can I trust you?"

I lifted my hand and made the sign of the cross. "You can that!"

She took a quick breath. "I believe you, Rosy. And I'm going to put you to the test." She sat down suddenly and sank her head in her hands. And my heart went up in my throat that such a sweet thing as she should shed a tear.

'What is it, Miss Gladys?" I asked.

She lifted her face; her eyes were dry and her cheeks like flame. "It's everything! It's hideous! It's awful!'

"Oh-Miss-"

"You'll know soon enough." She got up and stretched her arms. "Bring me something to wear. binner is at seven, and he's coming over."

Dinner is at seven, and he's coming over."

Who, Miss

Gladys?" I asked. "Who?" Her J "Who?" Her pretty voice was savage. "Why Algernon Sydney Laird, of course, the man I'm going to marry. It's in all the papers today. Algie!"
She said the name with a mocking laugh. "Don't you love it? Algie!"

Don't!" I couldn't bear to see "Miss Gladys! her pretty face all ugly with anger. I opened the door of her clothes-closet. It was lighted with electricity like a room, and there were dresses and dresses, all lovely things. "Which dress will you wear, Miss Gladys?

"Something hateful! I don't care what I wear.

That black chiffon."

I DRESSED her in the black chiffon, and she made me pin a blood red rose to her waist and put red suppers on her feet. "Now," she said.

awful enough for anybody.""

I went down

I went down to my dinner, wondering what kind of a beast Mr. Laird could be. In the servants' hall there was a long table set for twenty. My place was at the far end near an outside door that led out to a sweeping lawn. They were all gossiping about the engagement, and what a grand wedding it would be. From my seat I could see vast grounds, landscaped with gardens and terraces, and in the distance, great, green hills misted between as though lakes nestled there. Back of the house there was a broad gravel walk.

Presently I saw coming towards me, down this gravel pathway, a young man who had a businesslike air and walked briskly. There was a little balcony, and a table was set on it. It was richly spread, and there was a vase of flowers in the center, but it was set for only one. As the young man seated himself, a footman came out. 'Miss Gladys particularly wishes you to dine with the family tonight, Sir."

The young man answered promptly, "Tell Miss Gladys that I prefer to dine alone."
"Who is he?" I asked one of the maids.

She glanced at the young man moodily eating his dinner. "Oh, that's Mr. Gardner Lee, the landscape architect who's making over the grounds.

Evidently he had a standing in the house. But why was he eating alone, sulkily, like a dog at his solitary bone? I watched Mr. Lee through the open door, as I ate my own dinner. Though goodlooking, he was not pleasant to look at tonight. He finished his dinner and went back along the gravel path towards the lodge.

I went upstairs to wait [Continued on page 119]

No Help Wanted

I VE sometimes wondered if the whole thing was as deliberate as it is going to sound. I went out to get the man, I admit it, but I'm sure I didn't know I was doing it at the time

I remember that the first time I thought it would be awfully nice if he would kiss me I was surprised at myself I'd been earning my own living as a private secretary in New York for years and I'm not handing myself anything when I say that usually I was trying to figure out some way to avoid being kissed. Nowadays, if a man buys you a taxi ride he takes it for granted he's bought the petting privileges along with it.

I was living in East Twenty-seventh Street then, in one of those old brown stone houses that some one had rented and turned into kitchenette apartments which he sublet at a profit. I had the second floor front. Arthur Folsom had taken the rear apartment on the same floor. I used to meet him in the hall two or three times a day and I noticed at once that he was awfully good-looking. He was tall, with black hair and the bluest eyes imaginable: The next thing I noticed was that he was atrociously dressed. He always wore a most wretched old, blue serge suit that was positively purple with age. After a week, I was reasonably sure that he had exactly two shirts to his name—a blue one with white stripes and a white one with tan stripes. He was so plainly broke and out of a job that I wondered how he was ever going to pay his rent.

Wedgemore, our landlord, was very strict about the rent. He had to be because if we didn't pay our rent he couldn't

If he wasn't paid on the first of the month Wedgemore said nothing at all, but on the morning of the tenth there would be a large square envelope under the door, the kind of envelope you can't ignore. In the envelope there would be a card saying your rent was overdue. If you didn't pay your rent by the fifteenth, there would be another envelope containing a peremptory demand to pay up or leave before night. And Mr. Wedgemore meant it. He never gave more than fifteen days' grace.

Arthur Folsom had been there a little over two months. We didn't know each other but we had reached the stage of saying, "Good morning, Miss Brown," and "Good morning, Mr. Folsom." I had been so interested that I'd found out what his name was, you see, and I hoped that his calling me





Why
Is the Way of
A MAN
With a Maid
Mysterious?
Let
THIS GIRL
Tell You

by name meant that he was interested, too.

One day on my way to work, one of my questions about him was answered. He hadn't paid his rent! I saw the telltale square envelope tucked under his door. A few days later I saw another. I had a sharp pang of regret, a sense of impending loss. He was so awfully good-looking, and he looked nice, too. In my secret heart, I hoped he would stay and that I'd get to know him. I wanted terribly to know him. I'd debated more than once whether to ask him in for tea. And now he'd have to leave!

My boss, Mr. Orme, left for Chicago on the Century that day and I had the afternoon off. I was delighted. I was very ambitious and I'd got some extra typing to do at a good rate. I intended to spend the afternoon finishing the inh

What a joy it was to get home to that little place of mine and go to work! I loved my room. It was a real home. I'd taken so much pains to

make it attractive. It was a big room with a fireplace that worked. In fact the fireplace was the only heat I had, but I knew how to keep a hard coal fire going and I found it infinitely more attractive than a steam-heated place, especially on a cold, raw January day like this one.

I had just got settled at my typewriter, when there was a ap at the door.

rap at the door.

"Come in," I called. The door opened and Arthur Folsom

"Hello," I said. "You're my neighbor, aren't you? Is there anything I can do for you? Will you come in and sit down?"

ARTHUR FOLSOM presented himself at my door with a flourish. He was dressed in new clothes from top to toe. He even carried a stick. I looked him up and down. "Perfect," I said. "I'm glad you're satisfied," he said abruptly.



Huddled in a rug, I sat and watched Arthur kindle a fire. I was crying in earnest by now. When he had

He stood there stating at me and at the charming room. I had a little glow of pride. He had a pale blue slip of paper in his hand

Why why," he said "1--1 -"

I saw that it was a check. I jumped up.
Mr. Wedgemorg isn't in and I wanted to get this cashed so I can pay my rent. he said.

My heart gave a little skip of relief I glanced at my dit, 11

We'd have to hurry.' I said. 'The bank closes in six

I natched my coat ou the hanger, jammed on my hat and we dashed out of the house. My bank happened to be in Lexington Avenue only three blocks away. We got to the door just as the guard was closing it. He made way when I

smiled at him. I endorsed the check at the counter, caught the eye of a paying teller as he was dropping his wicket and turned to hand the sheaf of twenty dollar bills to Arthur Folsom

There. I said smiling I was a little stuck on mysell. Thanks a lot, he said, and stood there looking utterly helpless and lost. I looked at him again. I had a suspicion he had not been eating much lately. He looked as if he were about to faint.

"Will you come to tea with me?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, I wish I could," I said, "but I've got a typing job I want to finish this afternoon. I tell you what. You need a regular meal. Go and eat and then come and see me. I'll be through by that time and I'll give you tea

He flushed, turned on his heel, and walked off in the snowy



"Drink it all," he said firmly and I drank it. a gorgeous blaze going he made me a glass of hot milk.

drizzle without even turning to look back at me. Oh dear, I thought, "now I've hurt his feelings. He'll never come to tea." I could have shaken myself.

There was nothing for me to do but dash for home. I set to work furiously trying to forget my disappointment. I worked so fast that by five I had almost finished. There came a knock on the door. It was Arthur, cold and wet and bedraggled. I didn't get up.

Pull a chair in front of the fire and dry your feet while I finish, won't you?" I said "I have only three more pages to go.

He sat down stiffly in one of my long chairs. I clattered away at the machine, stealing a glance at him now and then. The glow of the fire in the grate and the comfort of the deep. low chair worked their spell. He sank back and closed his

eyes while I hurriedly finished through those last three pages. "There." I said, "I'm through." Arthur Folsom didn't answer. I jumped up and walked over to his chair. How exhausted he looked! And how pale! I bent over the and the best him and the said that the said through the said to the said. shook him gently by the shoulder. His eyelids fluttered and then closed. He was in a dead faint. I got some cold water and sprinkled it on his face. He gave a long sigh and opened his eyes. Suddenly he sat up.
"I beg your pardon," he said. "Did I go to sleep?"
"I think you fainted," I said. I looked at him severely.

'Did you go and eat as I told you to?"

"No. I didn't." he said coldly "Why not?" I asked.

"Because I didn't feel like it," he answered rudely.

"Aren't you a silly," I said [Continued on page 142]

Chinese Girls Make Good Wives Because They Are Taught to Ove By Dr. Sum Nung Au-Young

Chinese Philosopher and Writer Who

CHINESE girl learns early in life that if she is to be harry she must not only

the home, tenderness is all-important.

happy she must not only become an economical and efficient house-wife but above all she must bring to the tender relationship of marriage—wisdom some of the old wisdom garnered from Eve—for holding her husband. "How to preserve a husband" is a phrase often used by you in jest. But it is rare for girls to be taught anything about love. In China, to the contrary, we place on this the highest importance

Fo this end a Chinese girl cultivates a perfection of coquetry and aims by its use to make married life attractive. She learns be exquisite yet possessive. Adaptable, intuitive, elusive, subtle—these characteristics are found in the great majority. Modesty is highly esteemed by her and used as a power, for she is not only conventionally dressed but exhibits no great

demonstrativeness

The modern flapper is bolder in China than she is here. And we as a conservative people decry the entrance of this girl with her short hair and her short clothes because, alas, her manners are also short; she has an unbecoming lack of modesty. This type could do much by learning to use a soothing voice, to mask the temper behind a ruse, to be full of vivacious and gentle ways

I N OUR country a wife does not take it for granted that she will hold her husband because of the bond between them She understands that a man must be constantly wooed.

The virtue of patience! This as hinted above is one of the chief assets in a Chinese conjugal relation. We realize a beautiful love cannot be materialized without having on both

sides the most delicate adjustment.

Jealousy, a few drops of which will poison a man's whole existence, is a thing we are free from because of our scheme of living. For this reason we can so well restrain ourselves and linger on the threshold of pleasure, practising consideration. Confucius has said, "For the mouth to desire flavors, the eye colors, the ear sounds and the four limbs ease and rest belong to man's nature. But if an individual's lot restricts him from gratification of these he must not cry that his nature demands pleasure and that he will get it at any cost. Man's duty is otherwise. He must make gratification wait on righteousness, on consideration of others."

An empty ideal, some may think. No. Much of our domestic happiness is directly hung on the practise of this command. Those who look into our civilization find the

Chinese exhibiting amazing self-control

It is commonly supposed that the Chinese are an un emotional race. Judging us by our exterior calm, by our almost unbroken equanimity, you believe that we lack affection, that we are unused to demonstrativeness in love. Quite wrong. We have been trained from childhood to regard any public show of feeling as unbecoming (and I admit that we tre rather too vain in this respect). But in the sanctity of Although by nature inflammable we are not lacking in thoughtfulness and delicacy; although sensual we are not devoid of cultural appreciation of the fine art of approach. With both men and women we make a study of love. This is the key to our happy marital relations. Sir Robert Hart, former Inspector-general of Chinese Maritime Customs, who lived in our country for over fifty years, compared the institution of marriage in the West with ours and said:

"In the West marriage is like taking a boiling kettle and setting it aside to cool, while in China marriage is like setting a cold kettle on the stove and bringing it up to a boil."

Your people have freedom to choose a mate, yet with what pathetic frequency the choice is wrong. You expect young people, under the warm glow of infatuation, to judge wisely concerning their future. But how can they, when blindly in love, do otherwise than swear to be unchanging?

To the Chinese, marriage is, as you are aware, a family matter, its details to be adjusted to the satisfaction of the household in which the dowager mother-in-law is usually the dominant figure. Yet domestic contentment is like a magnet that draws not only the family together but draws in a band of relatives as well and from this is built up a strong clan life.

A young man, as is the custom, brings his new wife to live with him under his father's roof. If the father is poor the pair will be given a room, if the father is wealthy they will have an abode of their own within the paternal compound. Fathers in China generally support their sons, so that it costs the latter nothing for board and lodging and whatever salary they are able to earn they are free to lavish on their new wives. The pater familias is also responsible for the poor among his kinsfolk and often feeds a great horde of relatives. In this way our rich very literally share with the poor

THE learned Sigmund Freud has written much about the natural antagonism between a man's mother and his wife. In your occidental countries there seems to be a recognized joke about the unpopular mother-in-law; this joke would not be understood in China. For although the dowager mother-in-law sways the household by her superior wisdom she is devotion itself to the daughter-in-law, she is her friend in all quandaries, disputes, troubles, sickness. The mother-in-law always makes the gesture of generosity, largesse, she becomes a loving second mother to the girl wife.

Is it possible, you ask, for two adult women to be happy when each is mistress under her own roof? Yes, because their positions are clearly defined. The one rarely intrudes on the other's precinct. As to the bride, she has learned as part of her education the conventional duties of a daughter-in-law and extends courtesy and the expected demonstration of affection toward her husband's mother. Rising each morning she carries with her own hands, [Continued on page 82]



The Last Episode in the Love Life of a Famous Beauty



So Honry gueed a new reading tally at one. I to read this ruse with parama propper, with contrasting shows. I said outling, new serious non successive

Men Who

LN has been commented going in my lite ever since I was kissed by the grounds some back home. Shortly then I was kissed by Roger Mainway of Architect Dewson. When I reached London I met George Darrell and Lord Caston: Basil Wray and Gillmacher Kern. As each one went his way I wondered what was waiting just round the corner for no but never did I imagine with that had no store for no

He with the toresess things and how differently one might have traditional disammentar to their come too late.

Within the respectable precincts of the Albert Hall hundreds of young and lovely girls offered sacrifice to Aphrodite in the modern technion. The Stage and Studio Fancy Dress Ball-dimed along its primrose path. An augmented orchestristimulated the revellers to the rhythmic shuffling of today's statices.

The tall irrows lean-faced man, disguised as a Peninsular Guardisman smiled patiently at Netta Stevens, still of the Summerhouse Theater, one-fifth of her beauty veiled by some thing intended to represent an orchid. The smill



issed Me Have.

the sun-wrinkles at the corners of his eyelids without moditying a stern mouth and sun-faded hazel eyes.

"You're very cruel, aren't you?" he was saying lazily. "You don't love me and you won't stay with me all this evening to save me from the wild women. That was the understanding on which I came. I do think you ought to provide a substitute. don't you? A comparative stranger needs a nurse of some sort at these orgies. What about it?"
"I should worry!" answered Netta pertly, "I must stick to

Roddy this evening, old thing. He's going to give me a part.

this year new year, some time never

But I gave you a beautiful danner and we come here if the Rolls. I insist on having someone sweet to love. You know thousands of lovely things. Surely I can have just a little one?

Netta waved imperiously towards me "April," she commanded, "come here; I want you. Sir Henry Creagh, Miss Rogers. He's worth millions and rouse i Rolls-Royce. Be good. Cheerio! There's Roddy!"

She scampered away and left us standing there together Sir Henry gazed down thoughtfully at me. I wore a rosesilk pajama jumper open at the throat, with shorts of a contrasting shade. My legs and feet would have melted the heart of a stone image. I said nothing, but let him gaze

They say 'he who hesitates is lost,' and the band is playing

Shall we?" murmured Sir Henry at last.

When he led me out among the multitude on the floor I could tell that he knew neither the hour nor the day, heat nor cold, joy nor sorrow. There was no need to explain or excuse We were neither strangers nor friends. Drifting anything. together by chance we had become, temporarily at any rate. the perfect complement one of the other. He looked into my eyes and they met his openly, fearlessly. I smiled very faintly and my lips shaped themselves instinctively to meet his. I could not tell why; I just didn't care. There were madness, welcome, invitation in the light clasp of my fingers.

Sir Henry, I judged, was thirty-nine. He had met life eye to eye in most corners of the world and life had taught him many things. In the desert, in the eerie stillness of the bush, he knew a man must either seize fate by the throat and crush her, or take the wages of cowardice and sin, which is death. But when life is a matter of hanging rose-gardens, sunlight and placid streams, then a man may drift serenely.

what Sir Henry did

After the eleventh cycle of the millennium we found ourselves sitting in his box. Sir Henry held my face between his two hands and kissed me slowly

Well?" he said at last

I don't know. It doesn't matter, does it? We're just happy," I answered

Hearing my voice for the first time I knew he thanked

God that it matched the rest of me

"Who are you, April? Where do you come from? What do you do? How can we escape?" he went on swiftly, authoritatively. He seemed to take my wishes for granted

I sighed and shrugged my

shoulders.

'I work. Netta and I are the stage. Netta got me on.' Netta and I are on

And beyond that, I s'pose there are men?"

I smiled up at him with a hint of deviltry in my glance.

There always are, there? What do you expect? One can't afford one's own frocks and dinners and things. You needn't be jealous, there aren't any very serious men They just drift in and out of life. I'm only twenty and I can't settle-oh, don't; you're hurt-

He had gripped my shoulders and drawn me to him. I showed him three red fingerprints on my

white skin. April," said Sir Henry desperately, "I want you. I've just got to have you. Do you understand?"

"I understand perfectly," I answered, with a calm certainty that brought the blood into his "You do want me tanned face. and you don't want to marry All the nice men of your me. class are the same. Isn't it unfortunate?

Try as he would he could think of no fitting reply to that. "I love your kind of man and my own kind are such pigs.

Life's very difficult, isn't it?"

"For God's sake, don't!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "You're quite right! I shall never marry. What are we to do, April? Do you remember our dance? Has it got to end there? Can't you think of any way?'

His voice dwindled into silence. He appeared to be asking

himself questions that he found it impossible to answer. "How was it you came straight to me?" he went on.

must have any quantity of dancing partners. She looks after me. She couldn't dance with "Just Netta.

you tonight. I kept myself free to help her out." Sir Henry squared his broad shoulders.

We can't talk here. I hate these jamborees. "Come away. Will you?"

I sighed faintly, realizing the inevitable.
"My cloak," I murmured. "In five minutes, if you like." The Rolls-Royce whirred softly through the soft darkness to his rooms in Half Moon Street. He gave a quiet order to the driver and led me into a man's perfect, impersonal sittingroom, with deep chairs, a great lion-skin on the hearth, expensive Bond Street toys on the writing-table. He rang, and the valet brought whisky and soda. Sir Henry ordered a small table and supper for two.

When we had finished he put me in a big chair by the fire,

lighted my cigarette and stood looking down at me.

"April, I'm going away. I'm going to Africa in my yacht. I want you to come too.

I shook my head slowly.

"I can't. I don't do those things. You don't quite understand. It isn't much to you, but to a girl it's a great deal. I'm sorry. I'd love it, a yacht, and Africa! You are lucky, aren't you?"

He smiled at me a little. I lay back perfectly at rest in the great chair, a boyish figure, and yet so entirely girl. An idea

dawned in his brain.

'April, I'll make a bargain with you. You shall come to You shall have an elderly, most Africa as my secretary. respectable lady as a companion. You shall be treated exactly as if you were my daughter or sister, and I give you my word, which I've never broken, that nothing shall ever happen which

·you'd rather not. you'd rather not. You shall see the sort of life I could give you for-oh, several years, probably, and make up your mind when we return to England. If you still feel you'd rather not, we'll part friends. If you alter your mind, why the world will be yours to choose from, and I'm considered a reasonably amusing person. I make only one condition: while you're with me, either on this trial trip or afterwards, you are not to have any love affair with anyone else. If you do, our arrangements cease from that moment, wherever we are. How do you like my idea?"

I flicked cigarette ash into the tray at my elbow and dreamed. On the one hand work at the theater, the attentions of all sorts of men, a hand to mouth existence, a battle of wits. On the other, comfort, luxury, charm, protection. For a while I could be like a woman of his own sort. There was every safeguard; he was not the kind to break his word. I knew men well enough to be sure. And in the last event the choice lay with me. A yacht and Africa, with all to gain and nothing to lose! Netta would

never hesitate for a single Why should I? minute.

I raised my eyes to him and smiled. "I think I'll accept. You're an awful dear to ask me. I shall never change my mind, but if you care to risk giving something for nothing I'd love to go with you. Tell me what I'm

"I'll take you home and fix it up tomorrow. We've a month to spare; you'd better have some [Continued on page 123]

Learn from Me What I Have Learned About Men

OOD men are harder than Diamonds Gandabout as scarce. With the other kind, the hand of each one is against us women. They are the ones who make a girl ask: "Is anything good when it means losing all the beauty of life and is anything bad when it gives you this beauty?" To be good and poor when you might be bad and richthere's the problem we girls have to solve. But I have no regrets for the things I have missed and when you see me in London or New York, Paris or Palm Beach, beautifully gowned and surrounded by men, you will realize that it is because I know men and knowing men they have no power to tarnish me or to hurt me.



THE flat in which Netta and I lived seemed very small after so many spacious days. Netta. wise with a wisdom beyond her years, asked no questions. One evening as we sat together I suddenly put my head on her knee and sobbed heart brokenly . . . that was all for a dull blank month.



Is She Reading YOUR Letter?

RS. MADISON is an expert pilot ready to help you bring your cargo of love and hope into the Harbor of Joy. She knows the dangers that lie in your way and she is able and glad to help you. Write her your troubles and let her words of kindness and advice warm you with a fine glow of hope and confidence. Thousands of perplexed people have been helped by Mrs. Madison. Why should not you receive her aid? Had you written when you first thought of doing so, she might now be reading your letter. Don't delay any longer. Write to this Mender of Broken Hear: today

Tour Love Martha Madison Mender of Broken-Hearts is Never Wasted

SOMETIMES I stand off and take a good square look at this department as one would at a troublesome child. What can you say to the little one who has tripped and fallen into a hole he didn't know was there? What can I say to the heartbroken girls and boys who ask in tremulous surprise—"Why did this have to happen to me?"

"That is life. Suffering mellows one. Perhaps it is all for

"That is life. Suffering mellows one. Perhaps it is all for the best." Can I offer insulting platitudes like those? Must I preach conventions and the wages of sin? They serve a certain purpose, of course, but as balm to a tortured soul, they

are generally only a first class fizzle. This letter from Marge, for example, is vibrant with the personality of a girl who has learned the difference between a petting party and the kiss of real love. It's bursting, even as her heart is, with bitterness and disillusionment. Marge has had the gates of Paradise open before her, only to close smartly in her face just as she had made up her mind to enter. Marge's fiance has broken their engagement. He's in love with another girl!

I have chosen her letter as the most interesting one of the month because it seems to present a problem all too familiar to most girls. Letters similar to hers have been pouring in lately. "How can I win him back? I can't think of anyone else. How can I hold him?" and so on. So you may consider yourself fortunate indeed if Marge's heartache doesn't cause a twinge in some old wound in your own heart.

"Dear Mrs. Madison," she writes.
"I realize quite well that I am asking you to tackle an awfully difficult job. If you fail, I shall not hold it against your wisdom or experience; it will simply convince me that there is nothing for me to do but harden myself against love for all time. Love that can hurt as it has hurt me is only vicious. But we'll see what

you have to say when I have told you my whole story. "I was engaged to a boy for five years. I had consented to a long engagement because he wanted to wait until he was able to support a wife. We were just like any other engaged couple not overburdened with money. Our friends were mutual and we had our share of good times. Once in a while we had

a flare up about some trivial thing, but on all matters of principle we were in accord. We trusted each other implicitly; doubt was unknown to us.

"Quite suddenly and cruelly the truth came to me, backed up by proof, that Walter was carrying on a secret affair with another girl. He was seeing her at every opportunity, had met her family, had told the girl he loved her and that as soon as he could break away from me they would be married! I confronted him with the facts and he admitted the whole thing to me, asking for his release. I let him go, of course.

What else was there to do? But I have paid for their happiness.

'As I look back over the five years when I was helping him build toward a home, our home, all I can feel is that I wasted the best years of my life on a tritler. I gave freely and completely all the love I had. But what am I to do wasted it. now? Foolish as it may be, I still love him. I torture myself with the knowledge that he is giving quite as tender kisses to the other girl as he ever gave to me; calling her just as endearing names. Meanwhile, I am growing bitter and hateful. If I have a date with anyone else I am glum and disagreeable. This has been going on for almost a year, but I can't forget. I don't want sympathy; give me something to help me out of this miserable mess. Marge.

Love is not always appreciated, Marge dear; dreams do not all come true; and sacrifices are often made in vain, but that does not mean that they are wasted. Not one particle of the loyalty and patience and tenderness and devotion you gave this boy has been wasted, for until you reached the point where you were capable of giving these things you were spiritually asleep.

Now you are awake! Simply because you did give generously of

these things, your life is richer; your capacity for appreciation has developed. Think, Marge, aren't you more alive to the beauty all about you than you were? Doesn't every pretty song sound its note in your own heart? Aren't you surprised at your own capacity for love? Haven't you the feeling that those about you are walking through [Continued on page 106]

Put Yourself in Martha Madison's Job

SMART SET'S Mender of Broken Hearts is asked these questions in this issue:

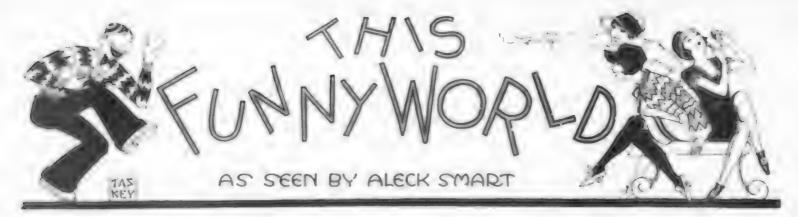
I am to be married in June. Ranny thinks I'm wonderful. Shall I tell him of my one mistake?

I am a Jew in love with a Catholic girl. Can our marriage succeed?

I am twenty years old but I haven't a sweetheart. How can I make the boys like me?

My husband has another woman. I'm terribly upset. Can you give me some good advice?

How would you answer these questions? When you have decided what your advice would be, then read what Mrs. Madison has told these worried girls.



YOU folks who send Aleck Smart such a lot of funny stuff will appreciate this bit of unconscious humor we discovered in our own

It was all caused by a hastily prepared typewritten schedule listing stories and features that might go into SMART SET.

The first laugh was over the listing of an article by the distinguished Chinese philosopher, Dr. Sum Nung Au-Young, on "Why Chinese Girls Make Good Wives."
The typist wrote it: "Chinese Girls are Taught to Love by Dr. Young."
Farther down the sheet a couple of lines are the strength of the sheet and the sheet

about unrelated subjects stood out. line indicated that there was to be a choice of two signed articles for a certain page. The second line was the title of a story. Read together, they formed this strange couplet

Dr. Straton or Elinor Glyn He Loved the Girl I Might Have Been.

But What if He Can't Dance?



Girls if you are in doubt as to whether you want to tie up for life with a fellow, take him out and dance with him. You can't go wrong, according to Professor Magnus Hirshfield, Berlin Institute of Sex Research, who says:

"More marriages are made on the dance floor than in heaven. One should never marry a person with whom one doesn't like to dance."

. . . . Rhymed Raspberries

Aimed at characters in this issue of Smart Set

... i Id Mr. Karby: "You remind me of Zaza, Suppose we take a meal at the Plaza"
Naid sweet Savannah, "I work 'tis true,
"But won't that look like I'm working you?"

e: "Forgize Me My Trespasses")

The Sparrow, Sweetheart of Apaches, Longed at last for wealthier catches,
Saving good-by to the Paris vegg.
She makes a fortune off butter-and-egg:.
(See: "From the Gutter to Fame")

. . . . Can a good little wifie be a good sport? Can she go with the gang to a gay resort, Grow spoony and clubby While wandering Hub. Rootlees his kisses fricalous misses? What would you say to your spouse
If he said "Come forth and carouse?"
"Can a Good Wife be a Good Sport?")

Three in One

With thrills we've run through the vivid and onal stories in this issue of SMART SET. Apropos

f nothing, we are reminded of this anecdote.
"Class, Religion and Sex," the Professor told
his class, "are three main elements of the short his class. story. I want you to write a story that will have me of the three as a background. If you can combine them, all the better.

A few minutes later, Genevieve, the brightest girl in the class, wiggled her fingers triumphantly. "I've put all three into mine," she announced. "Read it to the class," said the Professor.

"Read 11-10 to the vision (Genevieve read: "Good Heavens," said the Duchess, "there's my husband—hide in the closet."

The above anecdote reminds me of a couplet that appeared in the Columbia Jester:

Hush, little sex-joke, don't you cry You'll be a drama by and by.

With the College Wise-Crackers

The two girls who walked from Frisco to Denver, according to the Georgia Cracker, should have gotten out of the

"The feminine fear of mice has vanished," says the Bucknell Belle Hop, "they know that no self-respecting mouse would seek a hiding place about the skirts of today.'

TWO NEW CONTESTS \$20 For Missing Lines

4 4 9 9

Send Aleck Smart a list line to complete this innerick. A postcard will do. Address Aleck Smart, Smart Swy Magazine. We'll pay \$10 for the best list line, \$5 for the second best, and \$1 for each of the live next best. Contest closes March 10th:

A sporty young artist got rud Fo a model who came to his stud-But she gave the gay wearel A slam with his ease!

introden har contact the pro-. . . .

Contest for Stenogs

What's the best answer to make to the mar-ried employer who says "Would your boy friend object if I took you to a supper and show tonight?

Aleck Smart will pay \$5 for the best answer and \$1 each for the five next best. Contest closes March toth.

January's Limerick Winners

Cecelia Inglis, San Mateo, Cal., won first prize, \$10, ir January contest by supplying the missing last line to this limerick:

When you meet the right fellow at last, lust how will you make the bond fast?

When he says, "Kiss me, please"

Will you blush, will you freeze?

If you knew what I'd do—you'd be aghast!

Milton McAllister of San Antonio, Texas, won the five-spot and these won \$1 bills: Hannah Leary, Doppmann, Northampton, Mass.; Jayne Schnell, Canton, Ill.; Florence Gleason, Elgin, Illinois; C. I., Armstrong, Hazleton, Iowa, and Olive C. Jones, Grannis, Arkansas,

How Hubby Proposed

We had the right hunch when we offered a five-spot in our December issue for the best answer to: "How Did Hubby Propose?" We knew that stored away in the hearts of SMART SET readers were thousands of little romances worth bringing to light. Wish we had a prize to give to every wife that answered.

Here, friends are some of the outstanding proposals. The prize goes to the first one.

The Smoke Ring that Didn't



You want to know how my husband proposed to me? He didn't have a chance to get out of it. One evening he called on me and we were sitting on the sofa. As usual he spent the time blowing rings from the cigar he was The thought came to me that here was an opportunity to land him. So the next ring he blew I just stuck my finger through it and said, "Well, sweetie, we're engaged," and that's all there was to it.

The Low-and-Grin March

He proposed to me in a church. We had been going together for some time, of course, but the proposal, coming as it did, was somewhat of a humorous surprise. We had been invited to attend the marriage of two of our friends, and we sat together during the ceremony. the couple came marching down the aisle in step to the wedding march, Pat leaned toward me, whispering: "Here comes the tied."

I wanted to laugh, but he was whispering

something else: "When are they that for us?"
"Anytime!" I whispered back. "When are they going to play

Shortly after, I became-

Mrs. P. I. B.

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From One Peril to Another

I was quite a young widow to have two, to me, very lovely children. The gentleman of whom I write had taken nearly as much a fancy to them as to me.

We were returning from an all day trip into the country when suddenly the steering-wheel came off, and the car started down a twentyfoot ditch at the side of the road. The brakes were quickly applied, leaving us dangerously but safely hanging over the top, while I was screaming and waving my arms. At this very unappropriate time he said: "Will you marry me?" I nearly shouted, "Yes—save the babies!" At this very And I am glad I did.

After these it's time to ring off.

alech Smart



How Famous Movie Stars Keep their "BOBS" so Attractive

THE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity. The simple, modern styles of today are effective ONLY when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of

shampooing.

Ordinary, old time methods, how-ever, will not do. To bring out the REAL BEAUTY, the hair must be shampooed properly.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and

leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly. While your hair must have frequent and

regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Why year after year discriminating women depend upon this simple method of shampooing.

How it brings out all the natural life, wave and color and gives the hair that wonderful gloss and silky sheen so much desired.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

A Simple, Easy Method

IF you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm

water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and all through

Two or three teaspoonfuls make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This | should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet it will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, freshlooking and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified to coanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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		on and Try it FREI	
THE R. L. W	ATKINS COM	PANY	
	1276 We	st 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio	
paid. Also voi	i me a menerou.	supply of "Mulsified" FREE, al I "Why Proper Shampooing is H	H CHATTE
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"It is with great pleasure that I express my admeration for 'MAY BELLINE' which I have used for some time with most gratifying results. It is truly an indispensable beauty aid to the woman who would look her best."

June Rich

AYBELLINE"—as though by magic, would make a wonderful difference in your attractiveness. Try it and see! Instantly, your lashes will appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant. And your eyes will become expressive deep shadowy pools of enchanting lovliness. Nothing else gives quite the same effect as "MAYBELLINE" because the formula of this wondrous beauty aid is secret.

Moreover, "MAYBELLINE" is perfectlyharmless, having been used for many years by millions of beautiful women in all parts of the world. Obtain it in either the solid form or the waterproof liquid—Black or Brown-75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO.

Eyelash Beautifier

Chinese Girls Are Taught to Love

[Continued from page 72]

not trusting a servant, a cup of tea to the elder woman and asks if she has had a com-

fortable night.

Money in hundreds of Western marriages is the great bone of contention. It is rarely so in China. For the husband hands over everything to his wife, trusting her shrewdness in buying for the household. A Chinese husband is universally generous; what is his is hers and what is hers is her own. If this describes him it also characterizes the mother-in-law who at the arrival of the bride drops the domestic chores and often becomes frivolous—being free to play mah-jong all day long! She retires to the background, but a very happy background.

A wife's popularity as well as her social status in old China depended on the number of children she brought into the world, especially sons. After a mother's sons grow to manhood she is generally spoken of as a manhood she is generally spoken of as a blessed woman and her very propinquity is in some strange way thought to bring luck to other wives who desire children. Therefore a mother has no end of invitations. The care of a baby falls almost entirely to the mother because while servants are plentiful in China a nurse maid is rare.

plentiful in China, a nursemaid is rare. With us as with you a father tries to do his bit. And in case the baby cries at night he will walk the floor with the infant.

E VEN with snow upon the ground we have no steam heat in our houses. We use wooden beds with thin cotton pads to sleep on, the pillows being made of porcelain. Despite this, few suffer from insomnia. We grow up as quietly as plants and like plants we live much in the open. As a nation we find happiness in simple things like training butterflies, buying perhaps suddenly a few minutes of music on the street, flying pigeons with whistles tied to their tails.

There are many of our people so poor they cannot go to school. Do these know the teaching of Confucius? Yes. Though the laborers or coolies are usually illiterate they cling to certain maxims said to them in childhood, maxims they have had repeated

till they know them by heart.

What is at the back of this? Confucianism. The sage says: "I hold today in my hand, tomorrow I may never see." He also teaches with the highest and the lowest that in conjugal love is to be found a solace for all hardships. He preaches in favor of early marriages and as a result there are fewer bachelors and old maids in China than any country in the world.

I do not want to say that all our mar-

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riages are equally successful and happy. We have not entirely solved the great riddle of sex. For after all love is an art, marriage is a science. Together they give that combination of physical and spiritual without which large pressured fades just as beauty. which love passes and fades just as beauty grown too familiar is no longer beautiful, no longer enhances, no longer leads on. are as a people, more than any nationality I have discovered, normally balanced in sex life which accounts for our contentment and

Our calm. our content, our indifference to worry is ever a source of puzzle to you. An American journalist once inquired of a Chinese patriarch why it is our people as a nation do not worry. This patriarch replied that that was something he never worried about.

Of course You'll adore ALMOND in Your FACE POWDER

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and Princess Pat provides this blessing



IF women MADE their own face powders....would they choose precious Almond or ordinary starch as the base? Almond, of course; for every woman knows that almond is good for the skin. Of starch she may be, we'll say, doubtful?

Only in Princess Pat, of all face powders in the world, is Almond used as a base.... for the process is Princess Pat's own.... not to be successfully imitated.

And what are the advantages? Two. Princess Pat gives a more beautiful effect immediately—and with every passing day improves the texture of the skin.

Why a more beautiful effect immediately? Because Almond makes Princess Pat powder ineffably soft and fine. Now when face powder is soft and fine beyond usual belief it must be more velvety upon the skin. It must have greater adherence...stay on longer. These are the effects women notice instantly with the very first use of Princess Pat.

Now a point about face powders which is little known....yet perfectly simple. A powder with a very dry base "pulls apart." The tiny

particles do not cling together. Thus the powder falls off easily.... must be applied again and again to maintain complexion beauty.

But Princess Pat's base of Almond "holds together." There is pliancy. As you laugh and smile Princess Pat powder stays serenely upon your skin. In fact it seems actually your own skin made soft as down and given some unknown charm of seductive loveliness.

Ah, yes, the perfume...enhancing Princess Pat's superlative ability to adorn. It is a perfume created from the rarest flower essences...one of captivating delicacy. Perfumes are mysterious, like vague, beautiful memories or thoughts almost too subtle to capture. And Princess Pat powder has just the elusive "something" which enraptures all femininity.

Oh, yes....about the virtue of Almond in Princess Pat as of real benefit to the skin. That again is very simple. Almond prevents the skin drying out. It soothes, whitens and beautifies every moment Princess Pat powder is on the face. Thus your powder actually becomes a day long benefit. It is

ideal as a preventive of coarse pores and a gentle corrective of already present roughness of skin texture.

Of course one does not select face powder as a skin corrective...only as an immediate adornment of make-up. But if one may discover a powder which is the most lovely in the world in its make-up beauty....and then have the blessed assurance that it will benefit the skin as well.... can there be any question of choice?

Really, every woman owes it to her own beauty to try Princess Pat. Especially so as any dealer is fully authorized to return full purchase price if Princess Pat fails to delight his patrons. But Princess Pat is such an adorable powder it is so good for the complexion—that, well, Princess Pat actually becomes a possession to treasure . . and not to part with.

Get This Week-End Set-

SPECIAL The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is NOW offered you for this coupon and 25c (coin.) Set beautifully boxed, contains easily a month's supply of powder and SIX other Princess Pat prebarations. Please act prombile.

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, U.S. A.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent is a splendid powder base cream. It vanishes instantly, cools and refreshes the skin and keeps the pores of normal size. You can try this cream casthe same plan as Powder. It must delight you, or your money will be returned.

Perhaps he'd hit you

If you came right out and called the fellow in the picture lazy he'd resent it. From the looks of him, you might be sorry you said it.

If some one inferred that you were lazy, you'd probably be irritated

vourself

We all like to think we are prompt, careful, alert, businesslike. But if we are honest with ourselves, most of us will admit we are lazy—usually about little things—such as getting our shoes shined, having a wave, looking after our nails, shaving when we ought to.

And unfortunately we sometimes neglect little tasks that bear directly

on health and happiness.

Take tooth brushing for example. Delightful and refreshing as its after effects are, few of us like the actual job itself. One stroke this way —one stroke that—no thrill at all. No wonder we are lazy about it.

Realizing the truth of this, the mak-

ers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would fur nish the easiest, quickest way to clean teeth. In short, a tooth paste efficient even in the hands of lazy people for in tooth brushing, at least, the word lazy applies to so many of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very easy to use. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually are clean.

You have the job done almost be-

fore you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made! It contains a specially prepared cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you know your teeth are really clean and therefore safe from decay. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

P. S.
Is your pocket book tired? Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

*This specially prepared cleansing medium according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than the enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or insure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts tooth dear.

LISTERINE



TOOTH PASTE

-- over in a minute



Your first application of Kissproof Lipstick will show you lips allur-ing, bewitching, tantalizing lovely beyond compare. Kissproof is Waterproof. One application lasts all day. And then a dash of Kiss proof Rouge—such color: new, vivid, dashing, yet soft and delicately warm—neither red nor orange, but an artist's blend of both. Made in both paste and compact form.

Now! Kissproof Powder

What a surprise it will give youdifferent than any other powder. Kissproof gives your skin a tone -a deep transparent effect-gorgeously beautiful. Kissproof flatters tremendously. Make the most of your beauty. Get Kissmost of your beauty. Get Kiss-proof today. At all better stores, or direct.



Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 1323. 1012 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago Send me the Kissproof Beauty Box containing a week's supply of Kissproof Lipstick, Kissproof Rouse, Kissproof Face Powder and Delica Brow. I enclose 20c to cover cost of packing and mailing Underline shade of Powder
FLESH WHITE INUNETTE

issproof

Can a Good Wife Be a Good Sport?

[Continued from pier 41]

in bed thinking that I was sound asleep. "Yeah, honey," he rumbled
"Don't bother broadcastin'. Your l
lil drunk—ER. Can't tune in Your husband's

"I just want to say one thing, Alan," I insisted. "I don't know where we're all

insisted. "I don't know where we're all going to end. All this drinking, and playing around. It's cheap, Alan."

"No, Sweetie Fog. All wrong. Not cheap at haf' price. Lotsa fun, lotsa more people killed. You oughta been swimmin' with us. Oughta been a good sport—missin' all fun."

"Good-night, Alan," I said turning over. I'd heard such week-end incoherency too long not to realize the truth. We'd turned.

long not to realize the truth. We'd to

mind was made up.
"Bye—bye, black bird," he mumbled. The next moment he fell to snoring loudly.

THE Sunday morning headache was with Alan like the Sunday morning papers when he blinked his eyes open at noon. I tried to talk to him seriously. He agreed that, perhaps, people were drinking too much. A moment later he had the maid make up a round of long Tom Collins. A fine way to start the day!

People popped in before the Collins were finished. Another Westchester Sunday was soon under way. The gang moved off in pairs to the club. Dot and Alan, their arms around each other went in one car. The three other pairs of "atiairs" got into their machines. I got in Phil's roadster

machines. I got in Phil's roadster
"Well, how did the beautiful little oneman woman sleep after all the deep discus-

"I dreamed about you, Phil," I white lied for my purpose, "It seemed like the old days came back."

Polly, it's dangerous to tell me things like that when I still feel as if those days had never passed. I'm likely to forget you consider me only a brother." A strange smile came over his face, and I knew Phil was going to keep me waiting, for what I

We drove on to the club in a strained sort of silence. All during those nine holes of golf, that we tried to play, I felt a sort of feverish anxiety for Phil to kiss me, or do something to prove that he really meant

what he said about still caring.
But, I was even more anxious to prove something about myself. Would Phil's kisses really thrill me, or had I been right? Was I just a one-man girl? That was what I wanted to know?

GREAT silver moon came up while we A were dining on the veranda overlooking the Sound. Music drifted dreamly through the night. I found myself strolling away from the club with Phil. We stopped as if mysteriously actuated by the same impulse. A great ivy-thatched wall apparently screened us from view. I felt like a person on the brink of a great adventure. was going to take me in his arms, but didn't know what my reaction would be.

began to tremble.
"I'm crazv about vou, Polly." he whispered. The intensity of his tones suddenly thrilled me and frightened me

The next moment he was crushing me in his arms. My heart was pounding with excitement. It was so strange, so unreal to he in the arms of another man than Alan Yet I liked it!

Phil kissed my upturned lips. I kissed

him back knowing I had fooled myself! I was not incurably monogamou-

I honestly wonder how many women have deluded themselves and have died never knowing the truth, because thes went on sticking to the belief that they were just one-man women?

It was very late when we got back to my house. Alan and Dot were already there Dot was packing. She and Phil were taking the early morning train. Alan was sleeping He awakened as I entered the room. There was a funny little smile on his boyish face

as he sat up and raid.
"Well, honey, been stepping out, ch? I didn't really mean to peep, but I saw you

A sinking feeling came over me. I slumped down on the edge of the bed. Then I suddenly put my head down on his shoulder. "You saw us, Alan, and you honestly, didn't mind?"

"Good night, no. Polly. What do you think I was doing, egging you on to do something so I could get divorce evidence, or something. Say! I'm glad you had the nerve to have a little run for yourself

I fought back terrs of all ippointment. I wished he had minded, and bud scolded me fearfully. With a fair attempt at bravado I began to undre

"Gosh! I'm glad you had a good time. It used to make me feel sort of-ohl guilty in a way-my playing round, and you never doing any stepping. Nighty-night, hon, gotta catch lil sleep. Ol' eight-one Nighty-night. train for me.'

SO THAT was one reason Alan wanted me to be a "good sport." He'd felt a little guilty! I crept into bed, and began to guilty! I crept into bed, and began to think. Things went round and round. Oh! what was the use? Everything had changed on my level of life. Everybody was out for good times, speed, sparkle, thrill, excite

asked myself honestly if I had had a good time playing with Phil. For I had only been playing—with fire of course, but play-ing. I really loved the man at my side. He loved me.

I had enjoyed myself; I had been excited; thrilled. And suddenly I realized that would want more parties, more flirtations,

more and more excitement Now I knew the truth. In spite of the fact that I still thought it was all cheapening; I liked it. I'd become like the rest of them, an excitement-seeker. Rushing from one thrill to another. Where would it all lead?

I didn't know then. I don't know now I can only say that with every new party it takes more drinks, more attention from men, more thrill to give me a kick. I set out with Phil, secretly hoping I'd prove myself a one-man woman. I failed. I only succeeded in proving that I was susceptible to other men's flirtations. Because of that nothing really seems to matter. My love nothing really seems to matter. My love for Alan isn't enough to keep me waiting only for his love-making.

Honestly, I'd give everything in the world not to have found that out. I wish I were still the girl I thought I was, a oneman girl who wanted only her husband's lips and arms. I was happy then in a heaven of my own making. I was above the others. Everything mattered of that. Now, nothing matters. Everything mattered because thing is cheap, for nothing seems sacred



Youthful Beauty can be Yours

by JEANNETTE DE CORDET Specialiste en Beauté

OW you can have beauty that is young-looking and naturallooking — and you can have it instantly.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toiletries-Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom—accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty-instantly. Pompeian Beauty

Powder, soft and velvety —delicately perfumed— spreads evenly with an enchanting smoothness and stays on for hours

at a time.
Pompeian Bloom, rouge with youthful tones, looks as though it were your own coloring. It does not crumble or break—and comes off on the puff easily.

GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

AND SAMPLES
Generous samples of Pompeian Powder and Bloom sent with beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, "The Bride," painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in colors, size 27 x 7 inches. Art store value easily 75c.



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Mme, Jeannette de Cordet, Pompeian Laboratories 3100 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom.

Name.

Street Address

State

Powder shade

Medium Bloom sent unless another shade requested



NARCISSUS

MOON-MAGIC OF THE DUSK!

(Letters from Lovers: VII)

"-and as we sat together in the dusk, I felt the subtle madness of the moon wearing a spell around us. Every breath was tremulous with the faint, poignant fragrance of Narcissus blossoms. My throat throbbed with an unquenchable yearning, as I saw you—the most mysteriously lovely woman in the world."

FROM HER DIARY:

"He was silent for a long while last night. But when he spoke his voice was very tender. I had burned the new Narcissus temple incense. Was it that?"

No matter how charming the woman, she adds to her charm all the strange mystery with which men have surrounded women for centuries, when she bewitches the room about her with the intoxicating spirit-fragrance of so exquisite a blossom as the Narcissus. That this witchery may be possible, Vantine's has created a new Narcissus Blossom Temple Incense, whose fragrance, liberated as it burns, works a subtle and insidious spell. It awaits you, with eight other fragrances, at all drug and department stores.

Test the witchery of Narcissus Incense. 9 sample odors sent on receipt of 10c.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC. 71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



I Have a Past-What of My Future?

of it on. I left the train in the temporary accept of my would be high and high from har telegraphick to no home a em fault renember hea

I so, not in love with this man. I think I result a nine na releas a passithen e cape to so the fown where I was come into I may can be beging Lapse. He knew of my half and send tech enough to take n a I was Whether he would have more d re in I from ear with him I cannot as had that he did not be traight to my father in I as permit sion to marry me, but preformed t^{4} , claude-trac method of elopement t al. we think that probably my sudden determination to escape from him was the luckiest thing that could have happened

But the desire to get away from gossiping tongues was so persistent that I thought I would try my luck in a city, some thirty odd miles away from my home town. There, I thought, where nobody knew me, my past history might be forgotten, or if it were discovered, a more broad-minded view might be taken. But the fact that I was an unmar-ried mether lost me my very first ioh

HAD found employment as a dome to servant in a house where there was a finily of young children. It was a pleasant enough household, and I had been there is a a month, when quite innocently, I gave notself away to another girl. We were friendle. and one night when I was looking forwa: I receiving my month's salary, 1

"When I get my money, I'm going to ber my kiddie a pair of shows"
"What do you mean 'your kiddie'?" asked the girl. "Is it some kid you're fond of e"
"Fond of?" I repeated, indignantly. "Who

wouldn't be fond of her own bod The girl must have repeated the conversation to the mistress of the house, for I was questioned. I told the truth. The children in the house liked me, but I was considered a menace to them. I was dismissed, and the children were told that I had gone because I had a sore throat. I cannot say that no employers were harsh about it. If I had to be dismissed because I had had a baby, it could not have been more decently and kindly done, but at the back of my mind there is still the deepest resentment that I had to be dismissed at all

During the war period I had several situations but I could not hold any of them except those involving work that was beyond nov strength at that time. My unfortunate his tory always seemed to crop up, and the place would be made untenable for me

THE city was filled with men in khaki in those days, and I had a great deal of could have had have attains in plenty if I had desired them, but my experi ence had made me wary. It was not until I an army officer whose character wasuch that I could not help feeling a great adnut tion for him, that I found a man to in I was perfectly frank, and told terest me. I was perfectly frank, and teld him all about my child. I did not love I im. 1 I did have the greatest respect for him. or I I was well content to become engaged to him. The deciding factor in my consent w be could not do enough for the kiddle who var. indeed a fine manly little fellow, sturdy et build ind showing promise of being clever

The war that brought me what seems to have been my one chance of escaping from

tre part to a rather that would hold happi to fet to 2 l in, en and the war also destroyed that chance. My fiance was hit be a stell in Flanders. At the time when te was supposed to return on leave for our narriage I got word that he was in a hospital for martillos, as He would remember only that he average in an and wanted to see her. The decree that it he saw is a would do but no recognition can canto his assessment 1 appeared by his His nonce have a tely zone, and to this feet in the the investe of an The thicar Villa.

I think with the deantal of my hope-one chord that had braced me went "Snap" felt that I did not care what happened Fate could kick as hard as it liked. I could not be hurt any more. If it had not been that my first adventure had left me with a partly terrified distaste for some phases of Live I is near I is all traversors completely to the bod. Find plants of opportunity to

Lower Is the collocated war Lattracted the attention of the junior partner of the firm. where I was working, and before I realized what was happening I was deeply in love with him. I believe, too, that he was in local with me. He said that he wanted to tarry me However that may be, it is certain that all my scruples and tears were swept aside. With my eyes wide open, I secretly became his mistress. This was the real love affair of my life. I was devoted to my lover, and would have sacrificed anything for him. but I wender in I werel have abandoned no self-recompletely to be eit I had not had a part. My lover seemed to be devoted to me, and was so lealous that if another man so much as looked at me he would fly into a rage. We quarreled time and again, and as often made it up. This lasted for four as often made it up. This lasted for four years, and in the end it was I who brought the affair to a close, although I was as deeply in lov-

flowards the beginning of the fourth year it began to be borne in on me that my past was again interfering with my future. My lover, aithough apparently as devoted as ever .. beginning to dodge the question of mar-He would promise over and over con and as often put me off. ee that the affair was leading nowhere and that I would have to leave him, even if it broke my heart. I could no longer bear the train of the petty quarrels, the petty irrita tions, that seem inseparable from an illicit relationship. I had come to the end of my

ONE night, without saying a word to a living soul, I got into a train and left the city.

That is three years ago. I have not been without lovers since then. I have had men ask me to marry them in the full knowledge of what my life has been. Some, it is true, have proposed marriage after having danced with me a few hours in the night clubs where I have been employed. Others have asked me to marry them in the cold light of day, when they have been without that elation the riot of a night club is apt to produce. I think I know men, and I have not yet lost my belief in their essential decency, but to believe in a lasting relationship with a man seems now to be beyond me. I have always had to refuse. It seems that I have suffered so much from my Past that I find it difficult to

[Continued on page 90]

11

Woman's Greatest Hygienic Handicap

As Your Daughter's Doctor Views It



Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important
factors

Because of the utter security this new way provides, it is widely urged by physicians—ABSO-LUTE SECURITY, plus freedom forever from the embarrassing problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Regulated Name

SIXTY per cent of many of the commoner ailments of women, according to some medical authorities, are due to the use of unsanitary, make shult ways in meeting woman's most distressing hygienic problem.

For that reason, this new way is widely urged today. Especially in the important days of adolescence. On medical advice, thousands thus started first to employ it. Then found, besides, protection, security and peace of-mind unknown before Modern mothers thus advise their daughters—for health's sake and immaculacy.

KOTEX-What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10

women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecur-"santary pads" of vesterday and adopted Kotex.



Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent. Kotex absorbs 10 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry-no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the my sanitary napkin embodying the superabsorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 North MicLican Ave. Chicayo, El.



2. True protection — 5
top see a characteristic problem.



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"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

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Kotex-Super

No laundry—disc. 1: 15 cassly as a piece of tissue

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4 out of 5 Are Victims of Neglect

Four persons out of five past 40, and thousands younger, ignore this truth. Prorrhea strikes them. And its poison sweeps through the system, often causing neuritis, anemia, rheumatism and facial disfigurement.

Take simple preventive measures to safeguard your health. See your dentist once every six months and start using Forhan's for the Gums,

When used regularly this dentifrice which contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere, thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its course. It firms the gums and keeps teeth white and free from acids which cause decay.

Don't sacrifice your health. Use Forhan's. Teach your children to use it. They'll like its taste. It is sound health insurance. At all druggists—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forban, D. D. S. Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

MORETHAN A TOOTH PASTE ..IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



"My Friends Could Scarcely Believe I Made Them Myself!"

That is what girls and women, all over the world are saying today! Find out about this new and fascinating Method! Learn how you can have more beautiful clothes than ever before—even the smartest Parisian Styles—on a limited income. See how you can make the most becoming things at one-half to two-thirds the cost of ordinary "store clothes," this simple, easy way Learn what this remarkable "Nu-Way." that is bringing so many women tremendous sayings and the means of earning money, can to for you. Send for my Free Book.

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believe that I could possibly have a Future.

I am a woman with a past. Yet the only part of that past which seems to have had the slightest effect on the essential ME is one solitary love affair, of which I cannot find it in my heart to be either repentant or ashamed

When all is said and done, what was this past of mine until that love affair? It was simply that when too young to understand what was happening, when in fact a mere child, I was robbed of something physical. That any part of that virtue which is of the spirit went from me I would deny with my last breath.

Yet, because of that past, the one real love affair of my life failed to bring me happiness. To do my lover justice, it was not so far as my child concerned himself that my past was a bar to our marriage. I believe that convention was at the root of his failure. He was in a better position socially than I was, and I think he was scared by the thought of having to introduce as his wife a woman who was known to have had a child by another man. I am certain that if life had called him to some place where he would have had neither relations nor friends, he would have taken me with him as his wife. In his way he loved me, but he lacked courage.

I have seed in the permanent relationship with a name that there will ever come to me again that love which I experienced for four years and more.

I may be wrong. I hope so. I am still a comparatively young woman, and I can honestly say that men continue to find me attractive. But if I am wrong, if it should happen that love comes into my life again, what shall be my course?

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My son is a brave and manly boy, humorous, quick and clever. I am proud of him, and to deny him would be a hideous betrayal. But he is the living reminder not only to me, but to others, of my past, that past which has so often thwarted my happiness. If love comes again into my life, am I to blot out my past at whatever cost, leave my boy completely to the care of his grandparents, though they love him, forget that I ever loved a man sincerely and devotedly? Shall I risk building my future happiness on the flimsy basis of a series of lies?

of a series of lies?

I cannot imagine myself doing it. It is impossible.

impossible.

So then, inexorably, I am brought round in a circle to that question from which I started: "I have a Past—What of my Future?"

ARE you paid to be a good stenographer, a good bookkeeper or a good salesgirl, or does some girl who isn't as conscientious or as bright as you are draw a better salary because she doesn't hesitate to use all her feminine charm on the boss? Read my story in April SMART SET and see if you agree with me on the question "Must Girls Use Their Sex in Business?"

From the Gutter to Fame.

[Continued from page 28]

clothes and stockings I wore she would take away, and then I was beaten.

I was thirteen when I decided to make my own way in the world. With a few francs in my pocket, at five o'clock one morning. I bought some flowers in the market and with those started independently in business. I sold those flowers before noon and bought more. I rented a hall bedroom in Montmarte. I began to take some real pride in myself. I couldn't afford anything claborate, but I looked chic. Being on my own gave me more spirit, more daring, and my antics became wilder and more popular than before. I could do what I pleased! Oh. I was free! I sold flowers when I wished. Often I made a lot of money by giving impromptu performances in cafes along the boulevards, when coins would rattle on the floor. I could stay up all night dancing, or sleep all day. And then when I was a little over thirteen I fell in love.

I MET Jean Batese in a cabaret in Montmarte. Jean Batese wore almost skintight ragged trousers, a red striped sweater, a cap pulled down over his eyes, and a red handkerchief around his neck. He was just eighteen, handsome in a fierce wild way, with ruffled coarse black hair, and great big black eyes that seemed to draw my soul out of me when he held me in his arms. He made love in a way that shook me with delight and terror. When he danced with me he held me so tight my breath left my lungs. He would throw me toward the floor in those wild dances, but hurl me up back into his arms before I could strike the floor. He whirled me about in the air until I was dizzy. Then he hugged and kissed me in a sort of fury, as if he was going to kill me, but it was

like being in heaven. Jean Batese was mad about me. I wonder if I could ever love anybody as I first loved Jean Batese. I was starving for affection, and my heart just went out to him, in gratitude, adoration, absolute surrender. Jean Batese was a pickpocket.

A FTER I met Jean he wouldn't let me dance with anyone else in the cases. He was siercely jealous. He would show sight if others came to my table, and one night he drew a knife. One thing I didn't like was that Jean would follow me on the boulevards when I sold my flowers. Love was one thing, but business was another. He said he wanted to protect me. La, La! When I went into the cases I could see him moving like a shadow outside. And when I jumped on the running board of a swell automobile with my basket of flowers and went whirling off I could see murder in his eyes. But when I'd meet him the next time and pretend to be angry, that rough boy would be as shy and meek as a child.

Loved for the first time, for the first time knowing I meant everything in another's existence, a new wonder came into my life. I could sing as I never sang before. On Sunday afternoons Jean and I would go off into the country and wander among the flowers. We would sit in a meadow, my head cradled in his arms. It was wonderful for me, who had never been loved and caressed, to snuggle in his strong arms. He was uncouth, and wild, yes, but he was real, and when he kissed me, as I had never let anyone kiss me before, I tingled down to my toes. One Sunday, out at Versailles, I almost promised to marry him. Of course, I knew his profession, but that didn't shock me. Few things did. I might even have been

tempted to join up with Jean Batese in his expert profession if something hadn't intervened. I admired him when he told me how deftly he had filched wallets from men's pockets or would show me hundred franc notes and gold watches. He gave me some beautiful things. I have a lovely jade ring which I wear to this day as a memento of my brief romance with Jean.

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That day at Versailles we wandered about the palace, the first time I had ever seen it. "Some day," I told Jean, "I want to live in a big house like that, a pink house, just outside of Paris. I want my own big car and beautiful evening gowns, and rings and necklaces and bracelets, diamonds and rubies and pearls." It was my heart, the heart of the eternal Cinderella, speaking.

"I'LL get you the diamonds and rubies and pearls," he said grimly. "I'll promise you rings and bracelets and necklaces. I ou. I swear you shall have them! "rather glumly looking at the pallove you. "I don't know about big houses."

"But why?" I bantered, shrugging my

"You can't carry off houses," answered Jean hopelessly

I often wonder what might have happened had I allied my future then with Jean Batese, the Apache; had I become a pickpocket's bride. My eyes get a little misty when I think of Jean Batese today. Many men have offered their love to me, but I have yet to find an daoration as sincere as that of this boy of the Paris underworld.

One summer night, with a fresh basket of roses, I darted around a corner and onto the Boulevard des Capucines, trying to escape the vigilant eye of Jean Batese in case he was following me. Near the curb I noticed a car come to a standstill, and in the car was a dark handsome man whose face seemed vaguely familiar. I'd whose face seemed vaguely familiar. probably seen him in the cases as I had danced amid the tables. In a slash I was on the running board, my basket of roses lifted high.

"The Sparrow, eh?" the clegant man smiled. "Oh, I've seen you before, but tell me, you're not going to be a flower girl all your life, are you? What are you going to do now that you've nearly grown

"I want to be an actress," I answered, riously. "I want to sing and dance in seriously. "I wan the great theaters." "So?" said he.

He seemed interested. I told him I had wanted to become an actress ever since I was a tiny child, but my wicked old "mama" had opposed me. I became vehement. I denounced my old "mama."

hement. I denounced my old "mama." I knew I could become an actress.

"So you want to be an actress? Well, that may not be so difficult. Jump in." He opened the door of the car for me.

I hesitated. I saw his eyes laughing. "Oh, that's all right. Come along! You can probably give me an entertaining evening. And you'll be paid well. Maybe better than you think, little Sparrow." His eyes teased. His eyes teased.

I JUMPED in. He gave some directions to the chauffeur. We glided through the park, and at last the car stopped before an exclusive cafe. At the tables were ladies in lovely gowns and men in evening dress. I slunk back, half timid and abashed. An obsequious waiter led my companion to a table. What would I have? I should order anything I wanted. For the first time in my life I lost my nerve. It was the first time I'd been invited to dine in a rendezvous of the clite. vited to dine in a rendezvous of the clite. The poor sparrow was lost among birds

of paradise! My host asked me to sing and dance. Many people in the place had nodded to him as he came in; he seemed well known. Wouldn't I take my basket and sell my flowers to his friends, he urged. I saw the humorous twinkle in his eves. I had my first and only case of stage fright. But I proved game.

I wasn't going to be fazed by these

I wasn't going to be fazed by these swell people. So, hiding my nervousness, mustering all my bravado, I got up and danced around the tables making faces, coquetting with my eyes, offering my little bouquets as I sang my songs. My basket was empty when they began to clap their hands. "The Sparrow, the Sparrow!" They cheered, applauding and stamping their feet on the floor.

My host rose as I came back to his table. Again I felt a shrinking within me as I compared the gorgeous gowns the

as I compared the gorgeous gowns the women were wearing with my own soiled blouse and apron. "Ladies and gentlemen," my host, smiling, addressed the assemblage. "You'll all be glad, I know, to share the good news I want to announce to the Sparrow tonight. I'm going to feature her as a star in my theater. I am going to make an actress out of her." We sat down amid deafening applause. Then he down amid deafening applause. Then he told me who he was. Monsieur Paul Frank, impresario of the Olympia Theater, the greatest vaudeville house in Paris!

JEXT to M. Frank's table I noted a dark stockily built man who was dining with a handsome woman. He now came over to our table. "Sparrow," Monsieur Frank introduced us as the big man bowed, "let me present Monsieur Paul Poiret."

M. Poiret sat down. "If Monsieur Frank has engaged you to become an actress," said the great Poiret, "I shall insist upon creating your gowns. What will you wear for your debut?"

Imagine the poor little Sparrow's emotions when the most famous costumer Paris if not in the world offered to make her gowns! When she had worn only cheap cotton shirtwaists and ragged black skirts. Imagine that moment when, a flower girl of the streets, an urchin pursued by the police, a girl who found her tawdry pleasures in low Montmarte dives, was offered the opportunity of being featured at the great Olympia, the goal of every vau-

deville performer in Europe.

It seemed like a miracle. But it did happen. M. Frank told me he had watched me for a long time and that he believed I had a great future.

I MADE my debut at the Olympia on December 31, 1924. I was about sixteen years of age. I wore the dress M. Poiret designed. But—having decided that would be most effective at grave conferences—it was the sort of costume I had always worn but glorified. A white blouse—only worn, but glorified. A white blouse—only Poiret's was of the sheerest silk with beau-tiful cobwebby open work. A black skirt only this was of the loveliest sheeny velvet. A white pannier, or apron, but of flimsy crepe de chine, hemstitched and embroidered with flowers. I carried a flower basket of silk and colored bows of ribbon, filled with orchids and rare blossoms. I sang my old street songs, and in a short time the Sparrow was famous!
I saw myself billboarded all over Paris.

I saw my name in electric lights. I heard wonderful things which the critics said about me. Some said I was even greater than Mistinguet and Spinelli! And later there came to me what was even a greater compliment, that Mistinguet said I was rotten and that Spinelli knocked me in her treeviews in the newspapers. There was juste a tempest in a teapot over what '...elli said, but most of the newspaper craies desended me.

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I went to live in a nice little apartment. hired a maid. Instead of hopping on the backs of automobiles for rides, I got my own car. And I did something else, for which I'm glad. I looked up my terrible old "mama." I hired a clean lodging for her, and ever since have sent her money on which to live in comfort. I'm not keen about having her near me, but I'm glad she is not in want. And Jean Batese?

SOME weeks after my opening, when the Paris newspapers were still printing my photographs, I stepped from the stage exit one night to find Jean Batese prowling in the shadow of the dim alley. His cap His cap was pulled down over his forehead. hurt eyes burned upon me. Something about him filled me with a terrible misgiving.

"Come. I want to see you alone." he whispered tensely. "I've got something for

I started walking toward the street.

No, no," he hissed, fiercely. "Go and get a taxi. I mustn't be seen. The police looking for me.'

"Mon Dieu, what have you done?" went ahead and hailed a taxi. Looking right and left fearfully Jean made a dash for it. I told the driver to take us to my

When the door closed Jean flung his cap n the floor and wrapped me in his arms. He kissed me desperately, sighing, moan-"My little Sparrow! Oh, it's all over een you and me! You're going to be between you and me! You're going to be tamous now. You'll be getting all the rings and bracelets and necklaces you want. But I'm glad for you! I wouldn't hold you back. I always felt I was never good enough for you! But I want you to have these. I promised you diamonds and pearls and rubies, and I've brought these for you to remember me by."

And from his pockets he took two handtuls of sparkling things and dropped them on the table. They cascaded from his hands like living fire. There was a necklace of wondrous pearls. There were rings set with oblong rubies and sapphires, there were flexible bracelets of diamonds.

told you I would get you these—"
"Mon Dieu," I cried, horrified. On
table glittered a small fortune in gems. On the wasn't the theft that so unnerved me; it was fear for Jean Batese. "No, no, I was fear for Jean Batese. "No, no, I can't take these. You must take them back where you got them.'

HE SHOOK his head stubbornly. "Oh, I'll make my getaway." he said, thickly. That's all right! But I want you to know I keep my promises. I wanted you to have something to remember me. I'm going to Africa, Algiers. The police never caught Jean Batese yet, and everything's arranged, but they're hot on my track. I'm glad you've got where you are, but you're out of my class now." "Poor Jean!" my voice sobbed. "Jean!

"Poor Jean!" my voice sobbed. "Jean! Jean! Why, why did you do this? Oh, you must take them back, you must Why, how, did you steal these "The jewels on the table seemed away. V to spit angry tongues of fire. me with a terrible fear. A They filled And yet they were the greatest tribute of love poor Jean Batese could have given me. He had risked his freedom, probably his life. I threw myself in his arms, crying

He kissed me like a famished man. He

began to shake with sobs

"Mon chere, Jean, I love you, I do love 'zou." Suddenly I heard the "lift" outside ascend and stop. The doorbell rang. In a flash Jean was on the alert. His body stiffened

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flic!" Jean's eyes searched the The He noted an open window in an room. inner bedroom. There was an area way there between two buildings; from my floor there was a drop of two stories Jean dashed to the window. I scooped up that sparkling loot that pitiful tribute of his love and sneaked it softly into his coat pocket as his en grossed eyes scaled the wall. One necklace. unheeded in the excitement, glided to the floor. Near the window a rusted line of spouting went down to the alley. Jean flashed a triumphant look at me through his tears. Jean was an expert in using just such channels for transportation. He didn't hesitate. One embrace. One pressure of his lips against mine. One fierce cherie, ma cherie, some day we will meet, one day again, I promise

A GAIN the bell rang, insistently, breath-lessly. I watched as he slid, monkey like, down the creaking spout. I saw him drop. In the dim light of the area way for

a moment I saw him waving his cap.
Three times, quickly, the bell rang
Turning, terrified of the waiting flics, I
espied the diamond necklace on the floor. What if they detected me with it? ing, I slipped the tlashing thing into my blouse, and with a bravado I did not feel, I threw open the door.
It was only Clothile, my maid

Here in your wonderful America, where you have so generously taken to your heart a little French girl of the streets, where there is so much excitement, where you make so much money, where rich and fashionable audiences applaud the songs I once sang in the Montmarte cabaret where I met the Apache boy I loved, I often think of Jean. Sitting in my apartment overlooking Central Park, I often seem to see far beyond, far beyond vour sky-scrapers, far over the oceans to where the African sands reflect the heat of a torrid sun. And I can see a troop of that strange army of derelicts marching forth from the ochre-vellow barracks of Sidi-bel-Abes, heavy knapsacks on their backs, perhaps to fight some rebel chieftain in his mountain fastness or savages in the jungle, for the glory of France and their own rehabilita tion. The strangest army in the world, men of all nationalities, noblemen, criminals, broken men, men who fight as no man can fight who wants to live. You man can fight who wants to live. You join the Legion for five years. For no crime less than murder will the Legion surrender you to any country, even France For any save an assassin the Legion is "sanctuary." When you are mustered out, an assassin the Legion is your offences are expiated, your past is wiped out, and you can begin life over again. Better so that Jean should be there than a pickpocket or thief of the Paris underworld. I should write to Jean, but under what name is he known? we meet some day as he promised?

WHY is a Night Club? What is its excuse for being—this dazzling scintillating, exclusive, set Bohemian by product of a jazz mad age, where prima donnas and jewel thieves, dancing sheiks, bootleggers and dope peddlers hob-nob with the cream of society, each trying to outdo the other in unconventionality and abandonment? To really know a man you must live with him, to really know a Night Club you must work in one as I did. Read my story in April SMART SET, "For Being Nice to the Guests," and you'll see a Night Club from chird the scenes.

Forgive Me My Trespasses

[Centinued from page 21]

"You can not." I told him decidedly.

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Then listen. I got a big chance to do omethin for you. Say, if you only knew what I had up my sleeve! It you won't let me come in there, come on over in my room for a minute 1 got somethin I want to show you, somethin that II knock your eye

There was omething so intenie about his manner that, in pite of while I had always wanted to call my good horse sense, I began to final with temptation.

"I might come down to the parlor, but I am certainly not going into your room at this time of night." I told him.

HE WAVED my objection aside with a quick, nervous geture. "Aw, be yourself! What're you afraid of? I ain't gonna hurt you. I tell you I want to show you somethin'. I got somethin' that'll make your eyes stick out."

Well, I went into Jimmie DeLong's room. Most girls wouldn't have done it, but then I was nown like most girls. Also, I E WAVED my objection aside with a

then, I was never like most girls. Also, I had a firm belief that I was able to take

care of myself under any circumstances.
I couldn't believe my eyes. Jimmie De-Long's room, his bed, the chairs, were posi-Long's room, his bed, the chairs, were positively littered with the most expensive array of dainty teminine clothes I had ever beheld at close range. Webby, silken garments, stockings, gowns, slippers and a gorgeously brocaded evening wrap trimmed with ermine. The collection was worth hundreds of dollars, probably thousands. I think I must have turned pale.

I could only gasp. I had always loved fine, beautiful things. I had been starved with a positively painful hunger for lovely garments. Jimmie's deep dark eyes never left my face.

left my face. "Think you could use any o' this stuff?"
Could I use it? These things positively intoxicated me. Most women will understand. I was twenty, crazy about beautiful clothes and most of the time I wore shabby serge suits and shoes slightly run over at the

I forgot where I was, and what time it was; my pulse began to beat faster as one by one I picked up the garments and ex-amined them, almost with reverence.

"Now I'll tell you where I got 'em,"
Jimmie said. "The public, you, nobody has
any idea of the damn funny things that happen to us taxi drivers. I know a guy once that had a passenger fracture his skull when his head hit the top of the cab as they went over a rough crossing. The way I got this stuff is almost as nutty. It's just one o' them things that happen once in a lite time. You can't explain 'em.

I PICK up a young woman on Fifth Avenue and take her over to the Bendex Hotel. She has me wait while the porters bring down the steamer trunk, and we rope it on the runnin' board. She orders me to drive down to the Cunard pier, but on the way we stop at Altman's on the Avenue. I wait around in the side street for an hour and a half, and she never comes out of that

I looked at him in amazement, and he returned my stare steadily. "I never heard of such a thing in my life," I said, com-

pletely overcome.

"I never did either, but that's what hap-pened this afternoon," he told me. "Funnier things than that happen every day in New but this once it happened didn't know what to do with the stuff, and

"Can I come in," he said almost in a when the woman didn't come I brought the

when the woman didn't come I brought the trunk back here. It was the only thing I could think of to do. I wasn't sap to turn it over to the police, that's a cinch."

"But what could have happened to her?"

"You tell me. and I'll tell you, Miss Lane A thousand things might have happened She might have been arrested for shop litting, she might have fainted and been taken to a hospital. Maybe she fell down the elevator shaft. I dunno. All I know is that she never came back. I don't know who she was, where she come from, or who she was where she come from, or where she was goin'. If she wanted to run away and leave the stuff that's her responsi-

"But you could have inquired at the hotel." I suggested, although I was still in

"SURE, and have them check me up and take charge of the stuff, and that would be the last that Jimmie DeLong would ever see it. Nix. I'm too wise for that. That's small time stuff. At first I thought the trunk might be filled with bootleg, so I brought it up here to examine it, and what a kick, what a kick!"

Even my inexperienced eye told me that these things were from the most exclusive shops and modistes. I held up one of the evening gowns to my shoulders. It was shimmering silver, my size. I could wear it.

"What are you going to do with these things, sell them?" I asked.

He smiled. "Maybe yes, maybe no. Want to buy 'em?"

I laughed though I felt like crying.

fine chance; but I'm going to dream about them. Like them? They're divine."
"I thought you would. Gee, I'd like to see you with those things on, Miss Lane. I'll tell you what, why don't you slip over in your room and put on that evening gown? You know. Give us both a little gown? You know. Give us both a little treat. By rights you ought to be wearin' clothes like this anyhow. You'd look a damn sight sweller in them than most of these dames that can afford them. Go on. Put on the outfit: the whole business. I'll be the business. bet you look like a million."

A LL I could think of was the clothes. Jimmie helped me carry them over to my room and left me alone. My heart was thumping and I didn't need any rouge to color my cheeks. Twenty minutes later, from the skin out, I was gorgeously arrayed. I wish I could describe the giddiness of sensation, the exquisite pleasure, the delicious sense of being at last perfectly at-

Something inside me bloomed like a flower. These clothes belonged to me. I belonged to them. We were each a part of the other. They were champagne for the

Jimmie DeLong came into the room, and the core of me thrilled as I felt the smashing effect I produced. By some heavenly miracle, the things suited me as though they had been designed especially for my

slender person and coloring.

He stood there looking at me, from the tips of my satin slippers to the crown of blonde hair.

my blonde hair.
"Isn't it wonderful?" I said. "It's all complete."

He smiled. "Not yet." His hand slipped into his pocket. "Here!" He extended to me a rich, translucent rope of pearls. "They were in a case. I didn't show them to you at first.

I took the precious lovely things in my hands, ran them through my fingers; they



Prettier Lips . . at Palm Beach

Dear Nan:

If the older set haven't come to this resort, the Younger Set are here. Ciel! What exquisite clothes! What artists in

Every girl of every age is using a Lip Stick—and so many of the smattest ones are using Pompeian Lip Stick. Women are so clever today! They know this Lip Stick gives that natural, "cherry ripe" color to their lips—that it is absolutely pure—and that it is very "chic."

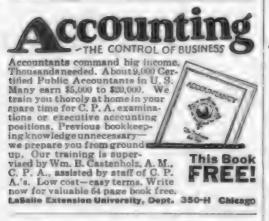


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Act immediately.

Act immediately. twen de-numing and Creating

Around my neck they hung with the sweetness of a hundred springtime blossoms

Downstairs in the hall was a long mirror that reached the floor. It was nearing midnight, and the danger of surprise from the other parties was slight. We slipped down the stairs, and Jimmie turned up the gas light in the hall. I was so carried away with my own transformation that I forgot the intense, admiring youth who stood beside me. One of his hands suddenly touched my bare arm. He tried to kiss

touched my bare arm.

me. I pushed him away

"My God, I love you," he said with a

in his voice. "You're the most beau
I'd do anything for you. I'd die for you. I'd be your It broke from him in a torrent. this sudden, unexpected outpouring of a fiery nature.

don't think that I was shocked. Certainly, I was not stunned. More than anything else I was annoyed and mildly angered. "Please stop right now," I said. "I don't like it, so please don't do it."

"I suppose I ain't swell enough—" he

began hotly.
"Possibly," I retorted venomously. "Possibly," I retorted venomously.
"Yeh! You and that old heavy sugar daddy you was with at the Plaza this afternoon. I ain't good enough, eh? Well let me tell you something. He ain't been hangin' any rags like them on you, has he? You bet your life he ain't! You stick around an old bird like that because you think he's got money, and when a guy like me comes along and is plum crazy to do somethin' really big for you, you begin to sprout icicles.

turned and swept up the stairs. My face was allame at his vulgarity. As much as I appreciated good clothes, I also appreciated good manners. Mr. Karby was a gentleman to the manner born, cultured, refined, poised; and this sort of thing be-

JIMMIE was at my heels, and he followed me into my room before I could close the door. His face was pallid, and scared. "Oh my God! my God!" he moaned softly. "What have I done? What have I said? You got to forgive me, Miss Lane. I didn't know what I was sayin', but I'm that kind of a guy. You swept me clean off my feet. Forgive me, please forgive me. Look—"He fell to his knees. It was ridiculous, He fell to his knees. It was ridiculous, grotesque, and I began to be frightened.
"In the name of God, forgive me!"
"Don't be foolish," I told him, speaking

briskly in the hope of bringing the situation back to a normal basis. "I accept your apology. Only we must understand each other at once. I won't stand for any more of this sort of thing. I had no idea-

He got to his feet and dusted off his knees. "Everybody on earth is crazy on one subject," he said, "and I happen to be crazy about you. I been that way three months, and it just had to come out. want you to give me a chance, Miss Lane. ain't a bad guy. On the level I ain't."
"You can prove that," I told him, "by

leaving my room at once and never mentioning this subject to me again.

He seemed to grow calmer and studied me with shrewd eyes; I had a nervous feeling that he was as stealthy, and as

patient, as a cat.

"Right!" he said suddenly. "I can see you're a different kind of a girl than most of the dames I've been used to knowin'. That's all right, too. I'm glad of it. like refinement as well as anybody. Good night!" He went to the door.

"I'll leave these clothes outside your room," I told him.

"I wish you wouldn't, as a favor to me," said with a new meekness in his voice. "I'll tell you why. It might look funny to

were creamy, maddening to the touch. I the chambermaid: might cause talk if I had had never before fondled such loveliness. a lot of women's junk in my room. Put a lot of women's junk in my room. Put the things in your closet. It's only a steamer trunk, and you'll have room. You can do that much for me, can't you, as a

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Do you begin to see how he was playing on my love for fine clothes? He knew that these things in my possession would constitute an ever present temptation. He counted on their slowly poisoning my will

power, and corrupting my resistance.

In the end I agreed. The pearls, however were too much of a responsibility and I handed them back.

"Now I'll tell you about the pearls," he said. "They ain't real. They're only imitation, but they're good. You might as well keep the whole business."

"How long do you expect me to keep these things for you?"

HE DIDN'T answer: but I knew, as though by telepathy, that he intended never to take them back. I knew what he expected, and I also knew my own fiber. What I did was not exactly clean cut. compromised. There was weakness in my decision, but I excused it in the face of my eagerness to play a while longer with these glamourous possessions

"Until the end of the week." I told him. "I will positively not keep them any

"How about that date? You can doll up some night in these, and I will-

Once and for all, no. He bowed with a touch of foreign grace. I was alone in my room. When I went to sleep that night it was to dream of shimmering silks and glistening pearls

The following day at the office I was at quite myself. My work was mechanical, not quite myself. distracted. Mr. Karby noticed it and seemed to feel something strange about me

"You are wonderful today, Miss Lane. You look like a person to whom something awfully nice has happened," he told me with a smile

"It has," I said primly

"So I gathered. I don't know what it is, of course, and I won't presume to ask you the way. I was thinking, after I left you yesterday, Miss Lane. Tomorrow night have tickets for the opera-the Metropoli-

n. Would you like to go with me?" The idea flooded me with emotion. of my life I had heard of the Metropolitan Opera. To me, to all of New York, it represented the very essence of social distinction. Like a tlash my mind flew back to the wonderful clothes hanging in my own humble closet. Clothes fit for the Metro-! A magic phrase formed in my The Golden Horse-Shoe! politan!

"Will we sit in the Golden Horse-Shoe?"
Mr. Karby smiled and nodded. "Certainly."

FOR a moment I was unable to speak, so tight was my throat. You think I'm a fool? Well, I was twenty, and poor and burning up with those ambitions that are not generally considered illegal. I was that kind of a girl, at the time
"I-I-" Tears blinded

Tears blinded my eyes.

Mr. Karby leaned over and patted my and. "You dear child," he said softly. "I hand. think you're perfectly wonderful to be so kind to an old chap like me. You will come, won't you?"
"I would love it more than anything in

the world," I said sincerely.

I worked in a daze for the rest of the landlady of our boarding house met me in the hall. Her face was strangely serious. "Did you hear the news?" she asked. Somethear in her tone chilled the blood in

my vein-

"Mr. DeL ..., that taxicab young man

who sat at your table was in an accident. Two taxicabs collided. Mr. DeLong was

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I stood there petrified. There was no grief, just a stunning, deadening shock. I simply could not believe it; my mind struggled with this sudden tragedy unable, at first, to accept it.

"It is simply terrible," the landlady said.
"He was such a nice, kind young man. But of course you didn't know him as well as I did. He had been in my house almost a year, a good boarder, and always steady

a year, a good boarder, and always steady pay."

Not until I was in my room did my mind revert to the hidden finery in my closet. It was strange, but even under the awful circumstances I could still thrill with the realization that now, by this miracle of chance, I possessed a beautiful wardrobe far exceeding anything I could reasonably have hoped for. No one knew about the clothes. They were mine if I chose to keep them.

WOULD it be actual dishonesty if I kept the things? A thousand arguments, reinforced by the desires of vanity, rushed to convince me that the precious garments truly were mine. Why not? Jimmie De-Long was dead; the girl to whom they originally belonged had vanished. "You're a heartless little beast," I told myself.

a heartless little beast," I told myself. "You're figuring how you can profit from the death of that boy."

In my own behalf I can only set down that I had no clear realization of the actual fact of Jimmie DeLong's sad end. There was nothing about him that was deeply imbedded in my mind; he was scarcely more than a stranger, despite the hectic event of the night before. Frankly, honestly, I was unable to work up any artificial grief, any sentimentality, over some ficial grief, any sentimentality, over some one I scarcely knew.

But the clothes were still real, tangible, lovely. I crushed out the tiny pangs of what I supposed to be my conscience. I took out the things and spread their silky loveliness on the bed and at once I was under their stell. under their spell.

under their spell.

The dinner bell rang, but I had not the slightest appetite. Looking back now I can understand what might have seemed my lack of ethical humanity. At that time in my life I had a great deal of the hard, acrid, undevelopment of a green peach. Most of us, I think, change as we grow older and gain experience; in our youth we do things which would be entirely impossible in later years. That, however, is just a theory; the fact is that I, then and there, made up my mind with a little grim click of decision. Fate had placed what I wanted in my hands, and I was not going to act with any sentimental foolishness. I wanted to keep those beautiful clothes, and I did.

THE morning papers contained a paragraph about Jimmie DeLong's death.

In the afternoon papers there was startling news. One paper said:

The police announced this afternoon

that Jimmie DeLong, the taxicab driver killed yesterday afternoon in a collision, was in reality Jacques Leon, a notorious criminal who had served several terms in Sing Sing for larceny and house Positive identification was breaking. made this morning at the Morgue by detectives from police headquarters. Leon, the police claim, has been implicated recently in a number of loft robberies, and, it is thought, was re-sponsible for the slugging and robbery of several unwary passengers who had ridden in his cab for the last six months. Leon had operated under the alias of James DeLong and had covered his lawless operations with a seemingly honest occupation.

This shocked me, but upon thinking it over I was not surprised. It was easier to believe he had acquired the trunkful of inery by theft than to credit his somewhat fantastic story of its disappearing owner, and now, looking back, I can see how his excitable violent nature could easily have been linked up with a criminal career.

been linked up with a criminal career.

None of this changed my determination in the slightest. Now, more than ever, I was set upon keeping the things. In my ignorance I believed it was impossible to trace their real ownership.

A LL that day at the office I had been in a state of constant anxiety, or nervous anticipation. In the back part of my mind was ever present the fact of Jimmie De-Long's death, but far more vital was the knowledge that tonight I would be sitting in the Golden Horse-Shoe at the Metropoli-tan Opera House with Mr. Karby. How vain and artificial it all seems to me now. how wonderfully brilliant it seemed to me

how wonderfully brilliant it seemed to me then, when I was twenty, and alive with the eagerness of ambitious youth! Suddenly my cup had been filled to overflowing; I forgot the dark dregs at the bottom.

Mr. Karby, that afternoon, had told me briefly that he would call for me at sixthirty. I left the office early, and while Jimmie DeLong's corpse was cold and stiff in the public morgue, I gowned myself with the fascinating loot of his dishonesty. When I met Mr. Karby in our narrow hallway, I had the heady satisfaction of knowing that he was struck breathless. His eyes flew open with astonishment, this faultlessly clothed man of the world in formal broadcloth and brilliantly white linen. For broadcloth and brilliantly white linen. For

a moment he actually seemed to gasp. He took my hand. "Exquisite!" he said fervently.

His car, with its liveried chauffeur outside, was a revelation to me. We glided over to Fifth Avenue and uptown to dinner in the massive main dining room of the

I DON'T think either of us needed any wine that night, so exhilarating and delirious was the stimulation of our mutual excitement. Without vanity I can state that, although Mr. Karby was accustomed to all of this opulence, he was keyed to a high pitch by the verve of a strange and, to him, exciting personality. To me, personally, he meant nothing whatever; it was the be wildering brilliance of rare experience, the surroundings that kept my heart pounding mightily and my head swimming.

At the opera, thrill after thrill chased up

At the opera, thrill after thrill chased up and down my spine. Music, lights, perfume, the gleam of jewels and the glisten of white shoulders! These people were a million miles away from the grubby, work-a-day world that had been my life-long portion. A thousand new sensations poured through me, flooded me with the keenest pleasure. The music, gorgeous and soul-piercing be-yond words, caressed me with a thousand waves of ecstasy. Golden voices carried me out of this world and into some mys-terious, etherial realm.

And all the while I felt the eyes of John L. Karby on me.

The heavy curtain descended as the great dome of the opera was ringing with song. All around me was the hum of happy conversation, the rustle of silks and furs, the

subtle aroma of wealth.

"Would you like a bite to eat," Mr.

Karby suggested, "before you go home?"

The fever of the evening still hung like

a spell on everyone around me. I wondered where these people would go to dine after they left the great building. Greedily, I wanted the last drop of everything. Surely there would be some appropriate finale for such a gorgeous night; surely there must be some wondrous place at which they all

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The state of the s

foregathered to taper off from the high pitch to which we had all been exalted. I to Mr. Karlov I would go anywhere he liked

"D. i you ever drink champagne?" Lett me

The word had a beautiful sound in in form, had never passed my lips; but of impagne, to my enamored ears, had the ound of parkling gems. "I would like the intimitive ecution of my puritanical upbring it I used him "It won't hurt me? take care of me?"

HE SMILED, and half put his arm around me in the throng as we left the boxes. "Of course I will." he whispered I was guided to the soft, snug seclusion of the marvelous automobile that seemed to et us apart from the cheap, surging traffic of a New York night. Mr. Karby have a subdued order to his driver, and we kimmed away as though we rode on a magic velvet (rpet, out of the mass of traine into a wider, cleaner street of fashionable apartment houses. A numbness set-tled around my brain like a stone wall with which I was trying to imprison and hold every bit of the thrill the opera had given

We stepped into a gilded elevator and went up as though we had conquered all laws of gravity. A door opened, and I tepped out on the thick softness of a great vellow rug. Crystalline bulbs shed a dim richness over panelled walls and rather formal furnishings of dull carved wood and tapestry. This was, I imagined, the exclusive rendezvous of the ultra fashionable, the limit royal support club at Manhattan's lmost regal supper club of Manhattan's

I waited an expectant second for the appearance of a servant, but it was Mr. Karby himself who threw open a heavy door, through which we passed into a spacious magnificent room.

How shall I describe that gorgeous chamber after these years? In my mind it is now but a dim impression of high walls, luxurious furniture, glowing lights, blended into an oriental sumptuousnes

Mr. Karby took the brocaded wrap from my shoulders; put aside his own silk hat and his own wraps.

"You like my place here?" He rubbed his soft hands together appreciatively

BECAUSE I was so overcome by all this luxury. I was instinctively determined not to show that I was impressed. "It is very nice." I admitted.

"My dear child," he said, with an amused smile. "This is said by those who know, to be the finest room in New York City. I thought it might impress you."
"It does," I told him quickly. "But we seem to be alone. Where are the others?"

He indicated a great plush chair, and bowed me into it. "Sit down and I will tell you about that, my dear. But first, tell

me, have you any idea where you are?"
Of course I haven't," I told him frankly.

"I have never been to places like this beiore You know that."

"This is my home," he said, with a little
cautious uncertainty lurking behind the
uavity of his manner. "Do you know why I brought you here tonight?

My first reaction was bewilderment and almost paralyzed effort to link the ownerhip of all this lavish richness to the rather

familiar personality of John L. Karby. My breath time faster. "You own this?"
"Of course." He smiled at me with satisfaction. "Do you like it? I can see you do. That makes me very, very happy. Please tell me you aren't offended because I had the boldness to bring you up here. You know I am just a little bit proud of this place. You understand, don't you? Please ty you do."

I tore my attention away from the lux-

uriousness that surrounded me. Suddenly I was aware of a light in his eyes that started a host of suspicions in my mind

"Is there anyone else here except us?" I asked sharply

His eyes never left my face Fear quickened unpleasantly in my breast. All at once I wanted desperately to get out. "I think I will go home. I have a head-ache." I said quickly. "Please take me down stairs.'

He was sitting quite near me, and he reached over and patted my hand with a comforting gesture. "Now don't get excited, Miss Lane. It's all right. You're not living back in Pennsylvania, or wherever it was you came from. People do things differently in New York. Women go to men's apartments whenever it seems de-sirable, and they are rarely compromised. almost never without their consent.

"But I didn't want to come up to your apartment, and I certainly do not want to be compromised," I said, a trifle wildly.

"OF COURSE, of course," he agreed quickly, "I will take care of all that. You can believe me. I'm not in the habit of bringing beautiful young women up to my apartment."

But your wife-is she here?

"I will tell you about my wife," he said "That's why I brought you up here. I want to talk to you.

A swift thought came to me. "Tomorrow at the office. But I have a headache to-night, really. I'll go now, if you don't night, really. mind." I sta I started to rise, but he gently put a hand on my arm.

"Please, please don't," he begged. "After a while, if you like, but I want to talk to you first. Really, I do. You're the sort of a girl, in fact, you're the only girl in whom I feel any contidence whatever. I have been studying you a long while, Miss Lane You have been growing on me, and I have been wanting to know you better for more weeks than you can imagine. I am a lonely man; more lonely than anybody suspects.

I looked at his strong, distinctive face with the uncomfortable feeling that it was but a mask, a mirror that concealed a nature that stirred me with vague forbodings. "I am afraid I will prove a disappointment to you, Mr. Karby. You will find me awfully stupid about anything like that.

"Suppose you let me be the judge of that." he said quietly. "I can see you are slightly nervous, but believe me, my dear, there is no reason for alarm. You will ad I think, that I am a gentleman.

"But it's too late. I have to go down to the office early in the morning.

"NOT if you have been out with the boss the night before,' he said with just a touch of slyness. 'I think you and I ought to be real friends. Come, suppose we quit beating around the bush and settle down to perfect franknes. The fact of the matter is, you impress me more than anybody I have met in years. Yes, I will make it that strong I like your looks, your manners; everything about you. It may strike you as odd that a married man should be talking this way to a single girl, but it happens that I am not exactly married. I am semidetached, if you know what I mean. Mrs. Karby and I are not living together any more. Neither of us cares for the scandal that a divorce would make necessary, know, of course, that in New York there is only one ground for divorce—But to all intents and purposes we are as thoroughly cut apart as though a dozen decrees apiece had been granted us. Mrs. Karby has an apart-ment of her own farther uptown. We have

been apart for a year."

Despite myself, I was interested. Here was a man whose attainments to me seemed stupendous, revealing his most intimate thoughts to a young girl. I was numan, and susceptible to this subtle form of flattery. I jumped to a wild conclusion. "You want me to help bring you together again?"

I asked in amazement.

"Heaven forbid," he said positively. "I don't want anything of the kind, child. What I really want, if you will pardon my frankness, is you, your company, your companionship. Every man needs feminine association of the inspiring kind. You see me every day at the office; you see me me every day at the office; you see me acting a cold, business-like part, like a character on the stage. Don't you know that that is only the false front I show to the world? Back of it all I am probably ten times as romantic as any young penniless clerk in my office."

"But you shouldn't," I said with a ghost of the old-fashioned Pennsylvania morality, that had not yet been brushed off in New York. "It's wrong of you; you shouldn't do it."

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"W HY is it wrong?" he demanded. "Is it wrong to be human? Is it wrong to satisfy the deepest promptings of your inner nature, your true self?"

Yes, and you know it is."

"Why?"

"It's wrong because it's wrong, and that's

enough," I said primly.

My attitude seemed to amuse him hugely.

"Just a little country girl who believes in flannel underwear and good strong overshoes! My dear, you're far too beautiful to harbor any such mid-Victorian sentiments. A man is not exactly a viper because he pays you the compliment of finding you more interesting than any other woman he

This conversation piqued my interest, but I was not conscious of any increasing liking for Mr. Karby. He was far too broadminded for the ideas I cl. rished at the time, and I felt it rather a duty to set him right on these subjects; so much so that I began to lose my nervousness in regard to the unconventional situation into which I

had been trapped. "I think you are extremely selfish," I said with considerable impertinence. "All you have talked about was the way you look at things from your own viewpoint, not considering anybody else. If a girl interests you, do you think it is all right to, well-well, to absorb her? You don't think

what that might mean to her.'

"On the contrary, I have been thinking "On the contrary, I have been thinking about that very thing, so far as you are concerned," he said. "If I, to use your own term, absorbed you, it would mean a great many things to you. I am not one of those fools who expect something for nothing. If I become your major interest in life—" He hesitated, looked at me as though he were trying to search the very depths of my soul. I returned his gaze steadily. "It would mean to you. Miss Lane" he said slowly, as I returned his gaze steadily. "It would mean to you, Miss Lane," he said slowly, as though cautiously testing the effect of every word, "it would mean, first of all, wealth, travel, jewels-

JUST for the fragment of a second, I was intoxicated with a wild, selfish vision, a throbbing leap of the luxury loving streak in my nature. I am trying to be truthful and, I confess, that swift temptations assailed me with a thousand perfumed are sailed me with a thousand perfumed ar-

"But that," I said slowly, as one stating a difficult fact, "is an insult."

"You have not been insulted; you have been paid a compliment. My dear girl, I think too well of you to regard you cheaply in the faintest degree as an easy woman. or in the faintest degree as an easy woman. I want you to think all of this over, weigh it, balance it against all other considerations. Don't try to give me an answer now. We will forget it for the present; let it in-

I looked straight at him and he studied me for several seconds.

"Before I take you home, I would like to show you through this apartment. I think some of the things might interest you. 1 have some rare books, curios and several rather good paintings. But first, I promised you some champagne, didn't I? Wait just a minute."

The authority and magnetism of his manner had begun to dominate me so that while I was intensely eager to leave the place, I sat almost helplessly lacking the will power to bring my desire to an immediate decision. I thought it rather strange that with all this magnificence he did not ring for a servant. Mr. Karby seemed to read my mind.
"Unfortunately I let all of the help go out

this evening, and I will have to act as butler myself," he said lightly.

I was alone for a few minutes, sunk in the depths of a great yielding arm chair, my senses wavering with an under-current of half frightened excitement that seemed paralyze all that was prudent and straight-

laced in my heritage.

The soft tread of feet on the thick rugs marked Mr. Karby's return. He set a tray and glasses on a table; there was the pop of a cork, and the faint swishing noise of

poured wine.
"Here we are, my dear." He reached over and handed me a slender-stemmed glass brimming with bubbling amber liquid. "Not enough to hurt you, just enough to refresh you pleasantly."

HEN he sat down near me with his own

THEN he sat down near me with his own glass. He lifted it slightly.
"To your eyes!"
All of my life I had heard of champagne, but I had never even seen any before. I drank it out of sheer curiosity. This may

be a poor excuse, but it is the truth!

In after years, I learned something about champagne, but at that time I was so ignorant I gulped it down as though it had been a glass of water. The effect was im-mediate and tremendously enlivening. What a few moments before had seemed

to me a most serious situation, speedily took on the aspect of a delightful joke. immensely happy and I felt quite brilliant. I do not recall what I said to Mr. Karby, but at the moment I was sure that my conversation was as sparkling as the wine itself

Amazingly as my spirits soared, Mr. Karby seemed to grow more serious. His expression became worried, and I smiled at his growing solemnity. I asked for another glass of the wine, but he carried the tray to another part of the room.

You have had enough for the moment,'

he said.

A delicious sense of restfulness began to steal over me, and I leaned back against

the soft cushions with my eyes closed.
"Shall we go now?" he asked.
But I was too comfortable, just then, to
move. "In a little while." I told him. "I

am enjoying this."

Very slowly consciousness stole away from me, and I sank drowsily into quiet, profound slumber.

I MUST have counted the passing hours subconsciously as I slept because a warning voice within me. faint at first, grew more insistent until I suddenly opened my eyes wide. I was perfectly clear headed, and sharply aware of all that had happened. Most of the lights in the room were out. A shaded lamp on the table by the wall glowed softly filling the room with a dusky. glowed softly, filling the room with a dusky, vellowish radiance. A small gilt clock on the table startled me with the hour. It was five o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Karby was not in the room. I had not moved or changed posture from the moment I had closed my eyes, but being alone in a man's apartment was mysterious,

I sprang up and called to him in a voice



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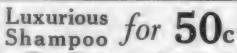
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scarcely recognized. "Mr. Karby! Mr. Where are you?"

There was no answer, and I called again. This time there was a sound from a room connected by a passage with the which I stood. I heard his voice. with the one in

"I will be with you in a moment. I glanced in the mirror. My hair was disarranged, but I did not attempt to fix He came into the room with sleep his eyes, his portly form clothed in a silk bathrobe, with a heavy cord knotted at the waist, a grotesque brilliance of silk pajamas showing below, his feet in slippers.

AM so sorry," he said with throaty apology in his voice. "I tried staying up I AM so sorry, apology in his voice. with you until you woke up, but I have passed the time in life when I can stay awake all night, so I thought it better to turn in myself and let you sleep it off. imagined if you awakened, that you would call me. I'll telephone for a taxicab to take you home."

His eyes were slightly bleary, and I was filled with a deep repugnance for this situation which had virtually been forced upon me. I found my cape swiftly. "Thank you, you needn't bother. I will go down and get a taxicab myself," I said coldly.

However chivalrous he had been earlier the evening, a drowsy, early-morning rliness sat on his brow. His tone was surliness reasonably polite, but I could feel the effort

he was making.
"I am really very sorry, but if you insist-

I swept toward the door eager to be gone, and he followed me with sluggish, almost doddering steps. I was as fresh and alert as the dawn which I saw breaking clean and cool, through the windows. At the door I fumbled with the lock, and his pudgy fingers turned the key and swung it open on noiseless hinges.

We stood petrified!

Unexpectedly, without warning, three hard-faced men stood before us. though they had risen up silently through the floor. My first thought was that they were robbers who had slipped into the building and gained the outer entrance of Mr. Karby's apartment. Their faces were sinister, antagonistic, cruel.

Mr. Karby's countenance lost its color

and became pasty white.
"Here! Here!" he exclaimed, with a futile effort to make his voice belligerent.
"What is the meaning of this intrusion?"
But the command of the situation was

completely in the hands of the three strangers. One of them spoke quickly to a second.

"All right! Let 'er go!"

THEN, for the lifet time, a camera in one of the strangers carried a camera in the cam HEN, for the first time, I noticed that his hands. One of them struck a match; there was a bright blinding explosion, a sudden gust of smoke that clouded all around us.

"Got it perfect!" One of the men cried

triumphantly.

The realization of what happened seemed to strike Mr. Karby and me simultaneously.
"You damned dogs," Mr. Karby cried hoarsely. "I know what you got that flash-light picture for, you hounds! I suppose you think you've got something on me at last?"

"Now don't get sore, Mr. Karby," their leader said. "We ain't to blame for this, you know. It's our job to get evidence, and it's your own fault if you leave yourself wide open." He turned to his men.
"Come on, boys. let's get out of here."
"You damned vultures!" Mr. Karby
called them. "This is illegal. It's house-

breaking!" Be yourself," the leader shot back. "We're not housebreakers. You couldn't stick us on that charge in a thousand years. You've got to come to court yourself, with clean hands when you prosecute anybody, and you've been breaking the statutory law yourself, remember.

That's a lie!" Karby boomed.

"Your lawyer can argue all that stuff in court, sir, but I think the photograph will speak for itself. You have been alone in this apartment all night with the young lady, and you are escorting her to the door speak for itself. at five o'clock in the morning. We'll testify to that, and the photograph will prove it. It's a cinch for Mrs. Karby to get her divorce now, and all the alimony she wants. Come on boys."

They turned, opened a door beside the elevator; trooped down the iron stairway. During all this, I felt as though my heart had not beat a single stroke. Mr. Karby's baffled rage seemed to concentrate upon me, personally, as though I had brought about this catastrophe.

"You little fool," he said to me. "You little idiot, to bring all of this down on my head because you couldn't handle a little champagne. A pretty mess you got me

A wild storm of uncontrollable weeping wept me with the force of a hurricane. This blaming me for the terrifying experience was more than my strained nerves could stand. I tried to get hold of myself, but sob after sob racked me. I knew what I was doing, but I was powerless to stop it.

MR. KARBY was becoming frightened at my condition. He drew me back into the living room, closed the door, and put me in a big chair while he tried to soothe me with reassuring words.

I was unsophisticated, but I was also wise enough to know that this would mean utter disgrace. The co-respondent in a di-vorce suit, trapped and photographed. My foolish, girlish vanity had brought me to utter ruin. No one would believe I was a good girl. How could they? de

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My own parents; my sweet trusting mother and my stern, Puritanical father the boys and girls I knew back home-my heart withered and died as the horrible reali-

zation grew.

'God, what a fool I've been!" Mr. Karby said in bleak despair. "My whole life through one piece of folly. This

For the first time I was stirred with a quick, bitter resentment at the selfishness which totally ignored the disaster that had

fallen upon me.
"You—you—" My throat was so tight
that the words could scarcely come out.

What-about-me?"

He looked at me as though I were dust beneath his feet. "Are you crazy?" he asked. "Don't you know that whatever happens to you is nothing to compare with what this means to me? My whole standing in the community, my reputation, a long and hopograble business career highted with and honorable business career blighted with the mud of scandal? You are just an unknown girl, with nothing in particular to lose: but for me-this is tragic!"

HE insult brought me to my feet, my The insult brough face flaming. "Y out of this!" I said. You have got to get me

He was beginning to get control of himself, and he smiled in a sorry fashion. "My dear young lady! Perhaps you can suggest I would like to get myself out at way?

the same time."
"Will—will that picture appear in the newspapers," I asked tremblingly.

I could see him turn sick. "That's the hell of it. Of course it will. My wife is one of those good women who are never happy unless they are raising the devil with somebody else. Yes, I am afraid it will."
"You say your wife is a good woman?"
"That's what I said."
"Well then dea't you suppose that the

"Well, then, don't you suppose that she

would agree to have that photograph destroyed if you would go back and live with her again?"

"When I require any advice from you, my dear young lady, I will ask you to let me have it." he said with a touch of his old time arrogance. "My private life is my own affair." own affair."

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"No it isn't. That's a lie!" I said, with a flare-up of temper that astonished me. 'If you kept your private life really private,

vou wouldn't have dragged me into this whole mess. I didn't want anything to do with your private life, and here you have got me spattered all over with it."

"Well, let me tell you something, Mr. John L. Karby. I'm not caring a thing on earth about your private affairs. If you can be completely selish, so can I. If you can take me and utterly ruin me—"

"Don't you think that is an unhappy

"Don't you think that is an unhappy phrase—utterly ruin you?" he asked.
"It is the truth. You know if that picture appears in the paper and my name is mentioned in this scandal, it is utter ruination for me.

tion for me. You've got to stop it, do you hear me? You've got to stop it!"

"How can I stop it," he said, beginning to pace the floor. "You ought to know what the private divorce detectives are. My wife will utterly glory in this opportunity to will utterly glory in this opportunity to prove to the world that she was right and

I was wrong." I was wrong."
"You are a rich man," I told him, as I thought shrewdly. "Can't you buy her off?"
"She doesn't need money; she has plenty already. What she wants is revenge."
"The detectives, then. Surely you could outbid her for that photograph."

outbid her for that photograph."
"Oh, I'll try it," he said with a sort of desperate fatigue.

"You have got to do something!" "You can rest assured that I will do everything in my power to stop this," he said, with a final grudging friendliness.

"There is only one way to stop it. That is to go back to your wife."
"Never!" he declared bitterly.
"You mean that you would rather see me made the victim of your own scandal than to do the sensible, decent thing? A man at your time of life should be ashamed of himself.'

'I will not go back to that woman," he said grimly.

My heart seemed to freeze, to harden, to

grow bitter.
"Do you realize that you are sending me to hell? That you have it in your power to hush things up immediately by a reconciliation?" I asked him, with a steadiness that surprised me at my own self-control. "If I go to the dogs, you alone are responsible!"

"I cannot help it."

Just for a moment we lingered in the doorway, my eyes blazing at his. He was stubborn, sullen, but determined with the headstrong perversity of a small soul driven into a corner. I found a little hard laugh

coming from my other self, a self that I had never before known to be in existence. "You can't get away with it!" I said, with my hands clenched. "You can't put

with my hands clenched. "You can't put all the shame on me and my parents without paying the bitter penalty that will make your present troubles seem like play."

"Are you threatening me?" he demanded.

"You bet your life I'm threatening you!"

I told him brazenly. "I don't know how I'm going to do it, but I do know this. If you make me fight you, I will never let up and I will win, too. Something tells me that. If you want to make a hell-cat out. that. If you want to make a hell-cat out of me, I'll act like a hell-cat, Mr. Karby. If I'm going to be a bad girl in the eyes of the world, there is going to be nothing half way about it. I'm going to be the baddest girl that you ever had clawing at your back, and don't you forget it!"

HAVE you ever wished you could see into the future? Be glad you can't! Even at that moment when I stood facing Mr. Karby with my castles crashing around me, I realized that one evening's pleasure was going to cost me dear, but had I known the full price I was to pay I am sure I should have lost my reason. I will tell you in April SMART SET how heartbreak followed heartache until I, who only wanted to be happy, became the most miserable girl in the world.

I Long for a Wife and Home

[Continued from page 23]

my daughter came home from the convent for the Easter holidays. She had written to ask if she might bring one of her school-mates and I had consented. Beryl was then ten, getting to be quite a big girl, but I was amazed when I saw the charming maid of fifteen Beryl brought with her. That was

A child who was becoming a woman too soon. I stood aside and watched her at the party I gave for Beryl. She was a flirt, and a fascinating one, even at fifteen. The and a fascinating one, even at fifteen. The thought of marriage with this child did not enter my head then but when I wrote to Beryl after that I always inquired about her chum. When I sent Beryl gifts I al-ways sent a package for Sally, too. Beryl always said something about Sally

in her letters and I learned that she was an orphan, whose up-bringing had been left to distant and disinterested relatives. When the summer vacation arrived, I suggested that Beryl invite Sally to spend it at our

From that time on my heart was lost. Child or otherwise, I made up my mind to win Sally's love. Just to have her around brought back youth to me. For two years

I treated her as I treated Beryl, but all the time I was doing what I could to make Sally think kindly of me; to regard me as something other than a man who had a

fatherly interest in her.

I talked to Sally about business affairs and the more serious things of life. Naturally my greatest competitors were the young men she met but, without appearing to do so, I contrived to let her see that more mature men had something in their favor, to impress her that they were superior, intellectually and otherwise, to striplings.

I did not try to take any unfair advantage. Rather did I create opportunities for her to meet boys and girls of her own age socially and I imposed upon myself the task of keeping pace with them. This did me a world of good physically. Instead of perworld of good physically. mitting myself to feel and act like a middlemitting myself to reel and act like a middle-aged man, I worked to keep myself in the pink of condition. I spent hours in the gymnasium and I could out-run, out-swim, out-dance any of the college boys who swarmed about Sally. I could beat any of them at tennis and I could even pitch a nine-inning baseball game without suffering too much afterward.



Six Months Ago All I Got Was Sympathy"

THY Ruth, what in the world has happened to you?" Frances Knight hadn't seen me for six months. We were chums until she married and moved away. At that time I was on the verge of a breakdown. All my friends felt sorry for me. I was always tired, always weary, always despondent. My nerves were worn to a ragged edge. My head ached, my back ached, every bone in my body seemed to ache. All I got was sympathy—and advice.

Naturally I tried everything that sounded reasonable. I took tonics, pills and powders until I was a walking drug store. Still, at that, my entire physical condition was that of an old woman. Though I was seldom really sick enough to call a physician, yet I was always so tired, so worn out. My face was drawn and haggard. My eyes became dull and sickly looking. My complexion was "pasty" and colorless.

Then one day I heard someone refer to me as having "one foot in the grave!" What a shock it was to hear that! How angry I felt!

I decided then and there to find "the way out." How well I did can be seen by just looking at me.

My secret is simply that of Annette Kellermann's methods! I read, in a maga-zine, of Annette Kellermann's life—how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once practically a cripple; puny, ailing, always sickly.

The story of how she dragged herself out of misery and actually made of herself the lovely, healthy, beautiful woman she is, gave me new hope and new faith. I wrote to her for her book, "The Body Beautiful," which describes her methods.

To that little book, I can truthfully say, I owe the onderful health and exuberance of spirit that is mine today.

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There is this to be said about marriage between a man of forty and a girl half his If the girl is not too frivolous she will keep her husband on his toes and help him retain the spirit of youth long after other men of his age have settled to the monotony of middle-aged existence.

When I thought the moment for me to declare myself had arrived, I told Sally how I loved her, in a much deeper way than as a daughter. She was not nearly so shocked as I feared she might be. She had kissed me many times before but never as she kissed me now.

"My very own dear daddy," she whispered, "do you think I have been blind? Well, not nearly so blind as you have been, or you would have seen how much I love you and how I hoped you would want to

marry me.'

FELT too exalted in my happiness to say much, but now that I was sure of Sally and had her own declaration that she loved me I began to bring up all the obstacles to our happiness. Possibly the conservatism which had made me successful in business compelled me to look for weak spots in our plans. When a business proposition is sub-mitted to me I invariably discount whatever representations are made in its favor by at least fifty percent. Without, of course, indicating to Sally that I held our relationship as a business proposition, I discounted its possibility of success even more than fifty percent. I wanted our married life to be a sure-fire success. I had failed in one mar-riage and it had been the first and only failure of my life to that time. I guarded against a second failure in marriage even more than I would have guarded against a business failure.

I called attention to the disparity in our ages and asked her to think ten years ahead, when I would be fifty and she only twenty-seven. I told her to look ten years beyond that when I would be sixty and she still a young woman of thirty-seven. I reminded her of youths who were crazy about her, young men of family and of even greater wealth than I. I conjured up all the disadvantages I could think of because, honestly, it occurred to me that I might be doing this beautiful young bud a deep injustice.

"Why, you darling old duck," she said, "anyone would think you were trying to get out of marrying me. Well, you can't do it. I've accepted your proposal and if you try to get out of it I'll sue you for breach of

HE idea of trying to compare any of these boys with your own strong self.
Don't you think I know how much more a man like you is worth. I've thought about all of those things and you can't discourage te. And besides I love you. So there!"
That sounded very brave, but also very

youthful. Only a very young girl would have said what Sally said, but she was enyouthful. thusiastic and sincere and I reasoned at the time that enthusiasm and sincerity are ex-cellent qualities to put behind any cause.

We were married and there followed the finest and happiest days of my life. I was living in paradise, a fool's paradise, perhaps, but I could never figure out what difference that made so long as it was my own paradisc

My first wife had wanted more money than I could provide. Sally had no complaint in this direction. I was making money faster than I ever had before.

Sally had, so far as her requirements were concerned, unlimited means at her disposal. I opened charge accounts for her at almost every store and shop on Fifth Avenue. Sally went on wild buying sprees and decked herself out in the most gorgeous and barbaric clothes. But however exotic and bizarre, she was always fascinating to me and I encouraged her to buy what she liked. was a doll, a plaything, a pet, a constant joy and amusement to me

I am a manufacturer of toys and inventor games for children. My business had been tremendously prosperous in recent years but I was always trying to conceive new jim-cracks to amuse children. I would try out those toys and games on Sally and them both as treating From their likes or dislikes I could tell pretty well whether my ideas would be successful or not.

Yet the very methods which made a suc cess of my business helped ruin my mar was absorbed in these affairs and was making them the big thing of my life giving my business the most thought and study when I should have given the most

thought and study to marriage.

I thought it was enough to keep Sally happy with material gifts and lots of affection, but even young wives want more than that. For instance, there was the house I built. I bought a fine piece of wooded land in one of the most exclusive suburbs in New Jersey. I told Sally nothing about it. With the architects I planned the house and laid out the grounds. Having been an interior decorator in my youth I furnished the house myself

S ALLY knew nothing about this present for her until it was completed. It was meant to be a beautiful little surprise palace for my queen, but that was a grave mistake. While Sally had no taste for fine furnishings and no talent for decoration she should have had a part in its planning and building. from the very start. As it was, it was never home to her, any more than a furnished apartment or a suite of rooms in a hotel would have been home.

While she never voiced any complaint, she felt it and, no doubt, there was vague realization that she herself was a part of the ornamentation of the house, the same as Gobelin tapestry or the Louis XIV

It was at this period of our married life when I was rather shocked by an incident which revealed a trait in my wife's character of which I never before dreamed. I learned that she was somewhat heartless, even cruel A short time before I had given her a little car which she drove herself. One afternoon when she parked it in front of the house I observed that one of the fenders and the hood were splattered with blood. her what had happened and she confessed that she had hit a horse, cutting the animal badly. "But I got away before anyone could get my number," she told me glee-

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As I looked back upon this incident I wonder if what a friend told me since I have been divorced is true. He is one of the friends who says I treated both of my wives too kindly. He has had a great deal of experience with women, has made a study of them, as he calls it, and he says a certain type of woman requires actual abuse to 'keep her in line and keep her happy.'

Some of his ideas are repugnant to me: they would be to any man with a sense of chivalry. But this is what he told me not

so long ago:

'HERE'S no use talking, Sam, you might I as well realize that such women exist in the world, even in the highest classes and the best families. These women won't stay loyal unless you give them some down-right neglect and abuse once in a while. You can't treat them too kindly. If you do they'll start looking around for somebody who will give them what they are looking for. I don't favor it any more than you do but you can't go against human nature. This type of woman needs to be slapped to sleep about once a week and she stays

t joy happy as long as you continue the treat-ment. She gets half her kick out of life from the joy of making up after a good rough-house. She is a sister of the woman who is never happy unless she is enjoying ecent ceive miserable health or can find something to weep about." ould and

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At any rate, shortly after our marriage, Sally began to display characteristics which worried me. For one thing, she assumed a different attitude toward Beryl. They had been chums, despite the difference in their ages, but now that Sally was Beryl's stepmother, she began to assume a dictatorial, step-mother attitude toward her.

Perhaps, in a way, Sally was jealous of Beryl, jealous because Beryl's mother was the first woman to hold my affections.

Sally used to ask me what sort of woman my first wife had been. I told her frankly all of the circumstances and she would al ways throw her arms about my neck and cry. "She was a hateful old thing, and I'm glad she did leave you or I wouldn't have you now.'

'A RE you sure you won't leave me the same way," I asked her one time,

playfully. "Never! Never! Never!" she cried. hugging me as if she were afraid I might get away from her. But she did leave me.

The suburb in which I built our home was made up of a newly-rich, swift-moving set, and it was within comfortable motoring distance of the New Jersey coast resorts. Quite naturally Sally and I became attached to this set and we were continually dashing to this set and we were continually dashing about with them on what they called good times. There was always card playing, dancing and considerable free and easy kissing between men and women who were married but not to each other. Then there were beach parties which Sally loved and it was astonishing to see how much of their it was astonishing to see how much of their figures the women and girls could show

without actually being naked.

I suppose it was my age beginning to assert itself. I didn't like their sort of display and I told Sally I should prefer her to be less daring in her choice of bathing cos-

This was really the first time she expressed strong opposition to my wishes. She told me if there was anything wrong it was in my own mind and said that I was behind the times.

Perhaps I was. Perhaps I don't know anything about the present-day standards of morality. I observed that it was always of morality. I observed that it was always the old or middle-aged men who turned to look after girls wearing short skirts on the streets or two-thirds nude bathing costumes on the beach. The younger fellows appar-ently did not get excited about the dimples

IT WAS a much harder puzzle for me to solve than the many I have invented for children, but I can say for Sally that she apparently made no outward attempts to at-

The only indication that anything might be wrong was the number of dances she had with young Franklyn Airdale, the son of a wealthy old local family. Yet Franklyn was a steady going fellow, a senior in college and he was always most respectful to

One night as I kissed Sally, it seemed to me she had been crying. Her eyes were red

me she had been crying. Her eyes were red and she was nervous and distraught.

"What is wrong, dear?" I asked her.

"Nothing at all," she assured me. "Just a slight headache."

At dinner she left her food almost untouched and when I became alarmed and tried to find out what was the matter with her che hurst into tours and read to the her she burst into tears and ran to her

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I followed her and took her in my arms. She cried bitterly for several moments and then she sobbed

'Sam, I don't love you any more and I can't live with you any longer.

"Come now, you don't mean that at all," I whispered. "Tell me what is wrong. Tell me what I have done to make my little girl cry like this."

That is what makes it so hard." she said ough her tears. "That is why I feel so through her tears. "That is why I feel so badly. You have been so good to me. so kind. You haven't done anything to make me unhappy. I've tried to be a good wife to you, so far as I knew how, but I don't love you. I'm afraid I've never really loved you as a girl should love the man she married.

AND how did you come to find it out?"

"I don't know

"Just who is it you do love, then?"
"No one," she sobbed.
"Yes, there is," I disputed. "It will do you good and help a lot if you tell me.

"I'm afraid I love Franklyn," she con-

Young Airdale, eh?"

"Yes.

"And he loves you?"
"Yes, but he is so noble, so honorable that he will not say so or do anything about it so long as I belong to you, so long as I am the wife of another man."
"But if you were not married, then he

would want you for his wife," I said. "Yes, oh, yes. Surely."

"Well, dear, you are my wife and I intend that you shall continue to be my wife," I told her. "Franklyn is only a boy, even though he is about your age. He is not as old as you are in experience. There is old as you are in experience. nothing more or less than infatuation on his part and on yours. You are so much more beautiful than any other girl he has known that I'm not surprised that he has fallen in love with you.

"The thing to do is to give him a chance to fall out of love. Suppose you and Beryl Suppose you and Beryl go down to Palm Beach for a month. won't go with you, so you won't have me to influence you and all I ask is that you promise not to have any sort of communication with Franklyn while you are away.'

"I'm willing to do as you say, my poor dear, but it won't make any difference.

She was right. A month away from me only strengthened her belief that she really loved me no longer and that life would not worth while unless she could have Franklyn Airdale.

No argument could convince Sally that she was wrecking her own life as well as mine. So I agreed to pay her way to Reno, Nevada, and to give her money to live on until she established residence and got her divorce.

My soul was in a state of torment before Sally departed. I watched after her like the father I had been to her once, and followed her about the house I had built for her but which so soon was to be a home without a mistress. I even went to her room and took little trinkets which would remind me of her.

I have been convinced by her conduct that women are essentially cruel and selfish. Sally thought only of the happiness she be-lieved in store for her. Before she left for Reno she went to the stores where I had opened accounts for her and charged gowns, dresses, hats, shoes, stockings, lingerie, even jewels-all to make herself more attractive for another man. I paid for them. I didn't complain. My friend who believes that some women should be abused says I was a prize boob.

So Sally went to Reno and in due time obtained her divorce. While she was she obtained her divorce. there she wrote me several times, trying to justify her action and asking for money. I sent it to her. Prize boob? She wired me happily the day the final decree was signed

I thought the best way to forget my sor row and forget Sally would be to fill my life with gaiety. I turned my home into an open house for all the blithe spirits on Broadway. I became known as the Prince of Spenders and at my week-end parties were always a half dozen or so of the most beautiful music show queens, whose charms dazzle New York

In a spirit of sardonic humor, without the slightest thought of revenge. I invited Franklyn Airdale to one of my beach parties I invited I held no malice against Franklyn. not find it in my heart to blame him nor What had happened to me to blame Sally. was inevitable.

Still it was I who introduced Franklyn to Geraldine Wheeler. Geraldine made no secret of the fact that she had gone on the stage with matrimony as an objective.

Just by chance I had told Gerry that Franklyn Airdale was one of the wealthiest young men in the country. When I introyoung men in the country. When I intro-duced them Franklyn gasped, then exclaimed "Where have you been all my life?"

Gerry smiled languidly and Franklyn led her away; then she tantalized him by not having any more to do with him that after-

noon. Perhaps that is why he followed her, back to New York, met her at the stage door a few nights later and raced with her over

to New Jersey where they were married.

Now look where that leaves me!

HE girl I adored, and planned the re mainder of my life for, dropped me with little more thought than she would have had in discarding a last year's hat to marry a boy with whom she was infatuated but he forgot all about her as soon as he saw prettier face and didn't even take the trouble to let her know he had changed his mind.

Here I am, twice married and twice a failure as a married man. I am branded in the marriage market as plainly as if I had my initials burned in my forehead. kind of a girl I would like to marry is protected by wise parents who regard me as

slightly soiled, second-hand goods.
As soon as Sally received her divorce I cut off her supply of money. I believe everyone will admit I was justified in that

I wondered what she would do. She had way of earning a living. A divorced no way of earning a living. woman's beauty is not ordinarily at a premium in the marriage market.

I was not surprised when she telephoned me a short time ago at my office. She assured me it was purely an impersonal call She merely wanted to know if I was well and if I had recovered from a slight cough from which she heard I had been suffering for several weeks. Would I let her know if there were anything she could do for me?

I cut the conversation short. Sally's voice seemed full of tears and I cannot bear to Then I told my hear or see a woman cry. telephone operator I was not to be in it she called again. But did I mean it? Was I sure that I didn't want to talk to her again?

As I said before, it has proved good business for me to be finished with man or woman when they have been unjust or un fair with me. But I am wondering.

Can the rules of business infallibly be ap plied to marriage and love affairs? unhappy without Sally. Would I be happy with her again? She was a good little wife and a comfort and joy to me before I lost her. Would she be the same again if I took her back? Has she learned her lesson? Or might she do the same thing over again?
I wonder if Sally herself knows the

answers to my questions?

She will phone me again. Shall I, or shall I not be in to her?

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[Continued from page 33]

lways the beautiful things in the world bring houghts of you. If I had not long ago cast if my childish belief in God as a personality I could willingly enter a nunnery and find the strange peace of mind that comes with all renunciation of worldly things. Oh, my larling, can't you see that I am really suffering? Can't you find it in your heart to make me happy again?

nake me happy again?
In anguish of soul, my spirit has rushed treathlessly after you through the moon lrenched nights, stumbling, falling, crying our name, forgetful of everything but the everwhelming desire to catch up with you. But you are too quick for me, Pan. You always were. I am like a swimmer breasting the current.

There I go, soaring up among the clouds igain, most likely annoying you with what ou call "sentimental nonsense." But that is the way I love you, darling. I can't beane and keep both feet on the ground when I am trying to put into words my love for you. Once more I have had to tell myself, He is gone forever." The joy, when I am able to forget, is so rapturous that the moments of bitter realization that follow are ments of bitter realization that follow are unbearable. That way lies madness. Can't you understand, dear, that even the homely sounds of everyday life take on a new significance because of their relation to you? The ringing of a telephone. A step on the stair. The slamming of a taxicab door down in the street. All these things send my heart leaping into my throat.

Y OU always told me you would go some day. Oh, you were honest enough with me, but there was a wistfulness in your voice when you said it that robbed the words

of their sting.

"When the time comes, you must let me zo," you said, and I promised, lightly. I was so sure I could hold your love! What t was that would take you from me I did not know. Nor did I care. At those times I felt my heart swell with a great yearning to take you into my arms, like a mother eeking to comfort an unhappy child. And I still have that feeling, sweet. Often in the stillness of a slumbering night I have still have that feeling, sweet. Often in the stillness of a slumbering night I have wakened, calling aloud to you, my arms reaching out in the blackness. But only silence answers me. Don't you ever hear?

It was so easy to forget when you held me close to you and told me, with your lips me close to you and told me, with your lips on mine, that there was never a girl so beautiful as I. And you said such strange things sometimes. I wonder if you remember? You talked like no man I had ever known before. Even your love-making was different. The love of other men takes on the quality of ugly, everyday living. Your love was Godlike. It was fierce and tender. Unfettered! Glorious! You had only to touch my hand and the emotion of all the great lovers stirred my heart.

great lovers stirred my heart.

"Melisande," you used to call me. "My beautiful Melisande." It was the name of a song I sang for you. How you loved it! When you were at peace with yourself and the world you would plead for my music. And I was glad. No one else had ever loved my music as you did. Besides, I could tell you things when I sang to you that I could never put into words. I was always trying to find a new result of the same and the same always. never put into words. I was always trying to find a new way of saying, "I love

Do you remember how I would fix the

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pillows behind your dear head and put the ash tray near you before I went to the piano! I was always thinking of your comfort; as tender of you as a mother of her child. Is it true, what some wise man once said, that a woman doesn't know how to love? That the emotion she feels is purely maternal? I wonder.

You never seemed to grow tired of my songs. Whether my mood was gay or sad or just serious, it fitted yours. "One more, please," you would plead, no matter how many I had sung. And when I had wooed you with your favorite "Melisande in the Wood" you would call me to your side and look adoringly into my eyes, as though wondering where so much beauty came from.

I KNEW it was not on my face, but deep into the heart and soul of me that you were looking when you did that. And it was that very thing that first drew me to you. Other men had flattered and complimented me. I danced well, they said. I was a "good looker." They admired my wit and the sophistication I had deliberately cultivated. I wanted to be thought a good sport. But you, darling, you showed me qualities I had never known were there, tolerance and sympathy and tenderness and the ability to be true.

Being true was something so new to me, too. I had always bragged that I could never be content with the admiration of one man. Like all modern girls I played them against each other. I wanted to play with this thing called love and have the whole world at my feet. What if I did break a few hearts into the bargain? Mine would remain intact.

And then you came, with your love and your kisses and your selfishness. Yes, you were selfish, dear. Much as I love you I was never blind to that. You made demands on me that no man had made before. Unreasonable demands they were, that would have proved irksome had I not loved you so. But I met those demands eagerly! Surrendering to you was such sweet sacrifice.

THINK of it, sweet! I who had always been the one to dictate, who had held love lightly, suddenly became humble and subservient to your every wish. I wonder if that is why I lost you! I never thought of it that way before, but I remember now.

When you met me I was proud and spirited and defiant of conventionalities. Men had petted and spoiled me until I accepted them and their love as a matter of course. Even before you knew me you had heard of my conquests. Your best friend was then in love with me.

I have since had good reasons to despise him for the bitter things he said and did to you when he knew of our love, but I find it impossible to have any but a warm feeling in my heart for him because he brought you to me. That is what I mean, dear, when I say you showed me beauties within myself that I did not know I had. You have taken all the hatred and vengeful thoughts out of me and put in their place a great love and understanding of humanity. You did that, sweet, with your love.

Our first meeting! Do you remember it?

When you are out among your gay friends, looking into the challenging eyes of some pretty girl, do you remember that night?

We had gone to a dancing place with some

We had gone to a dancing place with some friends. To me it was simply another night of pleasurable excitement. And then fire struck fire! That instantaneous flash that makes a woman say, "That is my man." "I want that woman." the man says. And there you have it. That is what happened to me.

Under different circumstances we might have met like two ships that signal and pass each other in the night. But I guess the spirit of the real Pan, your namesake, must have been hovering about that night.

He set the stage with music and with wine and soft lights and softer voices. So that his plans might not miscarry, he whispered to the others present that they should be blind and deaf to you and me. I thank him for that! Even the other man who loved me. or thought he did, knew nothing of our sudden, thrilling discovery of each other.

sudden, thrilling discovery of each other.
You asked me to dance! That was where you made a fatal error if you had any hope of keeping the fire under control. If you had not asked me to dance that night the flame of our love might have burned itself out before dawn, and I should not now be suffering and praying for death to liberate me from the haunting, beautiful dreams of you.

That dance! Dear God, will I ever be able to forget it?

What was it, my sweet? Out of all your wisdom and experience have you ever been able to explain it? You, of all the men I was meeting constantly, why did you have to be the one to waken my soul from its long sleep?

We danced only once. Remember? You begged for another, but I was afraid. The pain and beauty of your nearness was terrifying. You had taken me along that sweet and torturous path up to the very gates of Paradise, only to find them shut!

I KEEP asking you if you remember, because it does not seem possible that you could remember without flying to me even if you were at the ends of the earth. Love like ours comes to only a few, dear heart. That is the great pity of it, that you should deliberately have torn it from your heart and thrown it away. We might have gone down in history, you and I. We might have lived as completely as Elizabeth Browning and her husband. Or we might have died together as gloriously as Romeo and Juliet. Anything might have been possible.

In the midst of the chatter that was going on about me, you suddenly leaned over to me and whispered, "I love you." It was not the first time a man had said that to me. Some had meant it; others had not. That is the way of men. But when you said, "I love you," it took on a new meaning. You spoke a different and infinitely more beautiful language.

I was hungry to hear you say it again It was such sweet madness to play with the words. And so I asked you, so softly that I feared you might not hear, "How do you love me?"

You answered me by quoting some of Swinburne's poetry and as the words came slowly from your lips, you laid your hand over mine. I felt the icy coldness of it.

Ah Sweet! You knew your Swinburne. didn't you? You knew the music of hiwords and the deadly power of them. I knew it, too. I had always known it, but why of all the poets who have sung of love did you have to turn to Swinburne at that moment?

THE magic of Swinburne's poetry could help me now were it not for its association with you. Is there anything that does not live and breathe the dear name of you? Is there any place on this earth where I can find refuge from the memory of your kisses? Sometimes, in the quiet darkness of your room, just before sleep comes, do you not feel the brush of my lips against yours? I do that every night. Don't laugh! Don't call me a romantic little fool. I do kiss you good night, every night. It helps me to forget that you are gone.

The maddening part of it all is that I do not know what happened. It was all so sudden. We had had our lovers' quarrels of course, but love was all the sweeter when they had passed. You were so jealous! The years of my fickleness with other men counted heavily against me. I can see you

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now, glaring with a dull hatred when I danced with anyone else; looking up susdanced with anyone else; looking up suspiciously if the phone rang while you were in my house. I could not make you believe that you were the only man in the world I wanted. "Emotionally," you said, "I believe you. Intellectually, I can't." If only you had listened to your heart!

Then, as you came to know you could trust me, our quarrels grow less. I said to

trust me, our quarrels grew less. I said to myself, "It will not be long now until we never know an unhappy moment." And then the thing happened that brought my air castle tumbling about my ears. After months of the most glorious happiness that a human being is privileged to know, you came to me one night and said, "It is the end. We must break for always."

I COULD not believe it. I thought you must be playing with me. You used to say that quite often in the first few months of our association. But I knew that it was a strong feeling of loyalty to two other persons that were head of your words. You sould not that was back of your words. You could not seem to forget that there was a man, your friend, who believed you had stolen me from him.

from him.

Nor could you forget the suffering you had brought to another girl, a girl who had also loved you. Oh she did love you, sweet. I knew that. But her love was like the feeble flame that flickers at the end of a match. Mine was the holocaust of the whole world after! That was why I had ho computations about taking way from her

punctions about taking you from her.
So when you came to me on that last terrible night and said, "I am going," I thought it was just your conscience again and I knew I could hold my own against that. But that night it wasn't conscience. It was that other thing, the thing that has driven you from place to place like one cursed, the horror of not being your own master. Freedom at any price has been your creed. Freedom, no matter whom it destroyed, or how much it hurt you.

destroyed, or how much it hurt you.

Well, you got your freedom from me, dear. That is, you took it, but I wonder if that freedom is so sweet to you now? And now I am going to tell you something that you won't like. Perhaps because you know it is so, you will scoff and say, "Preposterous!" Nevertheless, I have the feeling that you are coming back to me, soon. I do not know where you are. It is months since I have seen you. The decision you made not to write, you have cision you made not to write, you have kept. Occasionally someone drops your name in a chance conversation; I know you have traveled far. But were I to know that tomorrow would be my last day on earth, I would not know where to find you. There

would not know where to find you. There is only one chance in a thousand that you will ever see this letter, and still I feel you are coming back to me!

Perhaps your spirit for high adventure has burned itself out. Perhaps freedom has begun to pall. I do not know. The feeling persists. And so across all these desperate. persists. And so, across all these desperate miles that separate us, I blow you a kiss, Pan. A welcoming kiss. Stronger men than you have fled from the softness of a woman's

you have fled from the softness of a woman's arms and have come back, chastened and humble. Will it be that way with you? But don't wait too long, dear heart. Don't let the passing of time dull the fine magic of our love. Don't wait until you discover that the only thing in God's world that counts for anything is the love of the one who loves you. Don't let me grow old in body and weak in spirit waiting for you.

Come to me then, my sweet, and hold me

Come to me then, my sweet, and hold me close to you and never, never let me go again. My lips are parted, those lips you love; my eyes are brimming with tears of frenzied hope; my arms are outstretched; I am waiting, waiting. Won't you come back to me, dear, dear Pan?

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Your Love Is Never Wasted

[Costinued from page 79]

life is through a dream while you have learned from this unhappy experience the things that will make you a much finer, bigger and truer girl. You will gradually come to realize that every one of us is cram full of petty faults and big ones. We are constantly wounding those we love. The hearts of us all are scarred with a thousand wounds caused by the stupidity of others. We are greedy and selfish, a poor weak lot of creatures that have chosen to call ourselves human beings.

This love we speak of that has the power to raise us to such unbearable heights one minute and plunge us to such depths the next is the only thing about us human. It is love that makes us a bit nearer God than the unhappy pup that runs the streets, and the more we give forth love to the world, the more human do we be-We live, Marge, only in proportion to our ability to love. We grow only in proportion to our ability to greet each new We grow only in experience with open arms and the question
"What have you to give me?" And I think that once you get over the idea that those five years of life that you gave to Walter are wasted, you will come to regard the affair in a new light.

You said, "I don't want sympathy," Marge, so I haven't given it to you; nor have I proffered you mock philosophy. I have simply tried to bring a bit of truth into the situation. But I still feel that I

must give you a word of advice.

Sentiment is beautiful. Sentimentality is Looking back on your love affair with Walter and salvaging beautiful memories is real sentiment. Letting those memories come between you and a future and perhaps bigger love is rank sentimentality. It's cheap dramatization of a precious thing. Men may prove faithless; women unworthy; death is inevitable; nothing you can do or I can say can change that, but love rides above all, serene, eternal, untouched. can reach out and take it in and hold on

SO DON'T sentence yourself to lifelong misery, Marge, any more than you would want Walter sentenced to jail for life because he found love elsewhere. Hearts can

blunder the same as brains. Peggy asks, "Shall I tell him?"

Dear Martha Madison: I am a flapper of eighteen, engaged to the dearest boy in the world. I don't drink, but try to be a pal in every other way. We smoke, dance and pet, but there we draw the line. Ranny thinks I am a wonderful girl. The truth is, Mrs. Madison, when I was fourteen I had a very serious affair. What I thought was love was only infatuation, but things went too far. The boy is married now and has great respect for me; I know he will never I have been a good girl since and had almost forgotten the past until a few nights ago. Our crowd was talking about girls with shady pasts. Ranny said, 'Girls like that are all right to play around with but not to marry.

'And Ranny and I are to be married in Iune!

"On the way home he told me about an affair he once had with a girl. Of course he expected me to forgive him and I did. But if I had confessed my past how he would have judged me! Only God and my dead mother know how my heart ached. question is, shall I tell him? I want to be fair, but life without Ranny looks empty indeed. I've never been bad at heart and all I want now is a home with Ranny and babies. Peggy."

Dear Peggy: First of all, you haven't got a "past"; you merely have an unpleasant memory and the consciousness of having made a bad mistake. Now we've got that straight. I don't expect that everyone will endorse my advice, but don't tell him, Peggy. Why not? It's a long story, briefly but don't tell

BACK of the horror Ranny would feel at your confession is not injustice, nor selfishness nor a petty mind. Ranny, just like all the other men in the world is the victim of tradition; you are the victim of the double standard of morality. It has always been that men can philander before marriage, but women are supposed to keep themselves for one man. Because of that, men have a right to expect that the girls they marry come to them untouched. If you really had a shady past" that Ranny was not aware of, I should advise you to tell him, no matter how you had changed. But your indiscretion of four years ago should not count now. It's what you've done since you fell in love with Ranny, and what you're going to do after you're married that matters. Here's another way to look at it, Peggy Have you the right to destroy the perfect faith he has in you? Is it fair to hurt him at the price of easing your own conscience? I think not; and I am of the firm conviction that the right sort of man wouldn't want to be told.
Evelyn asks, "Will this hold him?"

"Dear Martha Madison: How much should one sacrifice for love? That is my problem. I wonder if any of the girls who write you have faced it before? It's this way: I've been unfortunate enough to fall in love with a young man who doesn't want to get married. I know he loves me and he has always treated me with respect. Last night, however, he told me that to prove my love I must give myself to him; he said nothing about marriage. He said, too, that unless I did this he would look for a girl who loved him enough to do that. I suppose you think I should despise him for suggesting such a thing, but he is not really immoral, Mrs. Madison, he just has ideas of life that are different from other peoples'. I can't bear to give him up. Is this the only way I can hold him? Evelyn, Youngstown. Ohio.' Dear Evelyn:

If only I knew you! Then I might be able to find the right words to keep you from doing this thing! Don't give yourself to him. Don't; it will never hold him. I don't say that because I'm narrow-minded or because I don't understand that times have changed. I do. And it's my experience with girls and their love problems today that has shown me how disastrously the thing you are contemplating works out.

DON'T you see, dear, that if giving herself to a man would hold him there would be no unfaithful or runaway husbands? no doubt that the young man really be-lieves he would love you more for your sacrifice, but he wouldn't. It would go against the fundamental elements of his nature. Way back in his head there would always be a little feeling of contempt that you gave yourself so cheaply; after a while he'd become suspicious that you were flirt-ing with other men. Bitter quarrels would follow; your sacrifice would prove a boomerang; he might even throw it up to you!

True love does not destroy the one who inspired it, Evelyn, and I am afraid this boy will destroy you if he can. Car see that I'm not preaching morality? Can't you I'm trying desperately to save you unhappiness? Please try to believe that, and please try to find another sweetheart whose ideas of life are like other peoples'. It's the surest way of being comfortable and happy.

Nathan thinks religion comes before love.
"Dear Martha Madison: Against the wishes of my parents, who wanted me to marry a Jewish girl, I became engaged to a Catholic girl who has since adopted my faith. We go to the synagogue together but she doesn't take it seriously. She says that if we have a child she may not let it be brought up in the Jewish religion. I love her deeply, but under these circumstances I don't see how our marriage could succeed. Do you? Nathan. Wheeling, West Va."

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Is religion the only thing in life? Is your faith the only one? Are the men and women who believe in other creeds all bad? Is your religion more important than your love?

THESE are questions, Nathan, that only you can answer, and your answers should determine the future. But perhaps your fiancee has not been properly instructed in the teachings of your religion: she may not understand that back of them is a beautiful philosophy and a sincere worship of God. Again, you may have been too arrogant in forcing your religion on her.

But it seems to me, Nathan, that one's creed is not the important thing; one's religion is. The most God-like woman I ever knew had never been inside a church, and yet all the world was better because of her. What really matters is how you treat your fellow men; whether you are kind and tolerant and generous and sympathetic. Think, Nathan, do you suppose your lawgiver, Moses, ever intended that the simple laws he laid down for you so many thousands of years ago should separate you from the girl you love? Think over these things; forget your prejudices for a minute. Then, if you decide you are big enough to make a success of marriage in spite of them, go ahead. If you are still in doubt, call the engagement off.

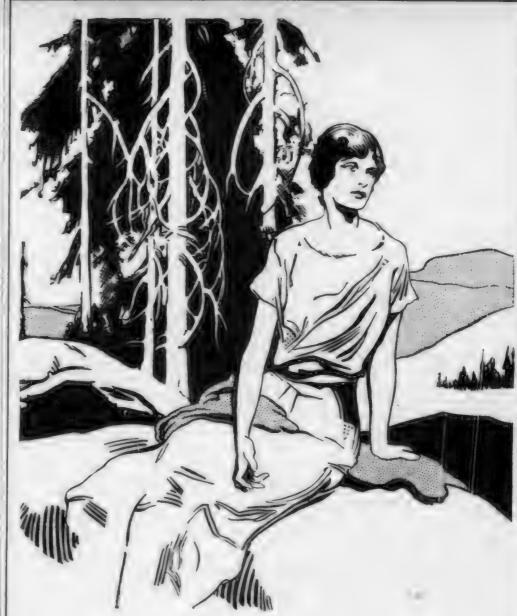
Marcia laments "I haven't a sweetheart!"
"Dear Martha Madison: I am twenty
years old, not pretty but nice looking, have
my share of brains, but the boys don't pay
any attention to me. Why? I go to parties
but I never feel at ease when I am talking
to a fellow. I can't seem to forget myself
and loosen up like the other girls. No
matter what I do I feel self-conscious.
Again, why? And how can I make the
boys like me? Marcia, Melrose, Mass."

Dear Marcia: Try thinking less about

Dear Marcia: Try thinking less about yourself and the impression you are creating; think more about the boys you meet. Get them to talk about themselves, their jobs, their ambitions, their hobbies. It's characteristic of men and women to like to talk about themselves, and the girl who is a good listener is always in demand.

A PSYCHOLOGIST would probably tell you that you have an inferiority complex. To overcome this, I suggest that you learn to do some one thing well. It doesn't make any difference what, skating, dancing, playing a ukulele, anything that makes you an asset to a party, and which you feel you could do well if you set yourself to it. A girl with charm can be a prize dumb-bell and the men will flock around her. Youth and looks, my dear Marcia, are not the things that hold men, although they do attract; some of the greatest charmers in history were positively ugly women.

So just hold fast to the idea that you have an equal chance along with the other girls to win a sweetheart for yourself. And when you do, I know you will be able to keep him; your letter convinces me that you are not a girl who would ever hold



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"That's fine! I'm glad to hear it. But you have time, jet wantier to get married is not enough to justif, an increase in salary.

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herself or her love cheaply. Put those brains to work. Marcia! Babe cries "My husband has another woman!"

"Dear Martha Madison: What do you think of a man who is having an attair with another woman when he has been married only a year? That man is my he shand and I am the most miserable girl that ever lived. If it wasn't that I have a young baby I would tell him to go away from me forever. This woman is so brazen She calls him up at the house and writes letters, even though she knows he is married. I guess you can understand how terribly upset I am, and I hope you can give me good advice. Babe, Atlanta, Georgia."

DEAR Babe: My advice will take an unlimited amount of patience, and some-times your heart will almost break, but I am sure it will make things come your way. Stick it out. Babe, stick it out! Don't let another woman come along and oust you from your home; don't give up your hus-band just because he happens to be weak and the woman determined. Unless their iffair is one of those Romeo and Juliet loves that comes once every hundred years, he is going to turn from her before long or I miss my guess.

It always happens that way, Babe dear. It would happen more often if women had the courage to sit tight and wait. Why? Habit forges stronger chains about men than illicit love ever could; and you have habit and the intimate association of marriage on your side. Every gentle word, every un-selfish attention, each happy smile, free from malice, that you give your husband lessens this woman's hold. Bitter quarrels, re-criminations, a hateful spirit, these criminations, a hateful spirit, these strengthen it. It's the constant dripping of the water that wears away the stone, you

Did I hear you say "It isn't worth it. Why should I have to put up with this? Other women's husbands act decently!" If that's the way you feel, Babe, disregard my But remember that you don't know what other women have had to do to hold their husbands and save their marriages from the rocks. Nothing that's worth anything comes easily; the more precious it is the bigger the price. Pay the price then, Babe; it will repay you and the little one ten times over.

NATALIE knows her sweetheart is trying to get away.
"Dear Martha Madison: I have been going

with a fellow for several months and I gave up all my other boy friends for him. works at night and to please him I promised not to go out. His night work is over now, but he says he will only be up to see me twice a week and that week ends he must spend with his sister in the country. doesn't seem fair, after all I have given up. How can I make him come and see me oftener? Natalie, Davenport, Iowa."

Dear Natalie: You can't force love and

consideration from a boy who doesn't want to give them. The most fatal thing you could do would be to make any demand right now. What I think has happened is that your young man has been working so hard he wants to play for a while; he wants to taste of real freedom. You represent a number of charming things. Natalie, but freedom is not one of them. Think how you would feel if you had been working every night for so long.

Now if you are to hold him at all it will be by convincing him that in you he will always find perfect understanding with no room for trifling hurts. Sometimes it will take more patience and tolerance than you can find in your heart. But if it brings this boy back at last to you, yours for always, won't you feel that it was worth the pain that it cost you?

In the meantime I think you should encourage the friendship of other boys. your privilege, and if the young man sees others paying you attention, freedom may not seem so desirable.

Jasmine asks "Am I too young for mar-

"Dear Martha Madison: I am seventeen and very much in love with a young man twenty-one, whom I have known for two He is away from me now, but we correspond regularly. He has asked me several times to marry him, but I have re-fused because of my age. Last week he wrote that he would be down to see me soon and expected to take me back with him as his wife.

"I seem older than I am; most people think I am nineteen. Then too, I am very unhappy at home; my father and I quarrel all the time, so I am seriously considering marrying this young man. I wonder what your advice will be? Jasmine, Utica, N. Y." Dear Jasmine: At seventeen no two girls

have the same mental development. tally, you may be much older than your years, so it all depends on you. What I do want to impress upon you, however, is that you must under no circumstances marry this young man to escape unhappiness at home. At least now you have a certain amount of freedom; but think what it would be like if you were bound by marriage to a man with whom you quarreled continually.

F YOU are certain you love him enough to spend the rest of your life with him, marriage might be a happy solution to all your difficulties Only remember, little Jasmine, that marriage brings with it many responsibilities and irksome duties as well as thrills and babies. It means giving and giving until it hurts. Of all human relations it to the facility of all human relations it's the frailest and the most won-derful when it turns out right. You with your youth and freshness and courage and love can make it turn out that way if you will give instead of take. R

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Rachel tells me ner fatuated with another girl. love with a boy who has always shown that he cared a great deal for me. We have had many good times because we have common and I had begun to think that nothing could come between us. He has been working out of town for some time, but just before he went he started going with another girl whom he had known before he started going with me. She is really beautiful, but he denies he loves her; he says it's infatuation.

"He came home on a visit a few weeks

ago and this girl took up much of his time, and when he left there were rumors that they were engaged. I know he does not love her, and I want to cure him of his infatuation. How can I? Rachel, Portage-ville. Mo."

Dear Rachel: Probably you won't like my advice, because it is dull and uninteresting and long drawn out, and sadly lacking in dramatic elements. But rest assured of this one thing, if it is really infatuation that your sweetheart feels for the other girl, he will find it out for himself and there is no surer way of convincing him. Words are surer way of convincing him. Words are useless. Rachel, when it comes to dissuading a person from something that is pleasant but harmful; words are dangerous when a girl is trying to hold her man by belittling the other girl.

HE WOULD scorn your pleas now and accuse you of jealousy. Of course you're jealous! Who wouldn't be? But letting him see it isn't going to help your cause any. What is my advice? Simply to play the uninteresting role of a very good friend for the time being. Be tactful to the nth de-

108

gree, Rachel; don't confide in anyone; stories fly like wildfire and are easily distorted. At the same time keep your mind open to the possibility that real love may exist between these two, in which case you are helpless. We are not so constructed that love comes only once, so if it happens that you are not to have this boy for your husband, don't blind yourself to another love. Don't cheat yourself out of future happiness. Keep your mind and your eyes open, dear girl, and your heart receptive of love. The world is full of girls who have loved and lost and loved again!

Emily wonders if she should marry a

poor man.

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d for h de"DEAR Martha Madison: I am twenty-three years old and engaged to a young man seven years my senior. I have always worked for my father in return for room and board and a small salary. Consequently I have never had fine clothes or a bank account, but I know how to get the most

out of a dollar.

"The man I love has taught me how fine real love can be, but he wants me to wait two years before we get married. His health is poor and I know he will never be a big wage earner; that is why my parents and friends disapprove of the match. He has offered me a home with his mother and sister who are partially dependent upon him, but I have refused because I believe a young couple ought to start out alone. Perhaps you will tell me that if I cared enough I would make the sacrifice, but one cannot always live on sentiment, can one? Emily, Rochester, N. Y."

Dear Emily: Sentiment is a feast for some people; a meager meal to others, and I doubt that it would compensate you for any sacrifice you might make for this young man. Do not think I am criticizing you; I was merely trying to fit your personality and temperament into a difficult situation,

and I find that it does not fit.

You see, Emily, marriage means different things to different girls. To some it means freedom from parental dictation; to others the consummation of a great love; to others an amazing adventure. To you, marriage means a home, security, progress, and a certain definite standing among your friends. That is why I believe you should wait.

Y OU are a practical girl and a good manager, but even a good manager must have some foundation on which to build. So I say compromise, Emily. Don't give him up and don't rush into the thing when all odds are against you.

odds are against you.

KATHERINE, Old Hickory, Tenn.: Watch out that imagination doesn't run away with you. See your husband again; he may be cured of jealousy. If you don't remarry you will at least know if you still lave him.

you. See your husband again; he may be cured of jealousy. If you don't remarry you will at least know if you still love him. "DOTTS," Milwaukee, Wis.: You have been lucky enough to get a fellow who doesn't expect you to pet every minute. But what about the girl who falls in love with the other kind?

GRACE P., Royal Oak, Mich.: Stop nagging. Keep your petty worries to yourself. Until you know he has another woman don't be snooping around for trouble. You have a good man, little girl: treat him right!

A good man, little girl; treat him right!
J. E. M., Glen Cove, N. Y.: Your mother
did not mean you should deny yourself
wholesome pleasures. Don't let your grief
spoil your life and that of the girl you
love. She wouldn't want it that way.
RUTH: You are right. It would be dis-

RUTH: You are right. It would be disastrous to marry a man you don't love. Your mother has let her unhappy marriage make her unjust. Listen to your heart, little Ruth, and use your head.

Doris B., Alpine, Cal.: Sorry, I'm not a fortune teller. Only time will prove whether you will like the boy as well as his letter. Be prepared for anything! You may like him, you may not.

SUFFERER, Santa Barbara, Cal.: I think he is harmless but irresponsible. Don't listen to your friends. You two are the only ones who know what you mean to each other.

Helen, Muskegon, Mich.: Put yourself

HELEN, Muskegon, Mich.: Put yourself in his wife's place and look ahead to the time when you have a shady reputation and Charlie has given you the air. He'll do it, Helen; he's just the type.

Pola: Explain your father's old-country

Pola: Explain your father's old-country ideas to the young men; they might help by explaining American courtship to him. It's a tough situation all right, but I know you will see it through

you will see it through.

FLORENCE H., Mattoon, Ill.: You have found that perfect relationship that few married people find simply because they are too selfish. Mr. Johnston was speaking of the majority, not you.

Puzzled: How many of these men you

Puzzled: How many of these men you flirt with unwillingly would put up with the things your husband has? How will you feel if he gets tired of your nonsense and leaves you flat? Sorry to scold you, Puzzled, but I have to!

INEZ: Don't he a flire or the second service of the second second service of the second second service of the second service of the second second service of the second sec

INEZ: Don't be a flirt or a prude. You can be gay without being boisterous. Think less about yourself and more about others. A self-centered person never has charm.

A self-centered person never has charm.

Judy, Maysville, Ky.: You can't make
Joe love you, but you can be such a good
pal that he'll want to be with you oftener.

Love comes unbidden, but almost any girl
can coax it along.

MARILYN, Carbondale, Ill.: Don't consent to divorce. Sit tight and do your part. Avoid arguments; don't take his grouches seriously. I don't think it's another woman; I do think it's his liver.

I do think it's his liver.
GLADYS, Houston, Texas: You have a right to feel bitter but there is nothing to do but give your sweetheart over to your sister and be thankful it didn't happen after marriage. Time heals many wounds; it

will heal yours.

MRS. E. A. C., Henryetta, Okla.: Keep serene in your innocence and treat his jeal-ousy as you would peevishness. Don't take it seriously; don't be flip. Be tactful. Doesn't he always come out of it shamed and penitent?

ELEANOR, San Antonio: Don't go riding after the movies. Ask the boy to take you directly home and invite him in. Your parents are only trying to protect you from gossip, and the young man should respect their wishes.

LILA, Coloma, Mich.: Marriage is not all thrills; it is full of a lot of everyday living. Companionship, encouragement, pulling together—these endure through the years. Your duty and happiness lie right where you are, Lila dear.

you are, Lila dear.

E. J. R., Hendersonville, N. C.: Inform him about your knowledge of his visits to the other girl, but don't quarrel with him. If he continues to see her, encourage other boys; an unfaithful sweetheart makes an unfaithful husband.

Laura, Truro, Nova Scotia: Can't you confide in your brother and get him to arrange a foursome occasionally? But don't chase after your brother's friend.

chase after your brother's friend.

MRS. J. B., Carbon Hill, Ala.: Don't risk another marriage venture. Your temperament and encumbrances make it unwise. In your letter you keep saying, "I thought it didn't matter." Everything matters in marriage. Consider everything and consider long before you take the plunge again.

long before you take the plunge again.

Betty, Coats, Kansas: You're not too
young for love, but you are too young to
tie yourself down to it. There ought to be
lots of nice chaps in your town. Be nice
to all, serious with none, and don't cheapen

yourself with too many petting parties.

Louise, Richmond, Va.: Ask Willie to come to your house and talk things over. He may be hurt that you stayed away so long. Or he may not love you any more. You want the truth, don't you, Louise?





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LIPSTICK

I this adv. and 12c, for Beau-caniple M1Dish F Lipstick, wer finish: Another 12c, go sample of PHANTOM BRUW, for eye lashes and brow.



More Priceless Than Love

[Continued from page 57]

Then I hesitated, hardly daring to go on. "But perhaps I'd better ask you one or two questions first. What sort of a fellow is Harry? Tell me about him. Is he a good boy, steady and all that?"

"Oh yes," she said.

"Has he asked you to marry him?" Then the laughter rippled out again.

"Oh, my! Yes. I guess he has asked me a hundred times."

The paper knife seemed to have gotten its point nearer by this time. And you've always said no?"
Yes. Always."

"Could he support you if you should get

"Oh, yes," she was proud that a friend of hers could do so much, but disclaimed any significant interest in the fact. "He makes more than thirty-five dollars a week."

"My years match his pay, anyway," Then she startled me by thought grimly.

'Why, he makes almost as much as my father.

Yes." I said. I saw now we were going by the way, tell me something about your father. What is he like? Is he at all like Harry?"

She hesitated, then she glanced quickly at ie. The flush on her face deepened.

"Go on," I prompted gently. "What is your father like?"

"Why, doctor, he's the least bit like Harry, perhaps, and-"Yes, who else?"

"Well, I think he's the least bit like you

WONDERED if she could have seen the leap my nerves had taken.
"Yes." I kept my voice steady. "Only what?"

"Why, you see, of course, daddy isn't as wise as you are." I tried to laugh and make a mock of bowing gaily. "Nor so well dressed nor not nearly so young. Nor—nor—well. not so good-looking." she inished bravely. "You know I think you are very nice, doctor."

God almighty! Could I play the game? How invincible is Nature, how inexorable

her way The father is always the girl's first sweetheart; the mother always the boy's. There are, perhaps, exceptions, but so few as to be negligible. And that later search for a lover is so sure to be a search for someone who reminds the unconscious self of that first tender love. I had reminded her of her father. I had stirred up these hidden memories. The whole ardor of her delicate soul was about to be turned toward me.

But I would still play the game. "I'm awfully glad you like me, Miss Angell, and I can hardly say how much I like you." I knew the scarlet was flooding my own cheeks now, but I tried to believe that she would think the color came merely t she would think the color the reaction of a sensitive man, still the reaction of a sensitive man, still the reaction of a sensitive compliment. "But fairly young, to a pretty compliment. "But I still think I ought to see Harry. I think I understand the whole case now, and that is clearly the next step. I want to get acquainted with the boy anyway. If you are my patient, you must do as I say, you sec.

That's always the way, isn't it?"

I wanted to give Fate, or Nature, or whatever it was that was gripping us, one last chance. I wanted to size up Harry. If he could come up to requirements, even approximately, I would let him have her.

"All right, doctor, but I can't help feeling that you really shouldn't ask me to do that.

What did the girl mean? At least she had more spunk than I had given her credit

Well, think it over anyway," I suggested. "I took a day and a night to weigh your case; now you can take a night and a day

if you like, to consider this. Come in to-morrow at the same time, will you?"

"Yes, doctor," she brightened again, "and thanks for not making me do what you ask right away." ask right away.

She was gone, not waiting even to shake hands.

PUT down the paper-knife. It was dead dark when I was at last aware of myself sitting there with my head on the desk.

The hours between were refined purga-ry. I could not think. I could not plan. could no more come to any decision than I could have leaped to the moon.

I got through the night and the day somehow, and at half past five there came again the knock at my door, this time faint, hesitant, timid.

"Come in!"

She stepped lightly to her chair, hardly noticing me. Her eyes were cast down. Crimson roses were on her cheeks. Her eyes, a curious hurt look in them, were flooded, not with tears, but with a bright moisture, through which looked her exquisite, fragrant, angel soul.

She was an angel again. My angel now. I had given God his chance and he had failed to take it. My responsibility had

held my voice steady as I asked, lightly

Well, Miss Angell, did you see Harry?" "No, doctor. I didn't. I couldn't. You should not have asked me."

How should I best go on, now that the barriers seemed about to fall?

I tried again to laugh. "Well, if you won't send Harry here, at least tell me a little more about him. me, for instance, what kind of books he likes to read, what his work is, what he wants to make of himself.'

'I don't see why you insist on talking about him, doctor, but if we must, we may as well go on and get it over with. Harry a nice, studious, athletic sort of a boy. He's a mechanic, but he's very ambitious, and he wants to be an engineer."
"Does he like music?" I asked, hardly knowing what I said.

Her face brightened.
"Music! Oh yes," she beamed. "He loves it almost as much as I do, almost as much as you do, I guess, for I've heard you play your violin in the concerts—and—

"And what?"

Again the eyes sought the ground.

"WHY, I guess that's another of the things that makes me like you so much."

My chair seemed suddenly full of springs, that were trying to cast me out and throw me bodily upon my knees at her feet.

But I hated the thought of being mastered by any situation. If any courting was to be done I would do it with my eyes wide open and steadily in control of my will. I did not want to sweep her off her feet. If our lives were going to be interlocked forever I wanted her to consent wide awake, understanding what she did and all that it

might come to mean to both of us. I thought of the power of the hypnotist, and the vileness of the man who would use such power to take possession of a woman he desired. I thought of the fiend who drugs the woman he wants to overmaster. Up to the present moment our case was dif-I had done nothing dishonorable. had played the game. If Nature with her resistless laws was commanding us we would obey, but we would both obey with our eyes wide open, our minds alert.

I forced my jaws to move and managed to get out the question:

WHAT instrument does Harry play? Fell me about his music." Then the storm broke.

The dew in her eyes made way for rain, torrents of it. Through the tears she

looked at me, appealingly.
"Doctor, why must we talk bout Harry? I'd much rather," she hesitated again, "much rather talk about you."

There would be one more question before we sank together beneath the onrushing Waves

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There was no answer to that. At least no answer from her lips.

It was her whole body that answered, that flung itself into my arms.

She lay there, sobbing. Then the answer came from her lips-"Oh, doctor, I am so ashamed but I can't help it, and yet I'm not ashamed after all.
Can't you see how I love you?

The Pearl of Great Price was in my hand.
I have no notion how long we sat there.

I remember lifting her gently from my knees and going to lock the door.

I opened my arms again and she took her place, nestling her little head on my shoulder, letting me take my fill of kisses.

The room grew dark.

Our suppers, our friends, our homes were

What should we do?

I have never been able to understand the miracle that took place then. As I said at the beginning a Power, higher even than Nature took possession of me. There was nothing like reason in it. All my reason assented to the clamoring of my senses and my heart. But whatever it was that touched my heart. But whatever it was that touched me then was higher than reason.

put my hands on her shoulders, lifting her head from its resting place. The room was in darkness. I could not see her eyes. Perhaps if I had been able to see them I could not have done what I did.

"Do you know what you are, little girl?"

"YES, I'm afraid I'm a very bad little girl," she said, but there was no shame or sorrow in her voice, and I was glad of

"No. You are not bad at all. You are the Pearl of Great Price."
"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I really think, I really know, that you are the divinest woman I have ever seen. You are the woman I have all my life been waiting for. But-"

Could I. must I go on?
"But what, doctor?" This very softly, and with a little bit of fear from the shadowy, fragrant little person on my knee.

I took the plunge away from paradise.
"But I am going to let you go."

"But I am going to let you go."
The little head was buried on my shoulder again, and her body shook with sobbing, but she was a brave little party, was the

assistant bookkeeper, and she also had a big consignment of pride.

She put her hand on my shoulders "Why, doctor?" she whispered. "Why do you let me go?"

"Because, my darling, it would make you unhappy in the end if I asked you to stay. I have had a glimpse of heaven. For myself I would give up everything and follow you to the end of the earth, and take care of you always, and be happier than the angels forever and ever. When the man in the story found the Pearl of Great Price, he sold all that he had and bought it. I am willing to do that; I want to do that. I have been counting the cost, and it is not too much. Not for me. I can't tell you how I know it, but I do know, that it is not best for you. You would be unhappy in the end. It isn't only one person, you know, that our nerves cry for. It's a certain type that Nature demands. It just happens that Harry and I belong to the same class though I am so much older. I should never have let you read the books. I should never have so read the books. I should never have con-sented to make believe treat you. You didn't need any treatment. All you needed was to be made to see that you can love Harry, and be happy with him."
I realized all that I was surrendering, but

I would not retreat.
"I'm going away for a while, little girl.
I can arrange to take a trip to some place far off. And I'm going to take my wife along. Good God!" I said suddenly. "I'm just beginning to see something."
"What do you see?" Her voice was sub-

dued, half frightened again.

"WHY, I see that my wife is very much like you, just as you say I am a bit like Harry. Let's try to make them both happy. Let's at least give ourselves six months. I'll take myself away, and take my wife them. wife along. You see all you can of Harry. And when I get back we'll see where we stand. Shall we do that?"

"All right, doctor. You know best; you re very wise. But I'll miss you dread-

I did not even kiss her good-by, as she rose from my knees, then fled from the

I sprang up to follow her. I had not expected she would take my words so quickly and act with such breath-taking suddenness. I opened the door to pursue her. Had I been a fool, a madman, trading a true heaven for an imaginary one? I should have chased down the hall after her, but there was a group of nurses standing near, and I saw by their glances that they had been following with their eyes her flight from my room.

Perhaps already I had ruined her reputation, and my own. I would let the matter rest as it was for the moment.

I went back into my room, locked the door, reached my desk and sat down.

It was past midnight when I came out.

It was six months before I entered the hospital again. My reputation seemed not to have been disturbed, and kindly Nature My reputation seemed not had, for all four of us, been doing her work well. My love, fastened so desperately to Myrtle Angell, had, by that curious trick "transference" been fastened with equal intensity on my sweet wife. After all, she was like Myrtle Angell, and Nature did not in the least care which of the two should be my mate. I had needed Myrtle to show me that my wife really met the deep yearnings of my inmost self. As for her, she was engaged to Harry, and the old heavenly sunshine had come back to her face to stay.

ID you ever find yourself torn between love and beauty? I was all set to win the first prize in a nation-wide beauty contest but I voluntarily withdrew. Can you believe it? You will I am sure when you read in April SMART SET the story of "The Prize My Beauty Won."



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STUARTS CALCIUM WAFERS

I Made My Husband Proud of Me

[Continued from page 60]

When rain interfered with these outdoor ports I did my bedroom exercises. I walked down to the shopping district to do my marketing personally.

By the end of summer I was much stronger, and felt much better. My flesh was firm; the flabbiness was gone. My hips were slender again. I began to have the figure of a girl. I was quicker in getting about, and always ran upstairs. In the autumn Ralph and Claire learned to dance. They often had young friends at the house, and so I danced with them. It put me on a different footing with my children. It not only made me young bodily, but gave me the spirit of youth which was the most important part of it.

I also undertook to improve my mind. There were only twenty-four hours each day, but that's all Mrs. Jerome had! What was I doing that she didn't do? Well, I could save time on fancy needlework, bridge and newspapers, and read good magazines. read the best new novels, which is one way et keeping in touch with modern life. I read "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" Especially I read a book review paper, and that helped a lot to keep me up-to-date.

George and I continued in separate rooms and I did my exercises in the evening. Just for the moral effect, I bought myself a beautiful suit of silk pajamas in which to do my exercises. It emphasized the idea of beauty and youth that I was strivin: after. It toned up the whole idea of the work. One evening my husband came into the

room and caught me at it, silk pajamas and I think, with his abstractions, he had hardly noticed the improvement I had made On this occasion he had lost a cuff-link and was looking for another pair. He opened the door and saw me bending and twisting for a moment before I knew it. I cheap at his catching me, and I resented it. "What do you want?" I asked.

"I've forgotten now, what I did come for." he said. "You are really quite a picture, in that outfit."

HE CAME toward me and I saw that he wanted to take me in his arms. The pretty pajamas might have had something to do with that, too. I wanted to let him but I checked the impulse. "Not yet," I said to I didn't want him to kiss me, though I wanted him to want to

"The picture was not intended for you," I said, stifily. "This is private."
"I see," he smiled. "I apologize, but I'm not sorry. How long have you—?"
"Yore of your hysiness."

None of your business. "Keep it up, my dear, it's doing you lots of good." And he threw me a kiss as he went out. Then he called through the door for his cuff-links. I found them and

handed them out. Among other things, I revived my interest in dramatics. I had been a promising elocutionist in school, and I joined a local club interested in amateur dramatics. We called ourselves the "Garrick Players." because we used the Garrick Theater for our presentations, and Mr. Havnes, the manager of the Garrick and a former actor, was the head of our executive committee and our stage director. We planned five productions for the year, the first being one-act plays, in which I did not appear

Finally, we planned to produce a threeact play, a prominent actress to be engaged for the star part, and the club to make up

the rest of the cast. Mr. Havnes secured Alice Lawrence, who had played on Broadway, for Friday evening, Saturday matinee and evening. Since I was assigned the shortest part, Mr. Haynes suggested that I might at least have the pleasure of reading the lines of the star during rehearsals. Every one said that I read them beautifully, and soon I began to know the lines and to put more meaning into them. Mr. Haynes even complimented me.

Returning from one of these rehearsals, one day, I ran into Mr. Jerome, down town, and he drove me home. I made the most of the little visit, when he showed that he liked me, and I said that I wished I could see more of Mrs. Jerome as well. At his suggestion, I called her on the phone and invited them to the house for an evening. George was surprised, but pleased. He would have an evening with that exceptional woman. "All right," I said to myself, "two can play at that."

OF COURSE, Mrs. Jerome more or less took poisession of George. She liked him. So I took Mr. Jerome into George's den to show him some photographs of the children and there we remained. After I turned out the bright desk light that George worked with there was only a soft, mellow, wall-light, which gave the little room a cozy, warm quality. I could see Mrs. Jerome out in the bright light of the living room, frequently peering into our dimly lighted room, apparently wondering what her husband was doing in there. After a while she could stand it no longer, so she came to the door, followed by George.

want to see what these two are up to, hiding away in this chummy little room," she said, with ostentatious good she said, with ostentatious good

"That's what I'd like to know," said George, taking the cue, but with genuine good nature.

"Oh, my stars," exclaimed Mr. Jerome, in mock surprise. "I clean forgot that I even had a wife of my own."

You look like it," she said, in a tone of jesting, but I suspected that she was in deadly earnest.

"George," said Mr. Jerome, almost ignor-ing her. "Mrs. Harford is so charming and

clever and beautiful, that she would make any one forget that he is married."

"Yes," I said, partly joking, and partly with another meaning, "even Mr. Harford himself forgets that he is married."

"Quite so," said George. "I do forget it.

I feel like a romantic young man just court-

"Courting who?" I asked.

Mr. Jerome, seeing a chance to get back at his wife, said, "Perhaps he thinks he is courting Mrs. Jerome." And we all laughed.

She showed her good breeding. "I think, y dear," she said to me, patting my hand, "that all these men need watching."

A ND that ended that, supposedly. Just the same, I felt that I had gained a point or two, first, by way of giving Mrs. Jerome a taste of her ownered and second wanted to charm my husband, and second, in showing George that other men might appreciate me, even if he didn't. By this time felt that my personality was waking up, just as I had spruced up a lot both mentally and physically.

After they went, George really would have

taken me in his arms and made love to me again, like the romantic young suitor he had spoken of, if I had let him. But still J froze him off. I did not feel that the time was quite ripe. I wanted him to value me

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Shortly after this, our production of the three-act play was due. On Thursday we were all set for a special rehearsal with the star herself. Alice Lawrence, but she was not on the train. We went through the rehearsal without her. Then came the wire that she was ill with appendicities and had that she was ill with appendicitis, and had gone to a hospital. Could any substitute be found? Surely, no one could learn that part overnight, if she did not already know it. However, when Mr. Haynes joined the excited group he was curiously calm and undisturbed. He must have found some

one by long distance phone.
"Who did you get?" we all asked.
"Why, we don't need any one," he replied.
"We've got Mrs. Harford. She knows the part."

HE MIGHT as well have shouted that the ship was on fire, or something. It scared me, and yet the idea thrilled me. We decided not to have the change men-

We decided not to have the change mentioned in the paper, or talked about. It might interfere with the attendance. Mr. Haynes said it could be announced from the stage just before the curtain went up. I suppose it was silly, but I did not even tell my husband what I was going to do. I wanted to surprise him. Always talking about the brilliant Mrs. Jerome! Well, this time he would have the surprise of seeing his own wife acquire some distinction. I took it for granted that he was going to see the it for granted that he was going to see the

Imagine how I felt when he said at supper, "I'm sorry I've got some work to do to-night, Helen. I'll see your play to-morrow

"I guess you won't miss much," I said. But down in my heart, I was so disappointed that I could have cried. I hadn't realized until then how much I was doing it on his account. Of course, I wouldn't say If men could only understand a woman's I tried to console myself with the idea that I might be nervous at the first performance. I would do it better the next day. In the taxi, on the way to the theater, I told the children that they were not to say a word to their father about it

When the curtain went up, I thought too late of the announcement that Mr. Haynes had overlooked, about me taking the place

of Miss Lawrence.

WAS nervous, before the curtain went up but when I got my cue to go on I felt quite natural. I think it was partly the wonderful good health I had built up, all those months. But I was keyed up, just the same and I just let myself loose. To start with, there was terrific applause when I first appeared, and I couldn't understand why. There were three or four curtain calls for me after the second act, and the whole cast paraded before the curtain.

After it was all over I found out the reason for the big applause. They thought I was Alice Lawrence. If it had occurred to me that they thought that, I would have been paralyzed. A few of my friends recognized me and they gathered hask store at nized me, and they gathered back stage at the end to tell me how surprised they were. I looked so fresh and young. I said it was only the make-up and the bobbed hair; but it wasn't. It was the effect of all that exercise to improve my figure. However, there were many of my friends and acquaintances in the town who didn't recognize me. This, I thought, even making allowances for makeup, was the best proof of what I had done for myself.

On the way home the children and I chuckled at the thought of their father seeing

me featured in the newspaper the next morning. But when we saw the paper, at break-fast, the headlines only said "Alice Lawrence Revives Former Success in Star Part," and so on. Of course the reporter did not know me, and had not heard of the change. children were disappointed, but to me it was flattering, thrilling, a bigger satisfaction.

I watched George as he looked over the aper. "I see Alice Lawrence distinguished herself, but your name's on the list, too, all covered with glory."

"Oh, I had a minor part," I said. "I'm satisfied."

At noon he came home to lunch and said that he was going to the matinee instead of playing golf. "Why, you must have had a pretty good part, my dear. The people a pretty good part, my dear. The people at the office said you were wonderful, and Jerome called me on the 'phone to congratulate me about you. He raved. He's going this afternoon again."

"Yes, I have a nice little part," I said.

I went early. The children were going again, with their father. I asked Claire to

get him there just barely in time, so no one would tell him any more about it. She handled it nicely. She watched the time handled it nicely. She watched the time carefully, and had him drive back to the house for the opera glasses, which the little fibber said she had forgotten. This time Mr. Haynes made the announcement about my playing the title role, but George was just too late to hear it.

EORGE said later that he wasn't quite sure that it was me, even when he heard my voice. He couldn't believe it. It wasn't merely my talent, it was my appearance. He had seen the improvement, especially that night that he had caught me at my exercises in my bedroom, but did not realize the big change until he saw me up there on the stage, among the others, so fresh and young, so full of life.

But there was more to it even than that. The heroine in the play was a neglected wife, and in her loneliness she had acquired a lover. This part was not true to life, as far as George and I were concerned, but was something that might make him think, especially since there were some pretty warm love scenes, calling for a lot of emotional intensity. I knew that my husband was out there in front, and I just warmed up to the part as I had never dreamed that I ould. The lover was played by Mr. Vincent Davis, an automobile salesman, so handsome that he'd be a riot in moving pictures. Really, too handsome for words, a man that it was easy to make love to on the stage. Well, we played those scenes with so much fire and feeling that a lot of people afterward said they forgot that we were acting, it was so real. Of course the wife goes back to her husband as the play ends, but he has learned his lesson.

The applause was tremendous, especially at the end of the second act, following the big scene where the husband discovers the wife and her lover. And this time the audience knew it was not Alice Lawrence, but Helen Harford. I got my own surprise, when an usher came down the aisle with the biggest bunch of roses I ever saw. My husband, in real life, had sent out for them.

George took the children home after the matinee, while all of us players had dinner down town. He instructed them to go to bed early, while he came back for the evening show, the last performance. I scarcely saw him until we started for home in a taxi, after

twelve o'clock.
"Well," he said, after a little silence. "You surprised me."

In what way?" I asked, wondering if he was thinking of the love-making scenes.
"Oh, in a whole lot of ways. What put you up to all this?"

"I didn't want to be a dreadnaught. I didn't want to be formidable."

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He laughed out loud. "Really, you're more formidable now than ever."

"I am?

"In a different way," he added. "The way you looked in the second act, I'm glad you're not some other man's wife.

"I've been im-"Oh, you silly," I said.

proving my mind, too."

"Be careful, don't carry that too far," he d. "Nothing so formidable as these intellectual women, school teachers, college women, business women. Some of them are terrible dreadnaughts."

"Oh, I never thought of that." I said. You don't like women dreadnaughty?

Just naughty?"

"Help. I never said that."
"Still," I went on. "It isn't because they have brains—brainy women can be just as sweet-it's because they haven't got--

'They haven't got what you have, Helen,

feminine charm, daintiness, that's it."
"It's because they let themselves slip, as you said once. They don't keep dainty and They don't keep active and up to the mark."

After we got home I went to my room, as usual. But first I picked up my big bouquet of roses-his roses-to take with me. Well. all the strain was over, and now camé re-I first took a bath, to refresh me, and then I got into a pair of brand new silk pajamas

When he knocked at my door, gently, I

peeked out.

"Can't I come in and tell you again how proud of you I am?" he asked.
I opened the door wider. "If that's all

you have to tell me, you can come in."
"No, that isn't all." he smiled, as he closed the door behind him. "There's something else I want to tell you."

This time there seemed to be nothing within me to say, "Not yet."
But as I hesitated I glanced into the full-

length, closet door mirror. I did look nice in my new silk pajamas. He had not seen them before. These were blue, they matched

my eyes. I pointed into the mirror. "How do you like the picture, this time?"

I asked.

He came over and stood just behind me.
"Don't you think," he asked, with his
arms caressingly about me, and his cheek
against my hair—"don't you think that it
takes two to make a perfect picture?"

WHEN is a husband not a husband? When you start running downhill you sometimes go faster than you mean to. I loved speed; I loved adventure; but I got more than I bargained for of both when I started the race that landed me in the arms of "My Mysterious Husband." If you like thrills and excitement share mine with me as you read my story in April SMART SET.

Only a Cigarette Girl

[Continued from page 37]

open doors in this hotel wait a minute."
I went in a step or two, and faced him, but, he brushed past me and went over to the window, raised it and adjusted the shade. watched him anxiously. I knew he was only stalling.

"Well, service generally rates a tip," he said significantly as he came up and grasped my hands. I was too tired and sleepy to try to escape him at first

"Please leave me alone. I'm dead tired."
"Just a kiss or two," he insisted.

Anger burned away my weariness as his face came closer. I drew back but Weaver I was unable to jerk away. was strong. He kissed me once, and then tried to put his arms around me. I kicked and squirmed. Our struggling carried us to the middle of the room where we collided with a chair and fell to the floor with a thumping noise. My exhausted muscles began to fail me, and in a panic at the knowledge of my helplessness I started to scream, but something happened with a suddenness that took my breath away.

Weaver's weight was unexpectedly jerked f of me. There was a sound of scuffling, off of me. a half-smothered oath, and the noise of a

body falling across a bed.

I was stumbling to my feet when hands reached out and assisted me. Dazedly I realized that Schuyler Briggs was asking me

what he should do with the clerk.
"Make him go," I said. "He came up here to give me this room and tried to

get fresh.

"I've got a good mind to knock him down again," returned Briggs, doubling his fists returned Briggs, doubling his fists and taking a step toward the cowering Weaver. "He ought to be run out of the

But I couldn't afford to have another scene. Others might hear the commotion and if it got back to the management both Others might hear the commotion Weaver and I would be fired. only cause me more trouble. Just make him

He'll never dare try any more funny business with me. "Get out." ord

ordered Mr. Briggs, and the

clerk got out looking like a whipped dog.
"Thank you ever so—" my voice seemed to drift away. I caught at the bed post for support, but missed it. I would have crumpled to the floor if he had not caught me in his arms. I leaned against him until my dizziness ended, then with his help I

went over and sat on the side of the bed.
"I'm so tired," I said wearily. My hea
sank down and I slumped across the bed. My head

"If I'd only gone back to Fiesta for you as I wanted to this never would have happened.'

"I wish you had," I murmured, and some of my weariness miraculously departed with the knowledge that Schuyler Briggs had thought of coming back for me. The solicitude in his blue eyes made a wave of tenderness sweep over me. He seemed so much a great big boy who was eager to help, but who did not know exactly how to go about I found the strength to lift my hand to

'You really ought to make yourself much more comfortable and try to get some real sleep. Here, just a minute." He arose and

He kissed my fingers

tiptoed away.

It suddenly grew darker in the room. He had drawn down my shades. The next moment he was back asking if he might remove shoes.

"There, now," he said, "sleep, Nunciata."
A lingering touch of his hand, and I heard

the door closing softly.

As I took off my dress I realized that I would not have been afraid if he had remained in the room, but, I knew that I would have been if Mr. Briggs were Steven Wainwright.

Afraid, afraid, afraid. The word kept jostling through my exhausted mind. Yes, that was it. I was afraid of Steven Wain-wright. Why? I did not know except that

he represented danger while young Schuyler made me think of security. really love when a woman fears a man? Or

just infatuation?

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I fell asleep with such thoughts and questions drumming through my brain. Almost immediately I began dreaming. The whole string of recent events paraded through my dreams. There was the face of my brother Pedro, scowling darkly, and the face of Mrs. Vanderpool with cruel lights peering out of her eyes. In the end it appeared that I had been discharged from the Conquestador by Mrs. Vanderpool's scheming. Mrs. Vanderpool's scheming.

The afternoon sun was streaming in my window the next time I opened my eyes. At first, I was bewildered by my surround-There was only one thing clear to me after many minutes. I was not home.
As this idea sank into my brain I began to understand. I had really met Steven Wainwright in the patio, and gone to the carnival

at Fiesta. I had really—
"Oh!" I moaned, stricken by the memory
of the end of it all; Mrs. Vanderpool's catching me in that room at Fiesta; the damning
look in her eyes; my decision to go home;
the locked doors; Weaver; Schuyler Briggs. My thoughts lingered over him; he had been I remembered how he had never even tried to kiss me at the party when he had the chance; how he had pulled down the shades and tried to make me For a beautiful little moment comfortable. forgot all that I did not want to remember.

But that moment did not last long. Mrs. Vanderpool's face began leering at me from all sides of the room, and Pedro's, and my father's. Funny, but I did not behold any phantom Steven Wainwright then. Only the other three, because, I think, I sensed trouble with them shortly. I got up and dressed with nervous fingers. When finished I went down a rear stairway and started for home .

Whatever my father had done to the locks my keys refused to open them. The windows were as if sealed. My fear of trouble mereased as I hurried to the little eigar factory where he rolled tobaccos. There he was sitting at his bench, a brown little man all humped and bent over his work. He did

not look up at my tapping at the window.
"Papa, papa," I called. He noticed me
then with a sullen glance. I signalled for
him to come outside. He shook his head until I made a motion to enter the factory. Then he got up, throwing the tobacco leaves down with a show of ugly temper. That was a forboding sign. At last papa had boiled over!

He told me sharply that I was never to come home again. I could not believe my ears at first. It was such a terrible thing to hear. But he went on! A girl who stayed out until sunrise could not come back under his roof. He would not be the father of such a girl. I tried to change him, but words, gestures, and tears all failed. shook his old head and went inside.

I cried right there on the sidewalk, not caring who saw me. Not because I was sorry to be put out of an ugly old house, but because my father considered me bad; because he turned away from me with a look in his eyes such as I had seen in Mrs. Vanderpool's when she said, "I thought so!"

A feeling of utter desolation crushed me. If there had only been someone to go to then for comfort or sympathy, but I was alone. I thought wildly of going to Schuyler Briggs and telling him my troubles. However, an inner voice kept whispering that

he would not understand. Steven Wainwright? No, it would not do for him to find out that papa had put me out on account of the Fiesta party. might never again offer me a chance to have

a good time.

There was nothing else to do but try and forget. After all Pedro was the only one

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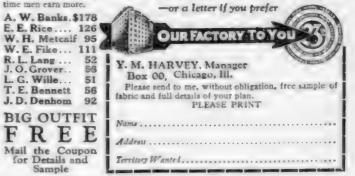
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who could make ugly trouble for me, and he was away. Mrs. Vanderpool couldn't he was away. hurt me. I wer I went to a cheap little hotel and arranged for a room.

Arriving at the Conquestador later I entered by the front lobby instead of taking the employees' side entrance. I was too preoccupied with memories of the carnival to realize what I was doing until the bell captain, Sam, came up to me:

"Good-night! Are you walking in your sleep?" he demanded, following me across the lobby.

"I GUESS I'm in a daze, Sam," I answered, trying to smile, "I was up so late at Mr. Wainwright's party last night. He asked

Wainwright's party me out to serve champagne."
"Humph," returned Sam, winking wisely,
"Humph," returned Sam, winking wisely, "You didn't serve 'em long. I'll bet you got into the party yourself. Say, the more I think of young Briggs calling you a 'prin-cess', and the more I hear bell-hops, and even the clerks, saying you go around like a proud lady, the more I believe Briggs has got the right dope. Your selling cigarettes is a mystery to me. Are you just doing it

on a bet?"
"I wish I were, Sam," I said. His words had a strange effect upon me because they brought to mind those mysterious things Aunt Conchita had said about my mother being so proud of her name and family.

"Well, anyhow, you must've had a swell time. They tell me that Wainwright and his crowd got the old Romans licked when it comes to parties."

"It was wonderful!"

"Tough break for young Briggs this after-noon. Hear 'bout it?" he demanded, on the point of leaving.

No, what happened to him?" I asked, inexplicably anxious.

"His mount tripped. He fell clean enough but one of them mallets socked him in the He played the match out anyhow, but, he's layed up in bed now and may be there for some time."

"I'M SO sorry," I went to my dressing unaccountably anxious at the thought of injury to young Mr. Briggs. He had been in my thoughts a good deal since he saved me from Weaver, and I could not help feeling that was responsible for my anxiety over his accident. It persisted as I slipped into the gypsy costume. A mysterious force prompted me to go to his room on the pretext that he might need cigarettes. What I wanted to do was see for myself how badly off he was, and let him know how sorry I felt. Then, too, I hoped there might be something that I could do to show how I appreciated his kindness.

"I just heard about your accident. I'm so sorry," I said, finding him propped up in bed with a bandage around his forehead

"Well say, Nunciata, it's worth a crack in the head to have you come up. How are you tonight?" he answered, his voice sounding very strong and happy

"Fine, thanks to you. I'm so much obliged rall you did. I thought maybe you for all you did. needed some cigarettes. May I leave some

here for you, please?" "That's mighty sweet of you. Jove! I

was just about out of smokes." I took out a half dozen packages of the brand he bought from me previously. He half lifted his head from the pillow, but dropped back suddenly. "I forgot about the old head. Oh! nothing serious," he hurried to say, noticing the anxiety on my face. "What I started to say was—don't leave me more than one pack."

"But you'll smoke them up in a hurry, won't vou?"

"Absolutely! As quickly as I can. Then, I can send down and ask you to bring me some more. I'll be lonesome up here. That's one way of getting desirable company," he

said, his eyes glancing into mine

I blushed happily. It sort of lifted me up to hear him saying such a thing in his frank, honest way. My gaze wandered up to the bowl of beautiful roses by his bed. Your friends won't let you be lonesome, I'm sure. It looks like somebody's already sent you flowers. Was it the blonde girl?"

'No, the man whose mallet accidentally clipped me sent them up. Not Miss Thomasson. She left for Palm Beach this morning. Doesn't even know about this little jar."

"Oh! I see, then maybe I'll send you some flowers."

"IT LOOKS like I'm going to have a very successful accident after all," he smiled. I did not quite understand his words, but his smile warmed me with understanding.

"Would you mind opening the west window, please? That's it! Fine! Now I can hear the music from the palm patio better. Listen, they are playing a tango down there now. I haven't forgotten our dance last I don't think I ever will. Remem-

ber, Nunciata?"
"Yes, of course," I answered, but strangely enough I remembered most of all that I had waited for a kiss from him just before we danced, and that he had not kissed me. I found myself impulsively wishing that he

"Look at the sunset! The whole horizon seems beautifully on fire," he exclaimed, suddenly enraptured by the vision.

"It's so very beautiful it hurts me here," I said, touching over my heart.

Schuyler Briggs turned his face slowly from the window and searched me as if he were trying to fathom some mystery that hung about me.

Whatever got into you to be a cigarette girl? Somehow I always keep thinking of you as somebody vastly different. Just why, I can't exactly say; but, I can tell you what I think you are, if you'd like me to," his blue eyes looked directly into mine. They had been very clear, but a little mist was filling them which made his handsome young face wistfully appealing.

"Please tell me.

PERHAPS you'll laugh at my way of romancing. But, anyhow, the first time I saw you selling cigarettes in the palm patio made believe you were a beautiful young princess who had been abducted by gypsies, and had grown up knowing nothing of her real origin, just believing she was a gypsy girl selling cigarettes for a living."

You thought of me as a stolen princess! Why? I asked, wishing that what Schuyler Briggs so romantically suggested was true. Perhaps those who love to play at pretty make-believe will understand why Nunciata, the cigarette girl, was so lured by

his fairy story.
"I cannot really tell you why—except that you, yourself, made me feel that way. And, now, are you going to tell me why you

really became a cigarette girl?"

For a moment I didn't know what to say.

If I told the truth I would have to confess that I came to the Conquestador to find thrill, and to be in the midst of luxury. truth was not as pretty as his make-believe story. I found myself wanting him to believe his own. But, he was waiting for my answer.

"My home was so ugly, and I have always loved beautiful things. I came here to be near the beautiful," I tried to stop there. Yet my voice went on, "and, to look for— for romance," I ended.

The room seemed to fill with soft understanding silence for a few moments. Schuyler Briggs spoke, and for the first time his voice sounded like music that touches our hearts.

"Romance!" he repeated, "How we all look for it and, how hard it is to find. mean true romance. Not the gilded sub-

stitute that abounds hereabouts."

I looked out of the window at the

rambling towers and turrets of the Conquestador sketched against the golden afternoon sky, and beyond them to the roof tops of Coral Gables' sumptuous homes. A picture of Fiesta as I had seen it the night before at the carnival came to my mind. I considered Conquestador, Coral Gables, Fiesta, Steven Wainwright and his gay crowds, as romance. But Schuyler was denouncing them as gilded substitutes!

M All my beliefs and opinions on the matter of romance seemed topsy-turvy. Could I have made a mistake? I began to I began to wonder if anything was destined to happen that would prove Steven was offering me

only a gilded substitute.

"Some day those of us who look hard enough will find it, Nunciata. I hope you do. You seem the very soul of romance. I guess that's why I thought of you as a stolen princess. And, won't you hope I'll find it,

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I didn't quite understand. He'd found it. Schuyler Briggs was to marry Miss Thomas-

Suddenly we found ourselves searching each other's eyes. I saw an indescribable yearning in his that made me half-understand the why of his request,-he was still seeking something, and it seemed that his youth was appealing to mine, to help him find that something. I wished that I dared to answer this appeal, but he belonged to another girl.

"I must be going now," I said reluctantly, realizing that the dinner crowd was gathering. "If I can get you anything, or do anything you'll let me know, won't you, Mr.

Briggs?'

"Schuyler, please. It isn't quite right for me to call you Nunciata, and have you highhat me.

'All right, Schuyler." I never dreamed that I would be calling him by his first

"Promise you'll come back later. I like to talk to you. The more I do, the more I believe in the story I've made up about you.

"I'll be glad to. Maybe you'll tell me igain that I'm a princess the gypsies stole. Oh! I loved your thinking that about me," I whispered. I went out of his room, picturing castles in Spain, and myself a princess leaning over a wall talking to Schuyler Briggs in the costume of a prince.

A golden carriage drove up with Vera Thomasson in royal robes. She looked at me, and her sneer was like a black wand that swiftly turned my princess dress into the gaudy costume of a Spanish gypsy. I seemed to sneak out of the beautiful garden and hide behind the high wall where I

cried broken-heartedly "That's just what will happen in true life if I let myself really care for Schuyler Briggs. He's engaged to marry a girl who considers me as the dust. I mustn't think of him the way I'd like to. It'll only hurt me to do it," I decided and I forced myself to stop Schuyler dreaming of finding romance Briggs. Or, at least, I thought I did.

The tropic dusk was like an amber veil tlung over the palm patio. Again the Con-questador's red tile roofs seemed like fantastic flames through the wind stirred palm branches. Once more, I found myself drifting through the gay crowd of gorgeous women and attractive men, touched by the magic spell of it all.

I looked more closely at the jewelled beauties and the dinner-jacketed men. I listened more keenly to the gay voices and Perhaps, Schuyler the tinkling glasses. Briggs was right about pleasure-mad Miami

being a substitute for the real romance we both sought. But, I was not experienced enough then to see the difference.

I'LL always want beautiful things, and a good time," I told myself, rebelling inwardly against the circumstances that had almost spoiled my first real taste of thrill and luxury. I hadn't done any wrong by going to Fiesta. I had only enjoyed myself. What was the use of cheating myself of life?

I began looking around for Steven Wain-wright. Since I had decided to stop thinking of Schuyler Briggs on account of Vera Thomasson, Mr. Wainwright was the only man left with whom I might find the ro-

mance I so eagerly sought.

I met Steven Wainwright at the far end of the patio. He was stunning in flannels, blue coat, and a gold-braided yachtsman's He came up, and picked over my tray. It was only a blind for what he had to say:

"I have fifteen hundred dollars for you. Slip out into formal garden by the blue summer house." He paid for the cigarettes with a five dollar bill and sauntered away without waiting for change. I gasped, and felt dizzy. Fifteen hundred dollars for me! At first I was baffled. Then I remembered his roulette promise. He must have won the money for me!

I purposely waited a while before going into the formal garden. I wanted a chance to make up my mind what was the right thing to do. Fifteen hundred dollars was a fortune to me. I wanted to accept it. I could buy some beautiful clothes. Then there was another reason. I had been put out of home. I had only fifty dollars. Suppose I lost my job, or became ill? If he'd been giving it to me as a present there wouldn't have been any question. I'd have refused it. It wasn't right for a girl to take money from a man, but he had won it for me playing roulette at Mrs. Vanderpool's.

WELL, I took it out there in the garden by the blue summer house. A thousand dollar bill and one five hundred dollar bill. was so overcome I could only stammer

my thanks.
"Did you enjoy the carnival last night?"

he asked.

"It was wonderful!"

"Then, perhaps you'll be interested in the treasure hunt I'm giving tonight. It's to start from my yacht, El Bandelero. The treasure will be hidden on one of the many little off-shore islands. We will hunt in all craft. Speedboats, hydroplanes. of There will be a big dance afterwards aboard John Maitland's yacht, 'Christine'."
"How thrilling!" I cried.

"You'll come along?" he asked, his fingers grazing mine.

"You're inviting me?" I gasped.
"My speed boat, Foam, will be waiting at the Cocoplum pier at eleven o'clock. Can

I expect you?"
"I'll be there," I said, deliberately ignoring the fact that it might mean getting in wrong with the management on account of leaving early. "Shall I come in this cos-

"There'll be no serving for you tonight, Nunciata. You're going to be one of the treasure hunters. Now, about clothes. Wear an evening dress."

MY HOPES fell. "I'm sorry I haven't

"The Conquestador Women's Shop is open

until nine. Can't you —"
"Yes, I'll get some things there right away," I interrupted, thinking of the fifteen hundred dollars. It seemed a good thing then that I had accepted the money after all. "You'll excuse me if I run now. I'm afraid they'll be looking for me in the palm patio.

"Chase along, Nunciata. If you can, get



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the asking.

some kind of a flame dress; that's the kind I'd like to see you wear.'

As usual, the palm patio crowd thinned out around seven o'clock. I went im-mediately to the Women's Shop. At first, Miss Weinstein didn't appear to understand what it was all about. She asked when the customer would be down.

"I'm the customer, myself."

"You! Why, Nunciata, are you plumb crazy? You couldn't touch one of my dresses. Not one under two hundred."
"There, that's the kind I want," I said,

pointing to a gown draped over a form like a sheath of coral flame. The woman stared from the dress to me. I thought she'd have

apoplexy!
"It's my only Lucile model! Two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

I was too excited to be stunned by the price. I flashed the five hundred dollar bill. The woman's eyes almost popped out, but, she made a bee line for that dress.

I BOUGHT a beautiful little ring, slipped it on and rushed for an elevator. The Biscayne Balcony was not very crowded. I floated over to the Gable Grill. Only a few people in there. I was on the point of leaving when the headwaiter called me. I was wanted in Suite A. A sinking feeling assailed the pit of my stomach. What did Mrs. Vanderpool want?

I soon found out, although she tried to give the impression that her reason for calling me was that she wanted cigarettes. Mrs. Vanderpool really wanted to learn if I were oing to Mr. Wainwright's treasure hunt. She didn't come right out and ask me, but, then neither had she actually reminded me in words of that last scene between us at Fiesta.

However, the minute she got the information that I was going, she suddenly excused herself and went to the telephone in the

next room.

I WANT to send a wireless message," I heard her saying. Then, after a little vait: "To Steven Wainwright, aboard El Bandelero, Biscayne Bay. Regret circumstances prevent my joining your party to-night. Evelyn Vanderpool."

She smiled queerly as she came back. It

was that smile. I think, that made me see through everything. Mrs. Vanderpool wanted me to understand she did not care to join Mr. Wainwright's party since I was to be She was too good to associate with there. a girl of whom she thought the worst.

impulsive Latin blood was respon-My sible for the way I turned on her. I forgot that she was a society lady and a guest at the Conquestador. In the madness of that moment Mrs. Vanderpool was only a woman who had insulted me. It was all I could do to keep from laying hands on her. "You believe the worst about me without cause."
I cried. "I only got into that bed before dressing to see how silk sheets feel."
"My word! What a pretty, naive alibi! I suppose you'll tell me now that you only took more from Steven Weinwright by the

took money from Steven Wainwright by the blue summer house today to see what his money felt like. I happened to see the transaction from my balcony," she sneered.

"He owed me that money. It was what he won right up here last night at roulette for me," I flared back at her. But, the for me," I flared back at her. But, the moment those words escaped my lips I knew I had said the wrong thing.

"Young woman, Steven Wainwright lost every bet he placed at roulette last night. For the first time in his life he lost every placed bet. Here's your money for the cigarettes." She threw a bill on my tray and walked away.

Strong hands seemed suddenly to catch me by the throat and throttle me. Bitter at Steven Wainwright for having tricked me into taking his money, I decided to give it right back to him. But—the dress of coral flame, and the other things! I'd spent five

hundred dollars of his money.

As you may know, hate and anger breed revenge in the tropics. Evelyn Vanderpool had insulted me. There was one way to strike back at her that would hurt. Through Steven Wainwright! She was out to marry It no longer made any difference that he had given me money under false pretenses. I would play him against the woman who had insulted me!

"I'll throw myself in her way! I'll keep him from her. I'll accept all his favors. I'll thrill him into forgetting her," I determined.

Consequently, I was all keyed up as I stepped aboard the speed boat. When the Foam leaped through the water, her bow lost in a burst of white spray, my heart started thrumming like her engine. I settled back against the pillows and cushions, my eyes and ears filling excitedly with the gleaming lights of moving and anchored craft; the sound of gay voices; music drifting over the water; and the dancing stars and crescent moon overhead.

Before I could realize it. the lights and the music seemed to suddenly merge into a long yacht that rode white and graceful against the eastern horizon.

I knew it must be Mr. Wainwright's El

Bandelero.

A whole fleet of speed boats, small cruisers, and a hydroplane surrounded the big boat. There was much cheering and waving as we came alongside and I lost my nerve for a moment. After all, I was alone, and a stranger. The people aboard El Bandelero were all friends. They belonged to the same

Vera Thomasson had let me know how people of her crowd felt toward a cigarette girl. But as I waved and called out timidly Steven Wainwright came to the head of the

"Ahoy, there Nunciata," he called, then ran down and helped me upon the platform that swung above the water. "Mighty glad that swung above the water. "Mighty glad you got here," he said aloud, then under his breath as he took my hand, "what's your last name, dear? I have to present you tonight, you know."
"Sanchez," I whispered, thrusting my arm

through his

We ducked into a doorway and hurried down a narrow spotless corridor. Crossing a wide space where four men were noisily shooting dice he ushered me into a gorgeous The look of admiration that came to room. The look of admiration that came to Steven Wainwright's face when he took off shawl thrilled me more than what he said a few moments later while working to extract a champagne cork:

"At last I can drink a toast to a picture I've dreamed about all my life, a girl like

you in coral flame!"

Pop! went the cork. "To the picture of a dream!" he said. Then he whispered: "I have a scheme that will leave us alone under the stars tonight. There are things I want to tell you.

 I^{N} MY excitement at joining Steven Wainwright's treasure hunt I forgot my sorrow at my father's actions, my fear of my brother Pedro, my anger at Mrs. Vanderpool's insinuations, everything but the mad joy of the moment—forgot them at least until the events that I will tell you about in the April SMART SET brought them all upon me again like a raging tide which drove me in desperation to seek shelter with the only person who remained my friend although I was Only a Cigarette Girl.

Sweet Irish Love

[Continued from page 67]

for Miss Gladys. At nine she came bursting in and her eyes were like stars. "Dress me quick, Rosy," she said. "I'm going out."

To dance, Miss Gladys? I asked, not

knowing what to get her.

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"No, Rosy, no! Not to dance nor to do anything! I'm going out. And I want to wear the very prettiest dress I've got."

She chose a shell pink, the loveliest thing my eyes ever saw. She sat down at the little silver dressing table and put touches of shadow under her eyes. "How do I look, of shadow under her eyes. "How do I look, Rosy?" she asked. She lifted a face that was like a sweet, little picture, and all the time she was pressing her lips with her sharp, little teeth. "I can't use lip-stick to-night," she said. She led me to the south window.

'I'm going out, Rosy," she whispered. "Remember you swore you'd help me! Do you see the light down there?" She pointed down the long, gravel path. "It's the little lodge. His room is there, and I'm going down to see him. He's waiting for me." "Is it Mr. Laird, Miss Gladys?" For I

did not understand her.

No, ROSY, no! Don't be stupid! It's Gardner Lee. Don't you understand?" fairly shook my arm. "Beyond that She fairly shook my arm. lodge Mr. Laird's estate be Laird's estate begins, and they brought Gardner here to combine them, so when Mr. Laird and I are married, we'll have the finest place on Long Island. They brought him here a month ago, and we met. Gardner and I. And we fell in love. That's all there is to it. I'm in love, Rosy, in love! And we can't get married because I've got to marry Algie! But I love Gardner. I love him so I could die for him-die with him-die anyway-just so I could be with him." Her face was like a flash of wilful flame. "You've got to help me, Rosy. You promised you'd help me."
"Faith, that I will, but Miss Gladys him,"

dear! Why don't you break off with Mr.

Laird?"

I can't, Rosy, I can't! It's gone too far. Mother would have a fit if I broke my engagement to Algie. She has a weak heart. She'd die. And father's mixed up with Algie somehow in business. I've got to go through with it." She caught her breath again and panted. "I'm putting it off—and off, but it's got to be a June wedding."

When the sun comes dancing to earth, and calls the last flower from its sleep and tells each living thing to wake and love! "It would be a great sin, Miss Gladys."

"But what else can I do? Come! Gardner is waiting for me. You must come with me. You promised me, Rosy."

I slipped on the little cape I had worn from the town, and my felt hat. We went down the back staircase together, across the wide veranda, and down the gravel path. She stopped at a bench. "You sit here, She stopped at a bench. Rosy, and wait for me.

"You won't be long, Miss Gladys?"
"I'd stay forever, if I could, and don't you let anyone follow me."

I felt stupid enough sitting there like a log, not knowing what to do. What was this happening to a decent girl like Rosy log, not knowing what to do. Only a week in America: to come to this fine house, and find my lovely young mistress out at night, meeting the wrong man. While I sat there worrying, wonder-ing how long Miss Gladys would be, I heard a step.

A young man was coming slowly toward me from the house. He carried a little,

gentleman out to get the night air, yet uneasy about something. As he came up abreast of me, I rose and stood in his way. 'Where are you going?" I asked, not knowing what to say, yet remembering that Miss Gladys had instructed me that no one was to pass.

HE SMILED. "I am merely taking a walk." Then he looked right at me and

waik." Inen ne looked right at me and said: "Will you kindly tell me who you are?"
"I'm Rosy O'Casey, Miss Glady's new maid." I opened my cape so that he could see my uniform. "And Miss Gladys told me to wait here."
"Ah!" His face brightened. "I'm glad

"Ah!" His face brightened. "I'm glad to know you, Rosy. I'm Mr. Laird. And I want you to take very good care of Miss Gladys." He stood flicking the hedge with his cane, and the scent of blossoms filled the air. "You're young to be Miss Glady's maid. I'm always thinking of her, you see."

At that I flared up. "I'll be eighteen St. Patrick's Day, and a girl that's born on the Saint's Day has good sense." He looked so unhappy that I spoke softer: "I'm an O'Casey of Castle Kenmare, County Kerry. And you can trust an O'Casey

He took off his hat and bowed to me. "My respects to an O'Casey. I own the castle Lough Lein on the lakes of Killarney, just north of you. Lough Lein. You may have heard of it."

"You're not the Laird of Lough Lein!" 'twas he, himself, the young man who had helped my father, standing before me! The story was one that had made Irish his-My father marched tory three years before. off with his men to fight for his rights, and when he was wounded and dying, they carried him into Castle Lough Lein, and the owner, a rich young American, took care of my father and gave him every comfort to his last breath. I was only a slip of a girl when it happened, but oh, the love I had in my heart for him, the Laird of Lough Lein! I caught both his hands. "I'm Rosy O'Casey whose father you took care of Oh, how can I ever thank you enough, Sir! I don't know what to say to you-for all you did for us!"

There, there, Rosy!" he said. father was a fine man, an Irish gentleman."
"He was, Sir, and he died blessing you.

My mother says a prayer for you every night, and so do I, and I will to the day of my death. The O'Casey's love you, Mr. Laird!"

"But what are you doing here Rosy, in a position like this?"

IT'S a long story, Mr. Laird. I have three little brothers. And I'm here to earn We've got to rebuild Castle Kenmoney. mare or it'll fall down on our hands."

"Your father told me about the old Castle. We had many talks together before that gunshot wound in his lungs carried him

My eyes filled with tears at mention of my father. "You can see how much I want to earn money, Mr. Laird—how much our family needs it." I still had hold of his hands. I felt as if I could never let them

"I believe the Queens of Ireland were never afraid of hard work, from the stories your father told me of your family history. You'd be Queen Rose if Kings still ruled Ireland. Wouldn't you?" He was trying to make me laugh, to stop my tears. "You're in the straight line of descent." He looked down at my hands. "They don't look as if silver cane. He looked like a fine, young you had done much rough work, Rosy.



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ROBERTS' MUSIC STUDIO

Laird. But they'll get many a blister, now. See? I pricked my finger on Miss Glady's gown." "Only embroidery in the convent, Mr.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," he said. "And I'm going to ask Gladys-

"I don't "Please don't," I interrupted. want her to know it. I'm proud, Mr. Laird. I'd rather she'd think I'm just an ignorant Irish girl. You won't tell her. Will you?"

"I'll keep your secret, Rosy, but I to see you again to talk to you about Lough Lein and Ireland."

The memory of all he had done for us came over me again. "Oh, Mr. Laird! How can I ever thank you enough!"

"You are thanking me now, Rosy. I've enjoyed this talk." His lips were as sensitive as the mouth of a girl. He looked just as I always knew he would look. After what seemed a year, so much was going through the minds of both, he tried to pass. 'I saw Miss Gladys go down this way.

I could not lie to him. "If you will go back to the house, Mr. Laird, I'll find her for you."

It was a queer thing for me to say, and for a full minute he stood looking me right in the eyes. "Very well, Rosy." That was all he said, and he turned and went back to the house.

At top speed I flew down the gravel path towards the little lodge. It was like a gate-way extending over the road, with rooms overhead. There was a light upstairs, and I ran up the little staircase. At the top I paused, for I heard a man's angry voice.
"You don't love me, Gladys."
And I heard Miss Gladys crying: "I do

love you, Gardner.

"But you announced your engagement to Laird today.

"But what else can I do?"

any girl would do if she loved a man."
"But I can't. There's father and mother and everything."

"You mean there's his money, and this immense estate, and all his other places, Newport, Versailles, Como. And his yachts and cars and castles."

"Oh. Gardner! It isn't that."
"Then what in hell is it? Don't you love me?"

"Yes, but-

"BUT not enough to come with me and rough it. That's it. Not enough to live with me in a railroad car if I'm building a road, or in a tent if I'm digging a canal. Not enough to live my life with me. asking a lot of you, Gladys, but no more than any other flesh and blood man would ask of the girl he loved."
How can I? I do

I do love you enough,

Gardner. But I'm afraid."
"Bah!" There was a s

There was a sound, the falling of a chair, as if he had pushed her from

I stole down the stairs and stood underneath. "Miss Gladys," I called. She came the top of the stairs, in the flickering

"What are you doing here? I told you to sit on that bench." Her voice was sharp. "He's waiting for you, Miss Gladys," called up softly

She knew what I meant. She whispered to Gardner a minute and then she came down the stairs. Her face was white and her eves frightened. "What did you tell him,

Rosy?" "Nothing, Miss Gladys."

"Are you sure?" And she gripped my arm tight as if she thought my heart was as false as hers. She did not speak again until we came to the house, where Mr. Laird

stood on the piazza waiting for her.

He came and took her arm. "Isn't it late for you to walk in the grounds,

Gladys?" he asked. "You said your head ached and you wanted to go to bed."

She snatched her arm away. "I wish you'd stop spying on me," she said petulant-"You don't know how you annoy me,

"Gladys," he answered quietly: "May I come in a minute? I want to talk to you. l'eople who are going to be married so soon ought not to feel as you feel to me. "Well. I can't talk tonight." She

She looked away from him uneasily. But he was looking her steadily in the face. She said "Good night" quickly, and I followed her into the house and up to her room.

Mr. Laird loved her I would try to help him. I loved him enough for that. "He loves you, Miss Gladys," I said as I was taking off her lovely, pink dress. "His was taking off her lovely, pink dress. kind of love is wonderful."

"What on earth do you mean? You Irish are so funny." She was sitting on the edge her bed now, wrapped in her robe of eider-down.

I sat down on a stool at her feet. "Miss ladys," I said, "we Irish know all about ve. We marry for it. We live out under Glady's," love. the stars, and hide in the hay stacks and under the green hedges and never know what cold or hunger is, nor wind or weather just so we have love enough."

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never felt that kind of love, Rosy." "You could if you'd only let him show

She bent to me eagerly. "Let who show Gardner

"No, no, Miss Gladys. Not that rough, selfish kind."

She stared at me. "That's the only kind, osy. I'm seventeen and I know. I like Rosy.

the rough kind of love. "Miss Gladys, don't talk like that. That isn't love, it's something else. Something that doesn't last. Real love is like a seed in the springtime. It needs warmth and sun and kind treatment. And it grows strong and sends its roots down deep. And the cold comes it still lives on. roots have gone down so deep into life that the cold can never find them. That's the kind of love Mr. Laird can give you, Miss Gladys. And he'll be gentle with you, Col-

feen, not rough like the other one."

leen, not rough like the other one."

"I'm afraid I'm not the right kind of a girl, Rosy. I

can't keep away from Gardner."
"Don't try to fool Mr. Laird, Miss Gladys," I begged. "He's too good for that. His love is the unselfish kind." And then my heart came in my throat for thinking of him. I wanted to tell her to take Gardner. He was good enough for her and to let Mr. Laird alone. Her poor, shallow nature could never measure up to his.

"Tell me about that kind of love, Rosy." "There was Queen Roslein, Colleen. The Queen St. Patrick loved, but she was the wife of King Tavvish.'

"And did St. Patrick love her, Rosy, as much as Gardner loves me?"

HE LOVED her more, Colleen. He loved her so that he would not as much as touch the hem of her garment since she was the wife of King Tavvish. And one day St. Patrick saw her walking along a strange highway, alone in the springtime. And when the path ahead grew rocky, she stopped. And St. Patrick gazing at her close to him. saw that she carried under her heart the flower of the love she bore the King. He stretched out his hand; and lol the rocks were cushioned with soft green for her feet, shamrocks blossomed around her. That's unselfish love. Colleen."

"I suppose so, Rosy," she said. But her eyes were shut and there was a stubborn line around her mouth. She did not speak again but fell asleep.

I had breakfast with half a dozen of the servants the next morning. They were full

120

of news. Mr. Laird had sent a saddle-horse for Miss Gladys. He was in the breakfast room waiting for her to come I knew that she would not wake and I had to go in the breakfast room and tell him. I took up her breakfast. She lay in bed, the covers up to her chin. "I don't want to see him today. You can tell him

When I went out with her message he stood alongside the horses. "I'm sorry," he said. "Do you ride?"

"Yes, but please don't ask me. You forget that I am only the maid here." I spoke

under my breath, not daring to look at him.
"I did forget." he answered. We stood side by side for a minute and the same thought was in both our minds. "How fine it would be to mount those two thoroughbreds and dash away together for a long wild ride—to talk about Ireland."

When Mrs. Easton heard that her daugh-

ter would not see him, her face flushed. And I wondered at this mother so aloof from her daughter, and the father who came home to dinner and for bed, like a horse

to his stall.

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Miss Gladys, although she was engaged to Mr. Laird, scarcely ever saw him alone. She kept me always with her. The house was filled with guests. There was dancing every night. And after it was all over, my pretty, young mistress stole down to the lodge no matter how late it was. And I sat up for

One night she did not return. It was dawn when she came creeping in. Her eyes were black with shadows and her hands were icy cold. "Whatever did happen to you, Miss Gladys?" I asked her.

She was crying as I got her to bed. "Don't ask me to tell you, Rosy. I'm so tired."

BUT there was no rest for her next day. Her mother was giving a luncheon in honor of her engagement to Mr. Laird. As I dressed her for it I said: "You're not able, Miss Gladys. You're white as a ghost. Let me call your mother."

"My mother." She shook her head. "Why

she's the cause of it all. If I cross her she has heart failure. It takes three specialists to pull her through. In this country, Rosy, there are mothers and mothers!" She gave a reckless little laugh. "But at least I don't want her death on my conscience."

She swore to me that night that she wouldn't go to the lodge again, but she did. "How will it all come out?" I asked my-Then came a night that stopped my

heart with sorrow.

It was after one of those dinners that she hated so. She slipped away during the coffee and came upstairs. Her lips were very white and her eyes heavy. "I'm going down to see him tonight, Rosy, just tonight,

but you'll have to go with me."

I left her at the foot of the staircase where Gardner was waiting for her. All the rough look was gone out of his face. She did not smile, nor did he. By his face I could see that it broke the heart of him to see her so white. I went back along the

main path.

Mr. Laird was walking up and down the terrace under her window. I tried to slip past him but he stopped me. He looked up to where her lights shone. "Please ask past him but he stepped up to where her lights shone. "Please ask Miss Gladys to come down a minute, Rosy." He smiled a weary smile. "I thought this might please her."

The light from the window fell full upon his pale face. He had a Boston bull-pup tucked under his arm. "Mr. Algie." I said.

"Sure, that bull-pup will never bait a bull for you. What a dog."

He laughed for all he was so sad. "It's like the rest of us, Rosy. We're too highbred to be of much use."

"If you were an Irishman, Mr. Laird. you'd just be rolling up your sleeves and getting ready to fight." I stopped for fear I was saying too much. He was trying so hard to be loyal to her, but I had to tell him. "You'll have to excuse Miss Gladys tonight."

'I knew it, Rosy!" There was a queer look in his eyes. I wondered just how much he did know. "I wish you would help me, Rosy." It was the plainest we had ever spoken. "I am very unhappy."
"Do you love Miss Gladys?"
"No, Rosy. I have not loved Gladys for a long time. I don't think I ever loved

her. It was her beauty. Then came her coldness. I have asked her to release me. but she says she loves me. I suppose we shall go on and be married and be miserable for the rest of our lives. If I could be certain that she loves someone else—that my suspicions are true-

It was my time to tell him, but I could

not do it.

Miss Gladys came in about midnight. She was excited. "I want to get married, Rosy, right away. Just as soon as mother can arrange it. I'll tell Algie the first thing in the morning."
"Do you love him, Miss Gladys?"

"No, of course not. I love Gardner, but he's poor. And I've just got to have money, Rosy. I'm that kind. I just can't do without things. I'll stop seeing Gardner after I'm married. Don't look at me so, Rosy!" She turned her face away. "Oh, I'm so nervous."

She tumbled into bed, not like a lady, but

like a lost soul plunging into space. And she kept saying, "I'm all in—"

Next day she said: "Lots of girls have been as—as wild as I've been, Rosy. And never, never going to see Gardner

"Mr. Laird's no fool, Miss Gladys," I But she was talking to him on the telephone, and telling him that she couldn't wait for the day when they'd be married. And would he come right over. She had her talk with him that noon. I saw him afterwards and the worried look had not left his face. And he looked unhappy, and wretched. He knew, at last, that Gladys was marrying him for what he could give her.

And then the house went wedding crazy Mr. Laird came every day, but they hardly

saw each other alone a minute.

And she still went to the lodge to meet Mr. Gardner Lee. He seemed always to be waiting some place for her. One day when I just couldn't bear it any longer, I went down to the lodge to see Mr. Lee He was bending over his drawing board. When he saw me, his face darkened.
"Mr. Lee," I said. "I've come to talk to you about Miss Gladys. I want you to

let her alone."

HE SCOWLED at me. "Have you ever heard of minding your own business?" "I have Mr. Lee. And it is my business. Miss Gladys is just sick with the way you're running after her and meeting her and giving her a bad name. Any one can see her come here."

He laid down his drawing pencil. "I love

Gladys, Rosy. And I'm only doing what any other man would do in my place.

love her.'

Yes, he really loved her, and he would keep on meeting her just as long as she would meet him. And I knew it would go forever, even after she married Mr. Laird.

It was two days before the wedding Guests were arriving. I went with Miss Gladys to see Mr. Laird's grand mansion. Mr. Laird was silent as we inspected the splendid rooms. He had had her bedroom done in soft green. Then he took us in the library and showed us pictures of his Irish estate, Castle Lough Lein. "I'd love to go



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over there for a visit. Gladys," he said. "And live among a lot of Irish harps?" she threw back at him. "Not for me!"
"I'm an Irish harp, Miss Gladys," I an-

swered quickly. I felt a sudden hatred for

"Harps have souls, Gladys!" He spoke

sharply. She saw that he was taking my part and her face reddened.

The morning before the wedding I woke at five. I had a dream that I was suffocating. Miss Gladys was standing over me, fully dressed. "Wake up, Rosy," she said. "And listen. I'm meeting Gardner for the last time. We're going for a long drive. There's something I want you to do."

I WAS wide awake in a minute standing before her in my bathrobe.
"I promised to meet Algie this noon for a final talk down in the lake house. I can't get back in time. I want you to meet him for me. Put on this dress." She went to for me. Put on this dress." She went to ber clothes closet and brought out the blue and coat she had worn the day before. "He'll think it's me and he'll follow you. Keep him there as long as you can—until two anyway. I'm going for a last drive with Gardner."

At noon I put on her blue dress as I had promised and the little coat with its high collar. I clasped her wrist watch on my arm. I knew that I looked like her and I hated myself for it. I was glad that my hair was Irish hair, darker than hers, and my eyes a deeper, truer blue, thank God. I went down the western staircase and out the side door. I walked stowly, knowing that he would follow me.

A messenger boy stopped me with a telegram. I opened it. It was from her, of course. She dared not telegraph to her mother. I read it, crushed it in my hand and went on.

The lake house was set in magnolia trees aw all abloom. The door was open. I now all abloom. went through and to the room beyond. There was an open window framed in vines and shaded by magnolias that hung thick and sweet. It was like slipping into twiand sweet. It was like slipping into twi-light after the brilliant day outside. It was like the shady work I was doing. Me, Rosy O'Casey, come to America on as high a mission as ever brought a girl out here, to stoop to such a business as this!

I had hardly reached the window when I heard a step behind me. I knew it was Mr. Laird and I drew my collar higher. He stood for a minute uncertain in the dusk and the heavy scent of the magnolias. Then he came slowly up behind me. "Gladys," he said very quietly. "You asked me to he said very quietly. meet you here."

He was right behind me. In a minute he must know that she had lied to him again as she had lied to him so often. "Gladys," he said, and there was a note in his voice that broke my heart. He was so close alongside me that his face was next to mine. I turned my head and put my lips to his and all the love that was in my heart went out to him.

ent out to him. He stood like a man spellbound. I could the stood like a man spellbound. I could the stood like a man spellbound. I could see the color drain from his face. Gladys," he said.

I laughed but there was a sob in my voice. "No. It's Rosy O'Casey of Castle Kenmare. County Kerry, the same as would wear a Queen's crown today if it hadn't been for love."

He didn't put his arm around me even

then. "I never had a woman kiss me like that before, Rosy. I'm afraid I never will again. That kiss will lie forever like a dream in my heart, like the melody one brings from a harp—like all those other dreams I've had—those dear, dead dreams now lost to me forever."

"Those other dear I kissed him again. "Those other dear dreams, what are they?" He did not move from me; but he lifted

his ey ... to the western sky that lay so near that the green of the hills came up to meet it. "A dream of Ireland for one thing," he said. "That castle of mine. Lough Lein. Once upon a time, Rosy, I hoped to go there and build, build and excavate. There are ruins there in Lough Lein that tell the history of the world." His eyes were fixed as a man who sees a vision. "I hoped to go there some day, Rosy, and build a museum of antiquities and found a college for research. I came back to this country tull of it. Listen to me, Rosy. It does me good to tell someone. I asked the me good to tell someone. I asked the trustees of my estate to give me the money for it." His lips curved in that sensitive line. "They called me a nut! And then I line. "They called me a nut! And then built this big estate, this monstrosity with nothing real in it all."

I had to kiss him again. Sure what else

can a girl do when a man is pouring out his heart to her! "You'll do it yet. Don't worry. Rosy'll help you." I just had to put my arms around his neck. "I had a dream myself—once."

"And what was your dream, Rosy. Tell

me," he only had to whisper it.

And I told him. "I dreamed only just now that I had a man like you. And that he loved me—so he'd want to kiss me—the way I'm kissing you. And I dreamed that he took me back to Ireland, and built a Castle . . . and as the great stones piled bigher—he stood on the topmost wall—like a man! And I dreamed that I was always

there to help him." "Rosy!

"Rosy!"
I looked at the little wrist watch, ticking off the minutes. It was two o'clock. The hour she said that I could tell him.
"Rosy," he said. "That dream is over forever. I have killed it with my mistakes. I ought to go and look for Gladys, now."
"Don't hurry," I said. I handed him

the telegram that had lain crumpled in my nd. Held it up so that he could read. "Gardner and I were married this morn-

We take the train at two.

HE STARED at the paper, comprehension sweeping over him like a wave.

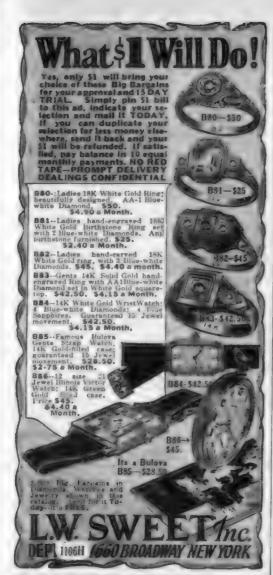
Then he drew a long breath and his face was as I had never seen it before. a relief, Rosy! I didn't realize until this second of actual release what a relief it would be. I knew she was going down there at night meeting him. And I've been worried, so disgusted, so-so-

"I'd have told you sooner, but she said I must hold you and wait until two o'clock."
"She told you to hold me here?" That old look of proud, sensitive suffering came into his eyes. "And you didn't mean any of the things you said, Rosy? You were just killing time?"

And the spirit in me leaped to my mouth, for I had no heart left in me at all, he having it already. And I smiled at him and stretched out my arms to him. "Oh, Acushla! Heart of me! Would I be kissing you like that if I didn't love you?"

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IS MOTHER love always the most unselfish thing in the world or can you conceive of a mother putting her own happiness before that of her child? I tried to do just that and almost lost my son's love as well as my own peace of mind, but Life turned the tables in a most unexpected fashion. My story, "It Was All So Long Ago," as I have written it for you in April SMART SET will tell you how my fate was decided wisely in spite of my blundering efforts.



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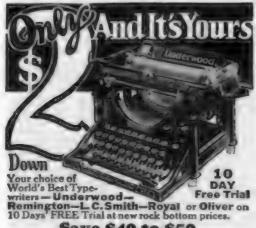
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[Continued from page 76]

instruction in secretarial work just for the sake of appearances, and learn to ride. And there's your kit to get, and your com-panion—dear old lady! Dine here tomorrow and I'll tell you details. It's your bedtime now."

He lifted me to my feet, kissed me, folded the cloak about me, and took me back to Netta's flat. At four A. M. Netta returned to find me in bed wide-eyed.

"Got my contract out of Roddy," yawned Netta, sinking rather wearily on the bed. "I had to promise goodness knows what, but it'll come right in the end, darling. Where the blue blazes did you go to with Henry?"

"Nothing like so far as I shall go!"

I told my fairy tale with bright, excited eyes. Netta listened, all amazement, scepti-

cism, finally pure envy.

"My God!" she exclaimed, "you don't half have luck, do you? Here I am gambling week-ends at Brighton for a measly ten a week and you get yachts and Cook's Tours for nothing, and a companion thrown in. I can guess what you'll say to him at the

end of the trip."
"Can you?" I murmured. "I wonder?"

THE steam yacht, Fragoletta, crept past the white lighthouse against the green shore, into Free Town Harbor. The fairy tale had begun.

I stood beside Sir Henry, a slender figure in a white frock and pith hat. It was sixthirty a. m. in the tropics, with the sun gilding an unflecked sea and sky. Past the eternal bush-fringed shore of Africa we crawled to our anchorage off a scattered

town such as I had never seen.

"The G. O. C's quite an old pal of mine and so's the Governor. I asked them to dine by wireless," said Sir Henry lazily.

"They'll come fast enough because a real dinner on a ship's something to pray for in these parts. There's the Port Medical Of-ficer in his launch; somebody from the Staff won't be far behind. We'll give him break-fast, April. He'll amuse you."

A launch manned by gentlemen of color in haphazard costumes churned alongside, followed closely by a motor boat. I ran eagerly to the head of the accommodation ladder. Sir Henry, who had been in the tropics before, walked slowly after me.

Up the ladder toiled a stout man in a khaki flannel shirt and drill shorts with a Sam Brown belt over the shirt and a regulation helmet on his head. Sir Henry held

out a welcoming hand.
"We've a clean sheet. Come and have breakfast," he said cheerfully. "Miss Rogers,

this is Major—"
"Baines," supplemented the stout person. "And here we have my young friend Lieutenant Crowther, the Military Landing Officer, coming over the side." He indicated a ginger-haired lieutenant who advanced toa ginger-haired heutenant who have wards us, staring fixedly at me, the first wards us, staring fixedly at me, the first pretty girl he had seen for a year. "He might have breakfast, too, I think, speaking professionally. Not a bad lad on the whole."
"Yes, do let's ask him," I said. "There are eggs and bacon and fish and omelette

and iced fruit and porridge."
"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Crowther aloud in simple awe. "Served on real plates and table cloths just like home, I s'pose. Thanks, most awfully!"

Sir Henry, who knew his Africa, led the strangers away and made them free of



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the Roman baths in white-tiled bathrooms. They issued forth joyfully to breakfast, and I, almost maternal in my sympathy for these poor exiles, flirted delicately with both. Be-fore I quite realized it I had accepted an invitation to tea at the barracks, the use of a hammock and porters for my visits ashore, and the services of a guide in the person of

Mr. Crowther. Sir Henry, quiet, unobtrusive, watched from the background between snatches of talk with the Major. He saw the magic of his world working on me, while I entertained, with marvellous adaptability, men not of my own level in life. H these He saw my delight in the worship of men cut off from their own womankind

Mrs. Strangeways, my companion, slept

"We'll chuck the book to-day and go exploring," he put in casually. It was a pleasant fiction that I assisted him with the writing of a book of travel. "Send down those hammocks about half past eight, will you, Crowther? It'll be so fiendishly hot later. And you'll both dine on board tonight, of course? The Governor's coming.

The G. O. C. seems to be up-country."

"Well, April?" he queried in the smokingroom after the guests had gone. "Happy?
Is it all very exciting?"

I moved across and sat on the arm of his chair

'Course! You are a dear to me, Henry. And how those poor men gape at a girl, don't they?

So would you if you were a man and hadn't seen one for ages."

I ran my fingers lightly through his hair

and drew up a chair for myself.

"And to-night there'll be the Governor,

and I shall wear a Doucet dinner gown."
"And a colonel and the Senior Naval Officer of the station and a selection of junior officers and only Mrs. Strangeways to share them with. She's hardly a rival. Frankly, April, I envy you!"

A day later the Fragoletta steamed out of

harbor headed for the Cape.

SIR HENRY continued to behave per-fectly. Except that he kissed me good night a shade more attectionately, he might

have been my brother.

Two days out from Free Town we sat side by side on deck after dinner in the cane lounges of the East. Not a sound broke the stillness except the rush of water past the ship. Suddenly I sat up, the light wrap falling from my bare shoulders and I leaned towards him

"Henry, are you sorry I came?" He took the cigar out of his mouth and smiled at me in the moonlight.

You wouldn't be here if I were. April

Do you remember the dance when we met? Do you remember kissing me? Well, you never kiss me now, like that, and I'm not greedy. I don't want to take everything and give nothing. I think I want to be It's lonely, and there's the moon.' kissed.

Sir Henry moved restlessly in his chair. "I want everything or nothing. say, there's a moon, very different from the moon at home. You daren't begin in this moonlight, April, dear. A man's only flesh and blood, and I never break my word."

I turned my face away.
"If you were I, quite alone in the world, in a ship with a man who gave you everything and didn't want you, and would rather break your heart than risk breaking his word—" I said very sadly. "Besides, if I can trust you, and myself, why should you hesitate? I've everything to lose and at the worst you've everything to gain. You don't need to be so very brave, do you, Henry?"

Foot Specialties

Write Dept. 99 1328 BROADWAY, NEW YORK face quiver and define itself tensely for a

moment. The next I was in his arms. gathered up, crushed against his heart.

Suddenly two arms of steel lifted me clear

and set me on my feet upon the deck.
"So now you can realize," came in his clear, slow tones, "I know the climate, the circumstances and our limitations better than you. For God's sake, don't tempt me again.'

He lit another cigar a little unsteadily. I stood trembling and tears gathered in my

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"You needn't despise me quite so openly," said my choked voice. In an instant he had drawn me against his heart, caressing my

hair, infinitely protecting.
"April, April, darling, don't. You know I love you. Kiss me good night and forgive me. Please, April. Don't be so unhappy If I hadn't loved you so it wouldn't have happened. Look at me!"

H^E lifted my face and kissed my tear-wet eyes. A shaky smile played round the corners of my mouth.

"You were so cold and polite and respectable," I murmured, kissed him once,

and fled away to my cabin.

At Cape Town I learnt many things concerning a world not mine. I lived through days of hard, bright sunlight, in Adderly Street buying the most perfect flowers in the world from chattering Cape girls, at idle tea-drinkings on Cartwright's balcony, in wonderful motor runs round the great grim mountain.

"God's own country, April," said Sir enry. God's own country, wicked, cruel, Henry.

heartless, but what a playground for love!
"Aren't you happy? Aren't you just me Aren't you just mad Look at that mountain; you might happy? Look at that mountain; think it was covered with grass, but that grass happens to be trees. Things are smaller at home. Are you happy?'

"'Course I'm happy." We were picnicking somewhere on the mountain. The discreet chauffeur had faded round a providential corner; the remains of luncheon lay on the ground; conscious of a sun-kissed face under a shady hat, I ate the fattest, most luscious grapes I had ever seen. "I want to kiss you," Sir Henry pleaded,

"I want to kiss you," Sir Henry pleaded, stroking my cheek with slow, caressing fin-"Your hair's like the honey of Paradise and the scent of your skin's like the earth at the break of dawn. Do you like our life, Are you going to keep me for-oh, dear? years and years, or will you go back to your horrible English virtue and turn me down?'

I leaned against his shoulder and let my self be kissed, quietly drinking in the most adorable love-making I had ever known.

"You're so good to me. I should love to be married to you. Why can't 1? Why can we never marry men like you?"
"'Cos of a lot of damn' silly prejudice, I

s'pose. Anyway, I shall never marry any-one. I've wandered too much, and wherever I took a wife there'd always be someone else calling me. Don't worzy, little April; just be kissed and forget."

So I was kissed and didn't forget.

THE next day we took a training my eyes and my soul with the great dis-HE next day we took a train. I filled tances, and in due season we came to Johannesburg, the new Jerusalem, and took possession of a suite at the Carlton.

I went down to dinner in a gown of cream and gold that moulded me into a sheer de-

light of slender fairness "Hullo, Aubrey!" ex exclaimed Sir Henry joyfully to a tall calm man who approached "Jolly good of you to run over from Pre-toria so soon. April, this is Captain Purvis, A. D. C. to the Governor-General, a law giver even as Moses was. Shall we dine? I'm starving."

At Harrow they called Aubrey Purvis the Fair God, because of his coloring and looks. He was extremely handsome and exactly thirty. His past was not innocent of women, CLEAR YOUR SKIN!

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yet none of the goddesses who successively reigned had ever achieved the inner shrine of his heart, which was rigidly set apart for the occupancy of his wife, whenever he should meet her. When I smiled at him he observed me with a startled attentiveness. as if the question had leaped in his mind, "Is this she?"

By this time I had all the poise of a duchess. Purvis, fastidious by nature and training, could find no flaw. Sir Henry chatted indulgently while Purvis at me with tention between us and glanced at me with

growing appreciation.

"Are you here for long, Captain Purvis?"

I inquired. "Shall we see anything more of you or do you go back to Pretoria forever?"

"I'm not sure. I don't know till the morning. I hope to stop a few days," he replied. "Things are pretty dull in Pretoria just now."

just now."

"You'd better stay and look after April while I go and buy a farm," suggested Sir Henry. "The farm wouldn't interest her, but Jo'burg will."

When we had left the table Purvis, alone with me, came straight to the point.

"May I see you again? I want to most particularly. I've wired for leave and I shall hear in the morning. Sir Henry and I are old friends. Can you spare me a few minutes to-morrow, do you think?"

I considered him thoughtfully.

"I don't quite know what we're doing to-morrow. You see, I'm Sir Henry's secretary and it depends a good deal on his movements. But if you'd care to come to tea on the off-chance—?"

THANK you most awfully. Of course I will."

will."

I gave him my hand when he left.

"Good night," he murmured very low, but the two words bore to me through the starlit dark the fragrance of all the love songs and poetry in the world.

I met him next day in Eloss Street on my way back to the hotel for tea. I saw the light in his eyes as they dwelt tenderly on my cool white figure. He laughed boyishly.

"I've got my week's leave. I shall put up at the Club. What about Creagh; is he staying, too, or trekking after his farm? I want to know if I'm to start looking after you at once, you see."

"Yes," I replied. "He goes tomorrow and we've a box at the theater as a sort of farewell celebration, but I shall have heaps of work to do and you aren't to be a dis-

farewell celebration, but I shall have heaps of work to do and you aren't to be a distraction. I take my job quite seriously."

"I'll be very good," he promised with a note of yearning. I gave him tea prettily, and I knew I was the prettiest girl in the place. I had an English complexion and a Hanover Square outfit and I behaved as the girls of Sir Henry's world behave. Every man in the hotel wanted me, every woman secretly hated me, and Purvis was grateful.

secretly hated me, and Purvis was grateful. He did not say so, but I saw it.

Late that night, after the theater and supper, I stood in our sitting room saying good night to Sir Henry. I put my hands on his shoulders and looked up into his

face.

"You do like me a tiny bit, Henry?"

"You know I love you, you dear thing."
I shook my head a little sadly.

"You don't love me, but you're all I have in this big country. I shall miss you. Don't be away too long, dear."

He kissed me and stroked my fair head. He kissed me and stroked my fair head. He wished, as much as a wanderer can, that he might settle down at last. But he knew too well that spring would come again and the wanderlust call. In the morning he left me, and Purvis gave me lunch.

The day after we motored and laughed and picnicked like children. Driving home in the evening his arm stole round me; then he stopped the car and took my hands.

"April," he choked, and then the flood of



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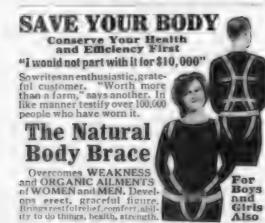
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emotion burst through all restraint. you—I love you," he repeated over and over again. "There's nothing between you and Creagh? There can't be, or you wouldn't be here together."

"No," I said slowly and rather bitterly. "There's nothing between Sir Henry and me, but you mustn't kiss me. I don't want Please take me home. I'm so tired."

He gazed at me pleadingly

"Very well, dear. But I'll not give you up, April! You're mine! Later, you will let me tell you, won't you, darling?"

HEN he drove me back to the Carlton. I went up to my bedroom, and sat by the window, drinking in the white light of the moon and stars, thinking, thinking, thinking,

He doesn't know. he does he'll shut up his heart tighter than ever. He'll think of me as a street girl. know those 'good' men: they're harder than diamonds and about as scarce, thank God. But if I promised to marry him before he knows he'd stick to the bargain, because he's that kind. Shall I tell him, or shall I go back to work after this?"

I looked round desperately at the luxu-

rious room. A tall mirror reflected a girl whose beauty any king might desire.
"Why be good?" I murmured savagely.
"What is being 'good'? Is anything 'good' when it means losing all the beauty of life, and is anything 'bad' that gives it to you? Any fool of a girl who's rich can be good, but to be good and poor when you might be bad and rich, where's the sense?"

Throughout the moonlit night I lay wideeved, wrangling with fate. In the morning came flowers from Purvis and an invitation to ride. As we cantered out into the veldt together I flung at him a phrase that dinned itself into my brain with every thud of my

horse's hoofs.
"Sir Henry comes back to-morrow."

"Ah!" said Purvis. A strange note of satisfaction pervaded the word. The news of Sir Henry's return seemed to solve some problem.

"Then will you dine with me tonight and come for a motor run afterwards? particularly to talk to you before Creagh returns and it'll be my last chance. Will you?'

"HANKS. I'd love to," I replied briefly and hit my horse, so that he sprang into Captain Purvis's suave rectitude drove me to the edge of exasperation.
As I dressed that evening a wire came

from Sir Henry:

"Back at eight tonight. Please choose celebration dinner.

I twisted the thin sheet between my fin-

gers; a cynical smile played round my lips.
"And I've promised Aubrey. And if I
have a love affair with anyone, Henry's and arrangements cease from that moment." I glanced coolly, rather bitterly at my re-flection. "Even in Johannesburg, p'r'haps I shouldn't starve. Anyway, I'll risk it." Purvis came for me in the car and we motored out to dine. I set myself to mad-

den him for the first and last time; I played with his immortal soul as a cat plays with a mouse. He could do nothing but what I willed. And when I willed him to ask me to marry him, he did ask.

Across our table in a secluded corner of that out-of-town inn I looked at him with

hard eyes and a mocking mouth "Always remember, Aubrey," I began, "that I could say 'yes' now, at this moment, and if I were to say 'yes', you would stick to your bargain whatever happened, because

you're Aubrev Julian Secundus Purvis, the son of Sir Denzil Purvis, baronet of Beau-manoir in Sussex. Isn't that so?" manoir in Sussex. Isn' He inclined his head.

"Well, Aubrey, I won't marry you. For

one thing I believe you love me; for another I'm not exactly the girl you imagine I've been on the stage in London. Sir Henry saw me at a dance and wanted me. People like you and Sir Henry don't marry people like me, do they? He's showing me all the treasures of the earth now, and if I like the life sufficiently I'll just say right ho! and if not we'll part friends. Privately, I think we'll part, but I shall need a very think we'll part, strong will. At the moment I'm what you call a good girl and I have a perfectly good Mrs. Strangeways. 'companion' in you've had a narrow escape, haven't you?"

laughed into his eyes. "Again I ask you to do me the honor of marrying me," was all he said.

I sighed and rose to my feet.

"Aubrey, you're a good sort, but a little ad and melodramatic. You've never found your balance where girls are con-I should ruin your career and we'd cerned. both be miserable. You can't conceal people like me. Please take me home. Sir Henry You can't conceal people came back at eight, and he'll want me."

WITH perfectly precise good manners he VV shepherded me into the car, saw to every detail of my comfort, and drove me It was some solace for his wounded pride to do this. At the hotel entrance I laid a hand on his arm.
"Don't come in." I murmured. And then:

"Oh, Aubrey, you lucky, inhuman, lovable, Don't you realize I've refused absurd ass! heaven and chosen hell to-night? Don't you know if you'd taken me in your arms and kissed me you'd have won? And at the beginning at any rate you wanted to win. Good night!"

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passed into the hotel and up to Sir

Henry's sitting room.

He was waiting for me, perfectly unmoved, tall. lean, and brown as ever, the dinner dress accentuating his broad shoulders. "Well, dear?" he asked simply, but there

lurked a dangerous glint in his hazel eyes. I sensed the possessive male instinct, the immemorial jealousy.
"Hullo!" I began cheerfully. "I've been

out with Aubrey. I'd promised before your wire came, and his leave's up tomorrow. You don't mind, do you? After all, it's only one of your and my many evenings."

I put my hands on his shoulders with the old gesture. He took them and looked straight into my eyes.

"Has he kissed you?"

No.

"What has he done?"

"He asked me to marry him this evening. I refused. I explained the reison why I'm here. Probably he doesn't want to marry me now.

"Does he love you?"
"Yes."

"Do you love him?"

I hesitated.

"A girl in my position always has a certain respect for a man who asks her to marry him," I said, with the faintest touch of sarcasm.

"I HARDLY think you were justified in re-vealing our compact," he said thought-"I think also this business with Purvis ends it. You will remember you were not to have a love affair with any other man.

stood back a little and considered him gravely, as people view a pleasant prospect for the last time

"You've been very good to me, Henry. I shall always have the most delightful memories of you. It's unfortunate that Aubrey fell in love with me, but in any case I don't think you could ever have had —what you want. We should have parted, anyhow. It's rather late; may I stay just this night, and leave in the morning?"

"What will you do? You haven't a penny. Johannesburg's an expensive place."

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n't a lace."

I smiled. "I've a few pounds of my own. And, really, I'm quite used to taking care of myself. Johannesburg, London, what's the difference? There are plenty of opportunities here. I can get a job."

He laughed, but I knew he admired me. There was respect in the laugh.

"April, dear, you've got the pluck of the devil. You don't suppose I'd leave you alone on the wrong side of the world? I'm going home, and if you will I should like you to go with me. I've bought the farm and we may as well start at once. Can I still kiss you good night, please?"

T'S rather friendly," I murmured, and held up my mouth like a tired child.
We went home by Madeira and the short route, for love always chooses the longest

way out and the quickest way back.

Two nights out from Southampton we sat after dinner in the music room, glad of artificial heat, smoking reflective cigarettes. Two days would see us parted forever, the ties of daily companionship snapped strangers in a strange world.

ever, the ties of daily companionship snap-ped, strangers in a strange world.

At last I stretched out a hand from my end of the chesterfield and laid it on his.

"Henry," I began slowly, "do you re-member how much you wanted me the first evening we met?"

He nodded, and took my hand in his.

"I don't suppose I shall ever like any man better than you. It's been very sweet while it lasted; no one ever took care of

while it lasted; no one ever took care of me as you've done. You've given me the most heavenly time. I dare say I'm very selfish and make a great fuss over things and so if—if—"

and so if—if——"

Slowly the blood stained my face and throat. I hid from his eyes against his shoulder and waited. He seemed to be a

very long time.
"April," he said at last, "do you remember in Johannesburg offering to walk straight out of the Carlton and look after straight out of the Carlton and look after yourself, because I said you'd broken our contract? That was pretty sporting. And as you were prepared to stick to the letter of the contract then, so am I now."

We said good-by at Waterloo Station.

The flat in which Netta and I lived seemed very small after so many spacious days. Netta, wise with wisdom beyond her years asked no questions. One night as we

years, asked no questions. One night as we brushed our hair together, suddenly I put my head on Netta's knee and sobbed. That was all for a dull, blank month. The pendulum of my life swung from all

that money can buy to just as little as a chorus girl can earn. Hilary Clegg, true to his principles, gave me back my job in the chorus at the Summerhouse Theater. He said I had an atmosphere of innocence that appealed to the type of men he catered for. He said also that in the case of chorus girls the evil he knew was better than the evil he didn't know; that I never cut performances or sulked during rehearsals. I count that as one of the few worth-while tributes ever received.

The dull, blank month went by, and then I received a letter from Sir Henry. I shall always treasure it, because he played fair. He said:

"My dear April:

you can spare the time, and if don't mind, I'd like you to come have tea with me here. The fact you and have tea with me here. The fact is I rather think my number's up. I was wounded rather badly in the war, and although they patched me up at the time it's started internal trouble. Sir Reville Blake is going to operate, but although he's a surgical wizard, the odds are very long against the job's being a success. As we parted friends, with no regrets, it would be rather nice to see you again in case I'm unlucky. I'm in bed, but I have

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very pretty nurse who would chaperon you. Can you come along to-morrow at four-thirty? The opera-tion's the day after.

Henry Creagh "

I went, in my prettiest frock. He was just the same Henry, perfectly cool and un-rufiled, with the smile that creased the corners of his eyes. He remembered I liked China tea and he had my favorite kind of cigarettes, and he made me laugh over and No man has ever been such over again. No man has ever been such a delightful host to me, and not a word of complaint, or even regret, came from him.

When it was time to say good-by he looked at me very steadily for a moment;

then he said.
"I'm not allowed to sit up just now. Will you kiss me just once, for luck, it you don't mind, April?"

So, very gently, with unshed tears sting-ing my eyes. I kissed him for luck. They operated next day, and the day after

that he died, very peacefully according to Sir Reville Blake.
Later his lawyers told me he had left me

fifty thousand pounds. For a whole day I sat and wept because now I could never tell him I was sorry I had been so selfish

with him, or make any return.

Afterwards I took Netta traveling for a whole year, and she met a charming, middle-aged man who married her. They have a baby boy now, and are very happy. As for me, I haven't found happiness,

and my heart feels dead. I didn't really love Henry, not as I loved Basil, nor as I loved Lord Chaliont, but there was a kind of joyous courage about him that would hold any woman, and he wasn't afraid to die. In some curious way, even from the other world, he supplants any man I've met since he died, or am likely to meet.

So that is why you may see me, beautifully gowned, at Deauville, or Ascot, or in London during the Season, or at Paris, or Palm Beach, always with men around me,

and none of them permanent.

But no heart breaks for ever, and some day I know the curtain will lift. First a tiny corner will turn back with a hint of sunshine; presently the whole will lift and I shall see the risen sun streaming down on I shall be happy, and learn to laugh.

WHAT is sin? Is it the appearance of evil, the breaking of a man-made law or is it the failure of a human soul to keep faith with itself? Can a man break the letter of the law and still be in perfect harmony with the spirit of it? Perhaps my story "Sinners" in the April SMART SET will help you to judge less harshly the souls .hat dare to wander off the beaten track.

All's Fair In Love—

[Continued from page 51]

mood for it, but I don't see any fun in taking a cocktail if you don't happen to like the taste. I drink a little red wine at

times—just because I like it."

Bob Eames passed by us again and stopped to speak to Vincent.

"Party is not as gay as it might be, Vin-

cent," he said. "Wish you would do some of your conjuring tricks."
"Sure, if it will help out!" Vincent agreed. He turned to me. "I always was keen on tool tricks," he explained. "As a kid of ten or so, I used to spend all my money buying books on conjuring. Matter of fact, I'm almost as good as a professional!" He said this as though he were talking about somebody else and without any trace of conceit in his voice.

A moment later and he had left my side and gone to the end of the room. Bob Eames announced that Vincent Onley would entertain them. Vincent faced them, as ut-terly unembarrassed and at home as though they were all staring at somebody else in-

stead of at him

He began to do several card tricks, and clever as they were, his continual patter was even more so. He had them spell-bound in a very little while, and I could not but admit that he had only stated a simple fact when he had stated that he was "almost as good as a professional.'

"My final trick this evening," Vincent announced, "could not be duplicated by any living magician! I will select any one from my distinguished audience! Ah, you, Miss Tremaine!" He beckoned to me to come near him.

Feeling rather shy and embarrassed with so many people looking at me, I walked the length of the studio until I stood beside

Vincent.

"I shall ask this young lady merely to think of a card, any card from the fifty-two!" Vincent went on. "Have you "Yes." I told him.

"Don't tell me what it is yet," he in-ructed me. "Now will any gentleman in structed me. "Now will any gentleman in the audience kindly come and tie my hands

behind my back?"

Vincent kept up a continual bantering chatter as one of the men tied his hands

behind him.
"Now." Vincent went on, "give the ends of the rope to anyone you care to select so that I can't possibly move to the other end of the room without my captor knowing You. madam!" And he bowed to a middle-aged lady sitting near him.

The ends of the rope that bound him were handed to this lady who sat grimly holding

on to them.

answered me.

"Now tell me and these ladies and gen-tlemen what card you thought of!" Vincent said to me.

"The six of clubs!" I announced.

"The six of clubs!" Vincent repeated with a smile. "Well, you have all seen that I have been tied and held before I knew the card Miss Tremaine selected. The telephone is at the other end of the room. Now, Miss Tremaine, will you go to the phone and call up Plaza 8343? Just say that you wish to speak to Miss Alma Lambert. When you are sure you have her on the wire, don't say a single thing that might lead the audience to think you and I are working to-gether. Just ask 'What card am I thinking Or 'What have you to tell me?' your own words so that it can't possibly be a code, and get some one to listen on the receiver at the same time as you, so that you have a witness. The reply will astonish you, as the lady lives a long way from here. and obviously, as she is not present, she can't know what card you selected some minute and a half ago!"

With another girl I walked the length

of that big room and took up the telephone I called the number and a woman's voice

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"I want to speak to Miss Alma Lambert!" I said.

"Speaking!" The voice returned.

"Miss Lambert," I said, "are you a mind reader?" You see I was careful not to use either phrase that Vincent had suggested.

The girl with me was also listening as we held the receiver between us.

"Sufficiently a good one to tell you," the voice came back over the wire, "that you are thinking of the six of clubs!" And then we heard the click of the receiver at the other end as Miss Lambert hung up.

I announced what had happened and the applause was almost deafening.

I announced what had happened and the applause was almost deafening.

"That, ladies and gentlemen, ends my performance for tonight!" Vincent bowed. "In return. I demand a drink!"

He took a cocktail from his host and sat talking to me, though we were continually interrupted by people begging Vincent to tell them how it was done. Politely, smilingly, he kidded them, but his refusal was absolute.

he kidded them, but his refusal was absolute. But when an hour later several people asked him to repeat the trick, Vincent consented.

This time, he selected another girl, while he chose another man to bind him at the other end of the room from the telephone.
"What card are you thinking of?" Vincent

asked.

The King of Hearts," the girl announced. He instructed her to call up that same Plaza number. "Ask for Miss Ethel Lam-bert," Vincent instructed her, "and see what she will tell you!"

A FEW moments later the girl assured us that the woman had told her that she was thinking of the King of Hearts, and again the applause was generous.

"I know how you do that trick," I said when Vincent was again sitting beside me.

"I don't think you do know," he answered, "and if you do, it's because you are the only one in the room who hasn't had a drink

or two. Tell me, but don't give it away to the others."

"The first time, when I had thought of the six of clubs," I said, "you told me to ask for a Miss Alma Lambert! Later, when the other girl thought of the King of Hearts. quite casually, you told her to ask for Miss Ethel Lambert! All that happens is that you have fifty-two code words with this Miss Lambert, one for every card in the deck, and she knows what card is required simply by the first name used when somehady rings her up!"

body rings her up!"

"You are a clever little devil!" he laughed.

"My mistake. As a rule I never repeat that same trick on the same occasion! I thought as they had all had a few drinks, I could like the same trick of the same occasion! risk it. I forgot that you had not in-

"Well, I won't give you away!" I prom-

Later Clara went off with a boy she had met at the party so that when Vincent of-fered to drive me back, I accepted readily.

He helped me into his sedan with a touch of chivalrous gentleness that appealed to mig

"One of the few good things about my job," he smiled, "is that I can always have a car to drive. Talking of that, how about a run somewhere tomorrow? It's Sunday!" 'I'd love it!" I exclaimed impetuously.

Outside my aunt's apartment, he drew up by the curb, but he made no motion to open the door for me. The clock on the dashboard showed it to be a few min-utes after one, and nobody was about in the quiet rather shabby street. Suddenly his arms were about me and he drew me close to him. I closed my eyes in abandonment, intoxicated by his almost hypnotic personality. My heart told me that here was the man for whom I had been waiting, the man for whom I had denied all those foolish boys the light kisses they sought for. In city



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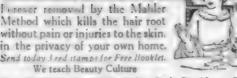
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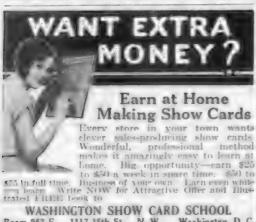


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the ecstasy of his embrace I lost or almost lost all consciousness of myself. I was absorbed in him.

This feeling lasted only a brief moment in actual time, but what is love? Can it be measured by man-made clocks? Enough that I loved!

Gently I freed myself, but he still kept my hands in his, and I could feel my fingers tingling at his magnetic touch.

"Oh!" I cried a little foolishly. "Oh! I never knew a kiss was like that!"
"You never knew?" he repeated. A smile lighted up his face. "You mean that was your first kiss?"

Again he enfolded me in his arms. "You darling!" he whispered. "You little white darling!" he whispered.

HEN he let me go. He opened the door THEN he let me go. He option of the car and helped me out. He walked up the brown-stone steps with me, and took his hat. He kissed both my hands. Then he turned them over and kissed the

"Tomorrow, darling!" he said. "Tomor-

I know that it was long, long before I slept that night, and when at last I did drop off into dreams of Vincent, I was holding my hands, the hands he had kissed, against my cheek!

About eleven the next morning, Vincent called for me. My eyes were shining as we drove away from the house, and his voice was tender, and whimsical, and admiring and thrilling and everything else that appeals to a girl as he was telling me how lovely I looked! It was cold but sunny and bright and we left Manhattan behind us and drove up the Hudson.

What a drive that was! What a day of days! I enjoyed every minute of it, and never once did he do anything but tell me either by word or glance how much he cared for me.

We had lunch at a quaint little cottage in Westchester where they served occasional passing motorists, and it was dusk as we turned back towards New York.

'Forget convention, my darling," Vincent begged me when the lights of Manhattan were again with us. "Let's not go to a were again with us. restaurant for dinner but come to my apartment and you cook us some supper. How about it?"

I agreed and we stopped and bought things at a delicatessen. Then we drove up to his apartment which I found consisted of two rooms and a bath with a little kitchenette. There I prepared an omelette and coffee and hot biscuits all of which Vincent protested were the best he had ever tasted.

IT WAS after I had cleared away and we were sitting on a couch together before the open fire which he had lighted, that he took me in his arms and kissed me.
"You know I love you, darling?"

I nodded, too happy to trust myself to speak

"If only I had some money," he went on, "I would ask you to marry me at once, but I know my faults, darling. I'm an travagant young fool, and I know it. What capital, thirty or forty thousand. need is Then I'd have a garage and sell used cars on the side, and we wouldn't have to worry about money. As it is, you'd be miserable on what I make. We must wait and hope, before I say anything definite."

Something chilled me. I wished he had said nothing rather than offer me an excuse for not proposing to me! I got up and said that it was time for me to be getting home as I had to be up and on the job in the morning

He made no protest, so that I know my instinct had been right in trusting him by coming with him to his apartment.

But when again we parked the car outside my aunt's apartment, he drew me to him.

Cross, Precious, just because I was honthat I can't afford to told you marry just yet? Don't be cross, darling! Forget everything except that I love you!

And I did forget everything in the rapture of his kisses.

But the cold practical work-a-day world of Monday morning made me realize my danger. I knew that I loved Vincent. I knew that he fascinated me. I knew some-thing of my own weakness, and as he was not ready to marry me, I determined to run no more risks. He was making more than enough for me, but if he felt he needed more, I could do nothing about it. What I could do was to place a guard on my own emotions.

I confided something of all this to Clara

Knox when we had lunch together.

"That's easy," she decided. "I've quite a crush on this boy, Jimmy Wells, and I'd just as soon be sort of chaperoned. Tell you what, Mildred, we four, you, me, Jimmy and Vincent will run around together in future. Four's safe where two's a danger sign!" a danger sign!'

So FOR the ensuing six or seven weeks I saw a good deal of Vincent but always in the company of Clara and her beau. We the company of Clara and her beau. We motored together on Sundays, and Jimmy reciprocated for the use of the car by taking us to dinner and the movies during the

The more I saw of Vincent, the more I loved him, and the more I believe that he loved me. If only, I thought, I could do something to make him realize we could be perfectly comfortable and happy on what he was then making, if only I could make him ask me to marry him without further

Suddenly, something happened, which

seemed to point the way! One Saturday afternoon, I had been uptown to a store for Aunt Ella, and was on my way home about four o'clock inside a Fifth Avenue bus. Sitting next to me was a fat, good-natured looking woman of middle age. She had several packages with her and had evidently been shopping.

In Madison Square, the bus stopped, and this woman got off. I noticed that she had left a small package behind her, and as I was within a few blocks of where I lived I got off the bus and hurried after her. I overtook her just as she was turning into West Twenty-fourth Street.

West Twenty-fourth Street.
"You left this behind you," I said as I

held out the package.

"Now isn't that kind of you, my dear!" she exclaimed in a motherly sort of voice. "Truth is I am carrying more than I can easily manage. I live half way down the block, so I haven't far to go."

Immediately I offered to help her carry her belongings and when we reached her door, she asked me to come up and have a cup of tea with her.

THERE was something so understanding and sympathetic about her that I accepted, and presently I found myself sitting in a comfortably furnished living room, and as we had tea, I told her quite a little about myself. She was the type of woman that inspires and invites confidences.

She was, I learned, a Mrs. Ford, a widow,

and she had lost a daughter about three vears before.

"That's the reason I asked you to tea," te told me. "You are very like her. Not she told me. enough to be her sister, but enough to remind me of her."

That established a bond between us, as we talked on I learned that Mrs. Ford a professional fortune teller!

h, do lay the cards for me!" I begged "I'm not very happy, and there's some-"Oh.

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thing I'd give anything to find out."
"My dear," she said meaningly, "didn't I tell you that you reminded me of my poor Sybil? That's why I won't lay the cards for you."

"But why not?" I coaxed her. "Why

"Because," she said, "I like you. Because you remind me of the child who was more to me than all the world. That's why!"

So INTO her motherly and sympathetic ears, I poured the story of my love for Vincent Olney and of how he would not

yet ask me to marry him.

"That's easy!" she assured me. "Send him to me! Let someone else tell him how wonderful I am, so that he doesn't suspect that you and I are working together, and I'll tell him his best luck lies in marrying Tell me little things about his past so that he believes what a wonderful woman I am in knowing it, and I'll manage him all right! I won't tell him your name but I'll describe you so that he knows it's you all right! And it's fair enough! All's fair in love and war, and he seems to be in love with you anyway."

It may have been wrong. Now I know it was, but remember I was desperately in love and this seemed such an easy way make Vincent ask me to be his wife. So I told Mrs. Ford several little things about his past, where he was born, what he did for a

living and so on.

It was almost supper time when I left her and I decided to take Clara into my confidence so that it should be she and not I who talked of the wonderful powers of Mrs. Ford!

I explained to Clara what she had to do, and after the movies, where the four of had gone, she began talking of the marvelous powers of seeing the future that were

"gift" of this Mrs. Ford.

The end of it was just as I had hoped: His curiosity piqued, Vincent Olney had agreed to go and see Mrs. Ford the very next day! He would take me for a dive in the afternoon after his interview with the fortune teller.

Early in the morning, I telephoned to Mrs. Ford to warn her of Vincent's visit and also to tell her that I had left my ring in her bathroom when I had removed it while

washing my hands.
"I have it safely," she told me, "and you can have it the next time you come here.

I don't know how I passed the intervening hours until I could see Vincent. walked up and down my room nervously. I loved him so, I told myself! I loved him I could not contemplate life without

At last the appointed hour arrived and with it, Vincent. I looked anxiously at him and could tell by a certain grim line about

his mouth that he had arrived at a decision.
"I want to talk to you alone, darling," he said to me. "Do you mind coming to my apartment? We can go for a drive later?

I assented gladly, and kept chattering all the way up Fifth Avenue and across the park.

Arrived in his apartment, we sat down on the couch and he began quite suddenly.

"Don't let us wait," he was saying. "Marry me at once, in a week or so, when I can get leave off from my job. Marry me, dear, because I am tired of waiting for you

Mrs. Ford had done her work well, but even in that moment of rapture as Vincent held me in his arms I felt guilty. In a way, my innocent deception spoiled that perfect moment.

Eagerly I told him that I was ready to marry him at any time, and we arranged the following Saturday week as the date.

But he was kissing me, boldly caressing



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me. And I? I was completely immersed in his magnetic personality

But that night, I could not sleep. Somehow everything seemed spoilt for me. loved Vincent as much, even more, than before I had known the rapture of his kisses, but I was unhappy.

Then suddenly I knew what was the

matter. It was all my own fault. I had made Vincent urge me to marry him through It was all my own fault. I had

a trick. It was—cheap!
Tears! Tears of bitter sense of loss all through my own impatience for now I saw that I could not marry him unless I con-fessed about Mrs. Ford. But how could I? I hardly slept all night. I was a nervous

wreck when I went to work the next day, but my mind was made up. I knew what I was going to do even though it might

break my heart.
At lunch time I went into a telephone found him in; he had returned to his office to fill up some papers. I forced my voice to be gay. I forced myself to sound as though I did not care.

But the main part of what I said was this: "I think we have made a mistake, Vincent. I simply couldn't sleep last night worrying about what I had promised you. I was carried off my feet, and I think-I feel that I could not make you happy. I want you just to forget me-and forgive me."

hung up the receiver, but come out of that stuffy telephone booth until I had stopped my tears.

went back to the office, but I felt so sick that I asked for the afternoon off, saying quite truthfully that I had a terrible headache. As I came out of the elevator on the street floor, a man grabbed me by the arm. It was Vincent; his face was

He did not say a word to me until we were in his car, and I hardly noticed that we were headed downtown.

"You can't play with me like that, little girl," he said as we waited for the traffic signal. "I love you. You know it. You

love me and I know you do."
"You know I do!" I managed to say with a smile, though I felt that my heart was breaking. "How do you know "Boob girl!" he laughed at me. "How do you know it?"

girl! Do you think I didn't know yester-day that Mrs. Ford was a fake, even before I saw your ring lying on the table in her apartment? What do you think me, a

"Then you knew about the trick all the time!" I exclaimed. "Now you understand why I phoned you that I couldn't marry you. It would have been so cheap, dear. Even now it is still there, between us, that I tried to cheat!"

"Don't be absurd." he smiled. "You tried perhaps and failed. You failed, little girl whom I adore, because it really isn't in your darling, Why, future couldn't even cheat when she tried!"

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MUST girls as well as boys sow wild oats now-a-days? And are there con-sequences? Elsie Robinson, the world's big sister, has had more chance than most of us-to know the modern girl-to study her code, to watch the working of her mind and often to watch her reap the pitiful harvest which in her article in April SMART SET she calls "thistles of restlessness.

My Buddy's Mam'selle

[Continued from page 45]

only marking time to think of some way

to relay the suggestion to Sam.

However, it was Yvonne, herself, who
really told Big Sam what was in the wind. Nodding at me, she pointed to the stairs saying, "Chambre pour M'sieu Borden ici."

I'm sure Sam got her drift, but he turned to me for an explanation with a queer look on his frank face. As casually as possible I repeated the Gambeaus' proposal.

My buddy didn't say anything for a few moments, which was natural enough, although the silence made me feel awfully uncomfortable. There's hardly any man that'll take quickly to the idea of another fellow, even his best friend, living under the same roof with the girl he loves. But, I guess Sam must have suddenly remembered who I was. Because, he blurted out:

"Well, Kid, you couldn't be in a better place. Funny, but it never came to mind 'bout your stayin' here. Tell 'em I think it'll be great."

His words made me wish he'd violently connected the idea for I understood who seems

opposed the idea, for I understood why Sam agreed to my staying. He was still my buddy. He was at his old trick of helping me over the rough places. Sam's faith in me, and his eagerness to see me fit again, had prompted him to agree to the Gambeaus' proposal.

voice warned me that I should make a last-minute excuse not to remain in the same house with Yvonne. I knew I could not stay on so close to her, and remain true to my buddy, but Yvonne's soulful eyes were seducing me with sweet promises begging me to stay.

A little while later I went upstairs to my

new quarters, pretending the fatigue that I had really felt until meeting Yvonne. I lay across the high bed listening eagerly to catch little snatches of her voice that reached me from the room below. Big Sam said good night, and the door closed after him. up and tiptoed over to the front window. The stars had come out, and in the half-light they shed, I saw my buddy moving off like a phantom through the woods. I remembered the first time I had seen him walking through the gray woods at Seicheprey, and had followed him where I was afraid to go. Then the vision of Yvonne crossed my memories.

I tried to blind myself to her vision. told myself she was Sam's girl. He had saved my life at Chateau-Thierry. I had returned from the hospital owing him my Now, I owed him even more. given me the chance to get right physically before going back to the outfit. Even more, he had proved that his love for a girl had not come between us. Was I going to prove myself his buddy or his worst enemy?

'I can't stay here," I groaned inwardly. for in some mysterious way I again sensed that Big Sam had made a heart-breaking mistake. Yvonne did not love him. He only thought she did. He had mistaken af-fectionate friendship for love. One look into her eyes had told me that and more. It had filled me with the premonition that something impended between Yvonne and myself. "I mustn't let it happen. We mustn't fall in love. If anything happened to Sam's love it would bust him up for all of his roughness. Sam's got big hard mus-cles, but he's got a fine, soft heart."



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I tiptoed back and flung myself across the bed, agonized by the conflict of emotion in my heart. At last, toward early morning, I fell into a troubled sort of sleep that was crowded with the faces of Yvonne, and Big Sam.

Yvonne was sewing some buttons on my blouse when Big Sam came to the house the next afternoon. All that morning I had avoided her because she belonged to my buddy, so I did not exactly feel ashamed to look him in the eye.

"Ask Yvonne if she'd like to promynard a little bit with me, Kid," he said after a while.

"Are you going, too?" she asked, and my face burned.

I made some sort of flabby excuse about being tired. The girl gave me a queer little look, but saved the situation by turning upon Sam with one of her wonderful smiles. Sam smiled back at her, his eyes glowing with adoration, and pride. Then he reached out, and caught both of her hands in his. I made believe I was looking out of the door, but I saw Sam kiss her, and I began to tremble.

WHEN Sam and Yvonne came back I was lying down upstairs. He came up, and looking in, figured I was asleep. Shutting the door softly he went down again, and I heard him go away.

Hardly five minutes passed before there was a soft tapping at my door. Then, Yvonne came in. I started to get up but she motioned me back on the bed:

"Non, non, M'sieu Robert, you must rest," she insisted. "At first, downstairs, Yvonne thought you only played at being too fatigued to walk with us. Yvonne thought

M'sieu did not want to go. I am glad I was wrong."

"I wanted to go, Yvonne," I said turning away from her, "But—" I suddenly stopped,

catching myself in time.

A silence that seemed more eloquent than anything we might have said crept into the room. Then, she broke it with: "Sergeant Sam is your very good friend—your comrade d'guerre?"

"Oui, Yvonne. He saved my life," I answered.

There was more silence in which I heard Yvonne's hands moving softly against one another. Again it was she who ended the spell of quiet: "What would M'sieu Robert desire for supper? Surely there must be something he would like best of all after his sufferings, and his privations. Tell Yvonne what it is. She would love to give M'sieu Robert his favorite plate."

She laughed softly when I told her ham and eggs with French fried potatoes. "That is every American's favorite plate, Robert, she said, and there was a patter of feet over the floor, the swish of skirts. Then the easy closing of a door. I did not move from my place on the bed.

Big Sam did not show up that night, yet he'd told Yvonne to expect him. It was

the first time in two weeks that the Sergeant had failed to put in appearance after dark, informed Madame, and I thought she looked at both Yvonne and myself, as if we could explain the occurrence.

"We're going to start a big drive soon, and the non-commissioned officers go over times. Maybe that's what kept him," the attack problems at night school, some-

They won't send you back to the Front, I they, Robert?" asked Yvonne, her will they, voice sounding a little bit strained. "You're not strong enough. Surely they won't send you back."

"I'll be plenty strong enough after being here a while longer. I'm all right, except for being underweight."

"Ah!" interrupted Madame. "The war is terrible, terrible, to think of you poor boys

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walking into death and suffering! Mon Dieu, will it never end?

Yvonne got up impulsively and went to e open door. There she stood, her back the open door. turned to us, looking away from the direc-tion of the Front where the skies seemed faintly colored with a banana yellow hue, pricked here and there by the burst of red and green rockets. A low rumbling sound as of far off thunder drifted through the door. I saw her slender shoulders go up in the air once, and a shudder seemed to pass over her form. I looked away only to find Madame Gambeau gazing at me with eyes that seemed to be searching right down into my soul. It was then that I was sure she knew what was happening under her roof. And, it was then that I realized the danger Big Sam's discovering what Yvonne's mother had discovered. Could it be possible that Sam's staying away meant that buddy had already sensed the terrible my

This question tortured me as I went to my room for the night. It haunted me like a ghost after I put out the candle, and lay there, restless in the dark. There was only Whether or one answer to my question. Sam was aware of the truth I must go

away from Yvonne before it was too late.
"I'll go in the morning," I determined, trying to drive the memory of Yvonne from my heart, and thoughts.

THE September stars outside my window, glowed like the golden candle-light that had first revealed Yvonne's face to me. I could not shut my eyes to those stars, and so I remembered. Desperate, I got up, and slip-ped into my clothes. I was bent upon stealaway in the night, and fighting the whole thing out by myself in the woods. However, Yvonne was sitting on the stone steps underneath those dancing stars. Against my intention I found myself at her side. "Something has happened to Yvonne,

M'sieu," she said, gazing dreamily at the stars. "Something she does not quite understand. Something that is here," and impulsively lifted one of my hands against

her heart. "Yvonne cannot sleep."
"Neither can I. Yvonne." I answered. She turned at my words, her black eyes more misty than ever as they searched mine. Our hands came together in some unplanned fashion. Our faces drew close. Only an inch or so of velvet dark lay between our The next instant we kissed each other. Then, a voice somewhere deep inside of me commanded me to lift my lips from Yvonne's. I obeyed, my eyes focussing upon the trees. Suddenly they changed from the trees. fine round trees to shattered woods through which men seemed to be walking ever so slowly, men with gleaming fixed bayonets! They were all dim, shadowy men except one, a tall, rangey giant. I shut my eyes before that vision of Sam Sanderson, and jumped to my feet. I felt like something

"Yvonne, I can't stay here with you. I'm

The girl got up, and clutched my hands: "I go with you," she said.

Angry at myself, and at her, I flung her hands away. I could not let her beauty tempt me. "No, I am going alone. You cannot go," I said, and my voice meant those words although my heart did not.

"All right, Robert, but kiss Yvonne once

"My God, Yvonne, I can't kiss you. You can't kiss me. It's wrong! My friend loves you. You love my friend."

"Yvonne loves you, Robert, not Sergeant Sam."

"No, no, you don't, you mustn't think of such a thing," I cried, yet I knew she had spoken the truth.

"I loved you when I first saw you."
"You love Sam." I insisted.

'Non. Robert. You do not believe that. You only say so because he is your friend. he has made a mistake. You know know that although Yvonne lets him come often to her; although she has even kissed him. she does not love him. She lo you," she ended, reaching out her hands. She loves

I jerked away knowing that I must seep faith with Big Sam. He had pulled keep through the hardest hours of my life. I did not dare stay another moment. Turning away I ran at full speed into the woods surrounding the house. And, I did not stop, until somewhere deep in the shadows of sleeping trees I tlung myself down on the damp ground, and cursed myself for having betrayed, in my heart, the man I called buddy.

Lying there in the woods my soul

triumphed somehow over my flesh. been weak back there for a moment when I kissed her. But, that moment seemed past; it would never return. Oh! I was so sure of this then, so very sure that my soul had been made strong enough never to betray Big Sam again. I got up, and retraced my steps, courage flaming in my heart. Once more I felt as if I had been lifted up out of some indescribable travail.

Yvonne was still sitting on the front eps. Standing a little way from her I told her what had happened down in the woods. "I thought I loved you, Yvonne. But, I was mistaken, just as Big Sam is mistaken about your loving him. There's mistaken about your loving him. T a girl back home who is my fiancee. and I can only be friends," I said, stopping short over the last word. I knew I could not go on with such lies, not when my heart was breaking to take her in my arms, and kiss away the torture I saw in her

"Oui, M'sieu. Yvonne understands. Yvonne—" her voice broke, and her head bowed into her lap, as if she had been suddenly struck by an unseen hand.

For just one agonizing moment I stood over her, my arms struggling to reach out and touch her, my throat constricting with the words I wanted to whisper to Then, in some miraculous way, the

strength to leave her came to me. A week slipped by. Only the fact that Big Sam came to the Gambeau farmhouse once or twice a day made it possible for me to play the game I'd steeled myself to play, forcing myself to think of Yvonne only as my buddy's Just once in all those seven days did I falter in my purpose. That was while we were all sitting at the supper table one night, and Yvonne reached under the cloth, and squeezed my hand. The pressure of her fingers made me tingle all over, and remembering the one time I had kissed her, my yearning for her filled my eyes. It was still there when I glanced away, and caught Big Sam staring at me as if he'd seen something he couldn't exactly Fortunately, Madame Gambeau called his attention to something at the moment, and he had apparently forgot what he'd seen in my eyes.

ON THE afternoon of the eighth day the struggle to suppress my feelings for Yvonne seemed about on the breaking point. A man cannot live day after day, and night after night, under the same roof with the girl he loves, and still remain strong enough to resist her appeal indefinitely. When Madame started out for a village five miles away, and I realized Yvonne and I would be left all alone in the house, I went up to my room, a decision forming in my mind. I was going to report back to the outfit. It was best since I was no longer sure of myself around Yvonne. I had gained five pounds and felt much stronger

"I'm going this afternoon," I said, fling-



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ing myself face down on the bed.

The words had barely escaped my lips when the door opened softly. I looked up,

and saw Yvonne coming toward me.
"Robert," she began, "something is going to happen. I know it, feel it. You are going away from me. Oh! it doesn't matter that there is someone else back in America, someone you love," the tears were streaming down her cheeks. "I—I love you-and it is eating my heart out, she cried.

The next moment she was on her knees at the bedside sobbing into the bedclothes while her arms groped blindly for me. All my love for her surged into my heart. I caught her hands, while my lips touched her blue-black hair. Just what I said I do not know, except that I told her the truth that was in my heart for her.

"Oh! my sweetheart," she sobbed against my hands. "Each night I prayed there was really me other that was loved me that

really no other, that you loved me, that you were only hurting us both on account of your friend. Robert, Robert, I have been yours since that first night. Ah! Mon Dieu, I love you, I want you," she cried.

I LIFTED her up from her knees, and drew her into my arms just as a door opened, heavy footsteps sounded below, foland lowed by Sam's voice calling our names excitedly. I don't know how she ever escaped my room in time. I was faking sleep when he came in, panting hard from running.

"We just got orders, Kid.

"We just got orders. Kid. We're gom' up; there's a big drive startin' directly. Outfit's movin' out in half hour. Come on, Kid, we gotta make it snappy."

With Yvonne looking on, Sergeant Sam and I made my pack. It was only a matter of minutes. Not once did I dare look into the eyes of either one. When the pack was made Sam bent to pick it up, but I clung to it, and started downstairs afraid of what must be written in my eyes. However, Sam was far too wrapped up in looking at the girl he loved to watch me then.

I rushed down the front steps, eager to get away. But, Sam called me inside. "Kid, there's something you gotta tell her for me," he said. "Tell her not worry bout me. There, there ain't no shell or bullet with my number on it, and, Kid, tell her I'm comin' back soon as the show's over. God! Kid, I love her more'n anything, tell her all that."

There are times when we just make ourselves go through with things. It was that way then. I told her brokenly, won-dering how I'd ever get by with it. Then I said she had to play the game. Yvonne nodded, and went over to the big Sergeant who stood with his cap in his twisting hands. Suddenly his feelings burst out into English. I could not stand there listening, knowing all I did. I hurried out to the front of the house, wishing to Heaven that I had been killed at Torcy instead of being wounded. My love for Yvonne was graying at one side of my heart while my gnawing at one side of my heart while my friendship for Sam Sanderson was gnawing at the other. Standing there I felt I was being cheated, but, worst of all I felt I was a cheater. I hadn't played square with I should have told him the truth he beginning. Deception had only Sam. from the beginning. Deception had only made matters a thousand times worse. God! what would happen if he found out that it was all a rotten fake? I shuddered at the idea of his turning against me, hating me, knowing me for what I really

I turned at the call. Sam was standing in the door with Yvonne, his arms around

"We're goin', Kid. Come on and kiss Yvonne good-by. You rate a kiss. She'll



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be almost a sister to you some day."

I moved toward them, my knees unsteady, my hands shaking violently. I mumbled something to Yvonne about being my sister, and for a fleeting moment

I even dared to brush my lips against hers. "Good-by, Yvonne," I said in English. "Good-by, my American sweetheart, Bon chance. May the Virgin guard you," she answered in French.

I was hurrying down the white road when Sam overtook me and snatched away my pack. "We gotta double-time, Kid. They're blowin' to fall-in, now," he panted.

FROM the village down the road came the r sharp, staccato notes of a bugle. My pulses began to pound. My heart began to race madly. A few moments later I was a part of the excitement and confusion of men going to war. Our company street was like a street of Babel with the French and the Americans scurrying here and there, shouting orders and last words. Sam shoved me into his platoon, and grabbed gun, and pack, from a man who had fetched it out of the billet.

The officers were not in sight. Orders had been changed by a difference of about ten minutes. Sam bolted off to fill his canteen with cognac. Other non-coms did the same. The squads broke a bit, and spread so that the French people with whom they had been living the past few weeks could see them for a last good-by, and a last wish of "bon chance" at the

In all that mad, mad scene my thoughts did not rush ahead to what was waiting for K Company up the line in the Saint Mihiel woods. Instead they kept rushing back over that white road to a farmhouse in the woods, and a girl. Then they rushed back over that same road to Sam.

A whistle blew at the head of the col-umn. The Captain faced the ragged squads and said something to the top-ser-Just as the top-kick swung about to give a command, a form rushed at me from the side of the road. Arms went around my neck, kisses showered down upon my lips.

Yvonne, oh! Yvonne," I half-sobbed. "Robert, my sweetheart. I could not let you go like that. Oh! come back to me, come back to me. It is killing my heart to have you go."

"I'll come back some day."

TENSHUN," barked the first sergeant. But, with Yvonne in my arms, crying and kissing me, I was deaf to the command until in the grim silence that followed the order I gazed up and saw Sam Sanderson looking at Yvonne and me with a face that seemed suddenly stricken. At the look in his eyes, and the way he snapped his head around, I felt as if I had driven my bayonet through his chest. I leaned heavily against Yvonne as if the weight of my pack, and rifle, had increased a hundredfold. We were nearly swept off our feet by the men pressing forward. The outfit was marching.

Yvonne. "Good-by You must let me go." I said, moving along. She clung on a few steps more, then knelt in the dust of the road where old women, young children, and withered men were kneeling,

waving, throwing kisses

I never dared look back at Yvonne in the dust of the road. I never dared think. I just marched on, the torture of my heart spreading and spreading more sharply with every step. The dusk came down. Then black night with its sea of stars overhead. We stopped for chow at a roadside mess station. I was weak, but I couldn't go food, and I stood off in a corner eating my heart out because Sam Sanderson stood Chicago, III. | nearby, looking at me occasionally with

unseeing eyes. Just as we lined up again, he went through his platoon checking up on certain things. When he called me Borden" my heart turned to lead. the agony of iodine on a raw wound. It was the first time since that morning we met that he had not called me "Kid." His name for me had come to mean everything. My own name "Borden" was a bitter My own name "Borden" was a bitter sound to me on his tongue. I answered his question, calling him Sergeant, and feeling as if he were a total stranger to me. Deep in my heart I knew he was. He was no longer Sam, my buddy. He was Sergeant Sanderson.

The command "forward, march," pled through the platoon again. We bal-anced packs, and stepped out. The night deepened, but we marched on, and on, stopping for short rests along the roadside. Not once during those rests did Sam Sanderson so much as look at me, but out of the corner of my eyes I watched him, praying, wishing, hoping he would say something to me. If only he would berate me. damn me for what I felt I was But, no, he just treated me as if I didn't

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THE SLI 249 We I enclo your per question Mint Licorice

Name.

Addres

A BOUT two o'clock the next morning our battalion reached the regimental rendezvous in a wooded valley. We had been marching like ghosts in the night for more than four hours. Hiking under full pack had just about sucked all the strength out of me, but it wasn't physical exhaustion that made me feel all done up after that gruelling march. It was the kind of weakness that comes to a fellow when he feels down in spirit. I didn't care what hap-Sergeant Sanderson hadn't pened. much as noticed me during the hike, and now that the Battalion was going to bivouac, he was putting his shelter-half with Cognac Smith's to make a pup tent.

Big Sam and I had always put our shelter-We had always made a halves together. bunk out of our blankets. I watched him and Cognac for a few minutes, then turned my head away. Somehow, every move Sam made to stretch the canvas and the blankets felt like a blow against my face. Other fellows were putting their stuff together. Everybody seemed to have a buddy but I stole away from the crowd and began to unroll my pack. I didn't care

whether I had a pup tent over me or not.

Later, while I lay there on the ground, carelessly wrapped in my three blankets, it began to rain. I turned my face away from the stinging drops, and thought of Sam under the pup tent with Cognac Smith. We had always made ourselves warm and com-fortable in the cold and rain before this awful thing had happened to us! How good bacon, and milkless coffee had tasted side by side with Sam!

Big guns began to growl to the rear, but I paid no attention to them, nor to the outbursts of machine-gun fire ahead. All I could do was lie there in the slashing rain and cold, and know the bitterness of having lost my best friend. Even the knowledge that Yvonne loved me worked no magic then. The memory of her kisses, and her last words, only seemed to make my torture over Sam all the more poignant.

WHEN the darkness began to fade a little I thought of what lay ahead of We would be going over soon, walking slowly into the German fire, and the flickering knives. I'd done it twice before, but. Sam had been at my side then. A horrible fear gripped me. What if I didn't have the nerve to carry on without Big Sam at my

I don't know how I ever fel! asleep with that question burning into me like a red hot poker. I guess I must have been mighty near dead from weakness and worry when



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finally did drift off to a restless sleep. Everybody was awake, and on their feet when I opened my eyes again. At first I tried to make believe everything was a nasty nightmare. But, the line of those pup tents through the trees, and the fact that I was all alone in my wet blankets, drove ugly truth home to me. I sat up. The first man I really recognized was Sam. He was going around getting up details. Every man in sight got some sort of a job but me.

ig Sam passed me up cold. For a moment hope flared in my chest. Sam was passing me up because he didn't want to overtax my strength! But, there was another way to look at it. Most likely Sam hated me so much he didn't want to speak to me! All that morning I sat there on my blankets, eating my heart out. I fell in for mess, but I couldn't eat. Yet, I was so weak and empty, I could hardly

That afternoon old Cognac Smith sauntered over to me. My heart leaped. Per-haps he was bringing some news from Sam. But, Cognac was looking for news. "What the hell's wrong with you and Sam, Kid? I asked him, but he ain't so much as even seemed to hear my question. What's the

SHOOK my head. My voice wasn't to be depended upon.

Cognac gave me a close look. "Your tongue gone A. W. O. L. too, eh? Well, there's somethin' wrong, and I'm only tryin' to help patch things up, Kid. Come on spill

the beans," he coaxed.
"Sam's sore at me. He's got a damn good right to be, Cognac, that's all," I managed to say.

The old fellow shook his head, and went away. Out of the corner of my eyes I saw him go up to Sam, and say something. Big Sam's only answer was to shrug his wide shoulders, and light a cigarette.

I got up again for mess call. But, I only nibbled at my food. The night wore on The darkness became like acid eating at my chest with the thought of Sam's anger. Daylight brought no relief to my soul torture, and by afternoon I was praying orders would arrive. I wanted to go over the top, and get knocked off.

The orders came after supper. then that Sam spoke to me for the first time in over twenty-four hours. "Your gas mask O. K., Borden?" he asked.

Borden! Somehow that name on his lips took away the sudden intention of trying to square things up with him by some sort of an explanation: "O. K." I said, glad of the

"We attack first thing in the morning. If you need ammunition say so when I'm

dealin' out the grenades."
"All right, Sergeant," I mumbled. The next second he was on his way to another man.

We moved out of the valley at ten-thirty. By midnight we were in our places in the night-shrouded lines, waiting for something to happen. The ghostly calm that comes before a storm hung over the woods.

"It's this goddam waitin' that gets a guy's guts," complained a fellow in the squad. Somebody told him to shut up. A squad. Somebody told him to shut up. A stray shell came tearing into the woods, and exploded with an awful bang. I made a strange sort of noise as it went off. In the silence that followed I strained my eyes for Sam. He was sitting on a tree trunk not far away, staring into the dark. I fig-ured he was thinking of Yvonne, and of me, and hating us. I would have given my life just to have had him come over, and call me "Kid" once.

"My God! maybe one of us will get killed. I don't want to die with Sam feeling so awful against me!"

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began to climb like colored snakes against geant Sam get up, and face his platoon. His face was set like a stone. A lieutenant joined him, ordering us to fix bayonets. Sam had fixed mine that first terrible morning in the gray dawn, a few months back. He had tapped my shoulder, and said, "Stick by me. Kid. me and Cognac'll watch out for them bayonets." But, there wasn't any Sam at my side any more. I clicked the bayonet at my side any more. I there the on. The lieutenant started to say some-

The boom of a big gun far to the rear cut off his words. A shell screamed overhead, and landed with a bang up toward Saint Mihiel. There was a moment of stark silence, and then the gray morning air went mad with the roar of artillery barrages that launched the famous attack of the First American Army. The din of those going guns beat down into my soul, and the thunder of the big guns behind us, and the cataract of machine gun fire ahead, over-whelmed me with the desperate desire to ilee somewhere, even if I ran straight into German bayonets.

On, and on we moved through the shatwoods with death screaming and tered screeching overhead. Yet, in all that stirring clamor we could only walk-walkwalk. I caught myself yelling time and time again. It seemed the only way to keep from bursting apart before the real test came when we met hand-to-hand resistance. I was continually stumbling over things that tangled up my feet as if they were fallen tree limbs, but they were not tree limbs. They were men who writhed and groaned in the gloom at my feet, although some of them made no sounds or moves.

THE desire to run came with the rising clamor of battle. God! how I wanted those barbaric barrages to die down.

Then, suddenly we began to walk faster, and Sam Sanderson was shouting to our platoon. His words reached me, only in fragments. But, somehow, by his gesturing rifle, and the few words that reached me I caught his meaning. Something different was going to happen when we left the shelter of the exploding woods. Machine guns and Germans were ahead.

The lieutenant stepped out in front. He gave signals in dumb show, and turning his back on us led the way to the edge of the woods.

I tripped over one poor fellow, and felt his hands clutching my legs in his death agony. I crawled away, babbling into the frenzied bushes. A shadow loomed over me. I looked up and saw Sam Sanderson.

The sight of him restored my sanity. Rat-tat-tat-tat--pup-pup-pup-pup, craekled the enemy guns, and then suddenly the forest seemed as if it were being sprayed by a red wind. I ducked instinctively, and crawled forward. Dirt began to fly up in my eyes. Then the red wind no longer scourged the woods, and the dirt stopped popping up in my eyes. I crouched on one knee and looked ahead. A giant in olive drab was crowding a reeling German with a bayonet. Suddenly the bayonet stopped flashing in the air. At that moment another German arose and levelled his pistol at the giant in olive drab. I fired point-blank. The German dropped his revolver, and crumpled. I shut my eyes at the sight of him falling.

OPENED them the next second at the sound of Big Sam Sanderson's voice,

agonized by what must have been some unbearable torture. I looked up just in time to see Sam crumpling to the ground, his big back bent double, his great arms waving wildly in the air.

wasn't bravery that sent me out where Sam lay writhing in torment in an uncovered I was scared to death as I crawled, and squirmed into the hissing lead. But, there was something stronger than panic in my heart then. It was the urge to reach Sam Sanderson, and help him in his agony.

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He was moaning and twisting something awful when I got to him, his whole middle all red and mangled.

"WHO the hell?" he gasped, staring at me with glazed eyes
"Borden," I said, seized by the horrible fear that Sam was out of his head, and would not realize I had come to try and

get him to shelter.
"Borden!" His voice gave me the creeps. His shoulders and head writhed upward. For a fleeting moment his popping eyes filled with a light of recognition. "You're For a fleeting moment his popping eyes filled with a light of recognition. "You're the damn little skunk that stole my girl. Get out. Lemme alone. Oh, God! my belly's fulla fire and knives," he screamed. My arms went around his contorting shoulders. I yelled, "Stretcher, stretcher." But there was no answer except the whine of bullets and the roar of the barrages.

"It ain't no use. I'm done for. I can't

"It ain't no use. I'm done for. I can't and it. Kill me."

All the awful suffering that was Sam's was mine, but I felt the fire and knives in my heart, and soul, not in my body. Sam was dying, thinking me a skunk. I was worse than that. I hated myself so much worse than that. I hated myself so much then that only Sam's moaning kept me

from standing up in that storm of Death.
"I'm going to carry you back," I cried, straining to lift him. He seemed to be fighting against me, and my strength was not enough at first to lift him. But, some-how, because he was my buddy, I guess, I got him doubled up in my arms, and stag-gered off, my back to the enemy.

"Lemme alone. I'm a goner. Save yourself. Kid."

Kid! Kid! The name brought a Kid! sound bursting through my lips as I crashed down with him, our arms locked around each other. I tried to break ms hold so I could get up and try again, but his dying strength was too great. "Down, stay down, Kid." His voice trailed away, and was lost in the clamor for a second, then I heard it again. "Them bullets'll get then I heard it again. "Them bullets'll get you. Down. You gotta go back to Yvonne."

"Sam, Sam," I cried, knowing he was dying, "For God's sake tell me you don't hate me. Tell me-

tte me. Tell me— His fingers fluttered over mine, and squeezed them in his death agony. sorry I blamed you," he gasped. gotta right to love the feller she wants. She fell for you. I'm through. Go back to Yvonne. S'long, God—God bless you— Go back

Those words, my buddy's last, proved I was what he had called me, the Kid. With Sam lying in my arms, and far beyond the Death that was flying through the air, I broke down and cried like a baby. Not broke down and cried like a baby. Not only because of the anguish I felt over losing him. But, because Big Sam had died thinking of me as the Kid, and had given me the right to go back to Yvonne knowing he understood, and would bless our love from the Great Beyond.

WERE you ever reckless just for the fun of it—reckless enough to gamble away your last cent? And if you were did you stake your love and your life's happiness as I did in the desperate hope of winning back what you lost. Perhaps if you did you'll realize when you read my story "I Didn't Mean What He Thought I Did" in the April SMART SET just how lucky I was to win in the end.

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Chance

[Continued from page 47]

ours and to make bad matters worse, think of two careers in one family. An opera singer and a writer. He wants to sing scales and she wants to write a masterpiece. It won't do. A career and a home are a difficult tandem for a woman. And a singer is the most temperamental of husbands. Everyone says so. I believed it two years ago.

One of my pet essayists once wrote that

every woman ought to have three husbands: a good provider, a good lover, and a handy man around the house. Well, to anticipate my climax, I have all three of them—in one. It is out now. My supposedly "temperamental" opera singer is a gentle, generous giver, a dramatic and imaginative lover and most excellent carpenter and electrician. Also he's a good chauffeur.

BUT I came very, very near not marrying D him. Only a week before we became engaged, we parted forever, and a month before our marriage I ran away.

We were looking for our own particular "house of dreams," our home. A kindly superintendent was showing us through a small, but charming apartment. Suddenly the walls began to close in on me. I thought of the roomy old house where I was born out in Indiana-the house where you could be so blessedly all by yourself when you liked. And the very much adjoining rooms of the little apartment gave

me a mental cramp and a panic.

"Are you crazy?" part of me asked the rest of me. "What makes you think you want to get married and live with a—perfectly strange man? You don't know one really important thing about this other human being and yet you're planning to pack yourself into this little cedar chest of a place with him. You can't get away. You may want to get away. You know perfectly well that most marriages don't You have statistics to prove it. this man is a stranger to you. A STRANGER! You know your work and you like it, but you don't know him at all and you may not like him when you do. Run. Run."

And I did. Right out of the apartment, down four flights of unfinished stairs, through a very plastery lobby and pell-mell into a car that was standing in front of the building. My fiance's car. There really wasn't anywhere else to go on that cluttered street full of new buildings. This, of course, is the only reason why I flung my-This, of self into that car.

My fiance followed. He didn't say a word. He simply threw out the clutch and threw in the gear in the way people who know how to drive cars do all those remarkable things. And off we went. Up Riverside Drive. Into a sunset. A lovely crimson and fuchsia and lilac colored sunset. After a while he found a place where we seemed to be all alone with the Hudson and Then he stopped the car and asked me to lift the curtains that were down over my eyes and see what the Great Painter had done for me.

Pretty soon I blurted out all my fears

about strange men and strangling walls. Even when I said that I just had to run away, he didn't laugh and ask why I ran and hid so carefully in his car.

It is really a very pleasant thing when a person with a gorgeous sense of humor doesn't laugh at you for being a little idiot. Of course, it gives a man a delicious sense



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of power when he discovers that a theoretically clever woman is a "little idiot." you see we both had a rather agreeable time out there on Riverside in the sunset.

I am intensely grateful that we did marry. But I am still more grateful that I didn't marry one of the five fiances who preceded the One Who Turned into a Husband.

Yes, there were five near-husbands. I am glad that they are only casual memories now and not ghosts. But as I look back upon them with gratitude for their exits. I can only feel that they were more or less educational and that they were inevitable. They taught me to appreciate the Right Prince when he came along-and maybe their processional kept me moving in his direction.

I suppose they had to be, for—I might as ell confess it: I have always wanted to well confess it:

marry.

The first of my series of fiances was a man of the world, twenty-seven, soft voiced, emotionally deft and perfectly eligible. might never have discovered that he was a mere symbol of the man I fancied him if his family had not planned a brilliant mar-He dared not defy them riage for him. openly, nor show too great an indifference to the millions they wanted to annex, so Mister First shed a few tears and urged his dowerless bride to elope with him. I found that I had a vast amount of pride and neither jot of confidence nor tittle of faith in my spineless wooer. So I declined to enter his family mansion by the back door of an elopement and the front pages of our local papers.

After my exit from that situation there was a year of bitterness, resentment, loneliness—and growth. I discovered then that love without tenderness, protection, courage or firmness of purpose had no charm for me. Nevertheless within three years I was again on the verge of matrimony.

This time I wasn't about to achieve it. It was being thrust on me by a man who was convinced that the way to win a girl was to appeal to everything except her reason. Fortunately that faculty asserted itself in time to save me from letting a man marry me because I thrilled him.

THE third approach to matrimony was in company with a young psychiatrist whose interest was most psychological just when I fancied it a bit over-physiological. I thought I was engaged to a fiery and romantic lover. He thought me a finely tuned instrument well worth learning to play even at the cost of marriage. After I escaped his magnifying glass, I came near marrying a man because he was sure he couldn't live without me. Fortunately he didn't see how he could live with my career. And I had a definite sense of lovalty to the muse who likes to use me as her medium now and then.

It was easy to help my correspondents in terms of the pseudo heart-breaks I was surviving. I felt I could speak with authority when declaring that love without strength or courage or stability or tenderness was highly undependable. I knew that passion, mental curiosity or a crushing sense of possession might lead to matrimony but never to marriage.

But I still wanted to marry. I continued to believe in the completion which means marriage in spite of all the examples I had seen of that unhappy repletion which spells

My last escape from inharmony is the miracle of miracles. I came within a bare ten days of a matrimonial venture which would have linked my life with that of the strong, sturdy and comthat of the strong, sturdy and com-pletely practical "one hundred percent American" I had always visualized as the ideal mate for a woman like me. But inharmony was constantly stalking us because I could not subscribe to his religious orthodoxy and he could not find God in a sunset as well as within four walls. Mentally we were further apart than the Baltic is from the Maumee. Spiritually we were alien. So-just in the nick of time-we escaped from each other because we discovered that a hopeless task to spend your hours translating yourself to some one who finds your normal speech full of jarring notes.

Now I am married to a man whose lan-guage is song, whose background is Slavic, whose education is Continental, whose art is interpretive, who gave up his country, his people, a seat on the "Bourse" and the comforts of a rich and cultured home to go out and fight for the music which seemed child's-play to a family whose traditions destined the only son of the house to be a director of the stock exchange. To stress the fact that I stood at the other end of life's diameter, remember that my husband has exquisite command of half a dozen languages of which I don't understand as many phrases, and only six years' worth of the English whose permutations and combina-tions are music to my ear. Wagner and Rimsky-Korsakoff and Debussy are open books to him. I introduced him to O.

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Quick, pain. I

A FEW days ago I recognized a phrase from Tristan and Isolde in a popular song. Recently I heard a hitherto strange overture and asked casually and suddenly: "Is that by the man who wrote Coque D'or?" It was . . . My husband was almost as proud and thrilled as I was.

A story I wrote a few months ago has been achieving a pleasant success. a field hitherto unknown and untried. My editor and advisory board was friend husband—whose English vocabulary in 1920 consisted of "alright," and "pencil."

Yet if another couple with half a world of geography and a whole world of education and taste between them were to come and ask my advice now-when I'm not a professional adviser any more-I'm not sure hat I'd say, "Bless you my children." I'm not very free with advice any more.

There are so many exceptions to all rules. When a man and a woman come from the same town and the same street, they differ over the way to handle forks and bank accounts and leisure hours. Barriers of taste and spirit and ideals haven't a thing to do with national boundaries. they exist. Undoubtedly marrying a But man who doesn't know your language and who doesn't understand your customs is bound to invite certain-and uncertain-problems. These problems may be stimulants or irritants. We happen to find our mutual adjustments almost as dramatic as the entertainment we have to pay for when we sit in front of the footlights instead of staging

AM beginning to think the most important thing in marriage is to like the person you love. When the individual who acts as your heart-beat-accelerator interests you, appeals to you, meets with your approval, and never makes you ashamed, you're really heading for bliss.

Adjusting the tastes and tasks of the musician to those of the writer isn't always easy, but it is generally exciting. There is real adventure in adapting the gay troubadour to the earnest plodder, the boy to the eternal mother, the Cosmopolitan to the Hoosier, the expert mechanician to woman who can't put a new ribbon in her typewriter without a struggle and inky fingers, the realist to the woman who goes right on believing in Santa Claus. Both of us hate to be bored. We might sometimes be slightly bored if we weren't so different.

Each of us believes that life is a fifty-fifty proposition. We are not spoiled children; life has disciplined us too well for that. So we divide our possessions as neatly as did

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our desires so life will offer equal portions of "lean" and "fat." My Mr. Gray Eyes teaching himself to like restaurants dancing . . . I remember that he lived fifteen years of his life in hotels and that he sees dancing all around him all the time as part of the Opera.

Perhaps each of us is a wee bit jealous. That's a reflex, not the result of sober re-Once when I watched a rehearsal flection. kiss in which my husband's partner was a very attractive girl, I bit my lips as he touched hers. He saw it and he told me soberly and gently:

"I've been singing for fifteen years. I've kissed a lot of women and held a lot of others in my arms and I've been surrounded by beauties and celebrities all the time. But I never made love to them off-They were part of the stage setting . . . I married you because I love you. I'm not blind to the beauty of blue eyes because I love your big brown eyes. I admire a glorious sunset. I admire a gorgeous woman. But they're both scenery. You

Never mind what he said I was. You wouldn't think so anyway. You are not in love with me! When Mr. Gray Eyes is inclined to wonder at the personal interest some charming editor shows in me when we meet at a dinner, I adapt his own words and tell him that delightful writing-men are just mental stimulants to me. "I didn't marry one of them, did I?"

He grins. We both grin. We know it is true. He had fifteen years of lonely bachelorhood in which to marry a lovely prima donna. And he didn't. I had five fiances in a decade—and waited for him. So it would be silly to be jealous.

Neither of us has a possessive attitude. We leave each other free to be individuals. We may be one in love and one in spirit, but we are still two separate entities—a man and a woman, a Russian and an American, a musician and a writer. And even our muses have become congenial.

We find that married people can be friends. And everybody needs a friend! Sometimes friendship and reason and understanding are put to quite a strain, there's no doubt of that. But if you like the person you love, you trust him; and if you trust him you generally find out that when he was so absent-minded he didn't answer your eager question it was because he was thinking he must get you a new shade for your reading lamp.

We had our first wedding anniversary in 1925. And within a month of that romantic and beautiful date. Friend Husband became an American Citizen. Oh yes, it was fine that he wanted to be one of us. But there is more to it than that!

As the anniversary approached, I began to discuss a big reception. And he negatived it with a quiet:

"We'll have plenty of other anniversaries
... But I'll only become an American

Citizen once. That's the day to celebrate."

Of course I was hurt for a minute.

Frightfully hurt too. My first wedding anniversary—sold for a naturalization paper And then I was ashamed and humble and glad and proud. Very proud. For I got a new sense of the glory of my heritage of Americanism. And I realized the deep sense of patriotism my husband feels for the into which I happened to be born, but which he chose for his own-his native

I go right on glowing whenever I think of it. And he tells it proudly to show that women are not petty at all, and that I was "Think how beautifully she acmagnificent. cepted my ignoring our first wedding an-niversary," he says.

Perhaps I didn't marry "in spite of all I knew about it." . . . I sometimes feel that CRYSTAL BALL CO. knew about it." . . . I sometimes feel that 901 Broadway, Dept. 464, N. Y. C. I married because of all I knew about it!



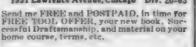
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Here they are! The 16 song and dance successes of the hour! All New York is humming, whistling and dancing to these pieces. We offer you—all 16 of them—for only \$2.08 on eight 10-inch, double-faced electrically recorded records. Play them on any phonograph. Each record beautifully rendered by famous orchestras.

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 Gty State (71)



Yes, No Help Wanted

[Continued from page 71]

I filled the teakettle and put it on the scene of the most utter desolation. I pulled a low table in front of the fire, got out the cups, lots of milk and cream, ome bread and butter, some cheese and a pot of jam. I made the tea, turned of the bright light over my typewriter, and turned on the chintz shaded lamp on the The room, lighted only by the lamp and the fire, was suddenly intimate.

I sat down in the other low chair, poured the tea and handed him bread and butter. I tried to appear jolly and friendly but I was miserable. After all, I had only been trying to help him and he was defiant and

"You are very expert," he said.

"Yes." I said. "I have to be. I love tea and I don't have time to make much of a fuss over it. I am so busy I have to get the housekeeping part of my job over with as quickly as possible."

He didn't answer, but just sat there gazing into the fire and sipping his tea very slowly. He didn't seem very hungry. I began to feel foolish. Perhaps I had been mistaken about his predicament. I leaned forward and said:

Won't you forgive me for being so of-

ficious?

"You weren't officious," he said. "Yes." I said. "I was. I somet

"Yes." I said. "I was. I sometimes am, but most men are so helpless," I added.

You speak as if you were in the habit of rescuing young men who can't cash

"I'm not precisely in the habit of it," I said. "but. of course, I've done it before— a number of times. Why shouldn't I?" I looked at him quickly. "I know it's none looked at him quickly. "I know it's none of my business-but-what are you going to do with your three hundred dollars?"

"I haven't the slightest objection to telling you," he said. "I'm going to buy security with it. I'm going to spend it all for rent with it. and food."

"Oh." I said. "I was afraid that was what you would do."

DON'T you think that is what I ought to do?"

"Of course, you must pay your rent," I said. "But aside from keeping out enough for meals for a week, I think you ought to spend the rest on clothes."
"That is absurd," he said sharply.

"You'll feel quite differently about it when you have them," I assured him. "And when you have them, I am sure I can land a job for you."

Thanks, but I don't need either your help or your advice," he said furiously.
"When I need a job, I intend to land it myself. Good night and thank you for the charming tea." He strode to the door

and went out.

I thought of Arthur the next morning the instant I was awake. I had already begun calling him Arthur to myself. I lay in bed remembering how angry he had heen with me, how furious he had looked when he left, and how utterly helpless he heen with had looked resting in the chair before my fire. He was very handsome when he was furious. I wouldn't have minded if he had been furious with some one else, would have enjoyed watching him. I we dered if he knew enough to keep his fire going over night and how to prepare him-self a proper breakfast. I dreaded making any overture when he had left in such a rage but I decided to do it anyway. night I took my courage in my hands and knocked at his door.
"Come in!" he called.

I opened the door and walked in on a

The large room with its high ceiling, its elaborate mouldings, its long windows, its patterned floor in oak bordered with walnut had the elegance of an older day. It was comfortably furnished, but there was a film of dust over everything. And it was cold, oh, unbelievably cold! The fire was out, and Arthur was sitting huddled in his overcoat before the empty grate with his wet feet stuck out in front of him as if he expected them to dry merely by being stood on end. He jumped up immediately. "How do you do?" he said crossly.

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I stood with my hand on the doorknob, ready to retreat if he got any crosser.

"Look here," I said, "won't you even let me teach you how to live?"

"THAT'S commonly supposed to take a lifetime," he answered.

I lifetime," he answered.
"Oh," I said, "I mean quite ordinary practical things—how to live in an old-fashioned New York house like this one. For instance, have you ever had a fire in that grate?'

"No," he admitted. "I didn't know it worked."

"Will you let me show you how to run it?" I said.

"I suppose I'll have to," he said un-

graciously.
"Then," I cried, "shall we get it started and have dinner here tonight? I'll show

you how to do that, too."
We walked over to Third Avenue to Joe's basement coal-shop and ordered coal and charcoal. We bought a tin teakettle, a saucepan, a broiler and food. When we got back to Arthur's room, I showed him how to kindle the fire and then I made him lie in the Morris chair while I got everything going. You can make a home of a room like that in an hour if you know Fire and food are the most important things and after that, companionship. lingered an hour over our coffee after dinner and then I got up to go.

"Bank your fire before you go to bed," said. "In the morning poke out some of the ashes, put on the blower, and you'll be warm in no time. There are two eggs for your breakfast and you can toast your rolls on the broiler. Now I must go." We shook hands, and for the first time he smiled at me with real friendliness

"Good night and thanks," he said. "You've

taught me a lot."

The next night Arthur presented himself at my door with a flourish. He was dressed in new clothes from top to toe. He was even carrying a stick. He had taken my advice!

I looked him up and down. "Perfect," I said slowly. "Quite perfect."

"I'M GLAD you are satisfied," he said ab-

"I was so afraid you wouldn't do it," I said. "Sit down and let's talk, I want you to let me help you find a job. What can

"I can write advertising copy," he said

"How do you know that you can?"
"Because I've done it," he said.

"Have you got any of your stuff with you?" I asked.

He got up and went out. In a moment he came back with a portfolio. I went

through it rapidly.

"Yes," I said, "it looks as if you can.
Where did you do these things?"

"Out in Seattle. I was a success out there in a small way. Then I came east, to New

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York, I thought I had enough money to see me through until I got a job, but I haven't been able to land one. I was up against it until I got that check-down to my last dime and my last two cigarettes. The check was for a booklet on the Rockies, the last thing I did before I came east. I was afraid it wasn't going to be accepted."

know quite a lot about advertising," I said. "My boss is head of Shotwell and Orme. I'm Mr. Orme's private secretary. I happen to know that Parker and Parker morning and show them your stuff, and I think you will land the job. In fact, I know you will. Mr. Orme is very anxious to find someone for them. They asked him to help them out. If I tell Mr. Orme you're of the control of the cont O. K. it is as good as settled. He'll tell Mr. Parker you're the man they're looking for. They'll probably give you a hooking for. They'll probably give you a hundred to start with."

A hundred a month!"

"Heavens, no! A hundred a week. It is a real job," I said.

"You mean they'll give me a hundred a week just because you tell them I'm worth he said.

"They will do it because I will tell Mr. Orme about you and he will tell them," I said patiently.

"I feel like a fool," Arthur said.

BECAUSE you have had a piece of luck?" I said.
"But it isn't luck," he said. "I have

been trying to get a job in New York for more than three months and I've hardly got past an office boy. It is you. You have done the whole thing and made me look helpless and ridiculous. I suppose I ought to be grateful to you and I am in way, but it makes me furious, too. don't know that I'll go around to Parker and Parker at all."

"You don't have to be grateful," I said.
"But don't be such an idiot as to turn down the chance. It's better than starving, isn't it?"

"Oh, I suppose so," he said. "But no one wants to be handed everything by a woman."

"Let me know how you come out," I said ignoring his last remark. "And good night and good luck.

"Good night," he said and left abruptly.

I had hoped that he would take me out
to dinner to celebrate his new clothes but realized that he was too angry to ask me. Then I noticed that he had forgotten his hat and stick. I reflected that he could hardly go without them. I wondered what he would do. I decided he would ask me to go to dinner with him, that he wouldn't have the heart to come back, get his hat and stick, and go out alone. With this in mind I began dressing with special care. I was ready to slip my most becoming frock over my head when his knock came at the door.

"Just a minute," I caneu. and stick, opened the door a crack, and and stick, opened the opening. "Here thrust them through the opening. "Here you are," I said cheerfully.
"Thanks awfully," he said, and that was

I heard him running down the stairs.

I was too disappointed to go out alone. I made myself some tea and went forlornly to bed. I wondered where he would go for dinner. I knew he didn't know his way around New York. I pictured him taking a taxi and asking the driver to recommend some expensive and popular place. dered if he'd really enjoy it. My only con-solation, as I drifted off to sleep, was that there was no other girl in New York he could dine with. I was sure he didn't know anyone else.

The next night when I got home there was a great bunch of flowers and a box of candy outside my door with a curt little





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note of thanks. Arthur had landed the job! I already knew that he had, and again hoped he would want to celebrate by taking me somewhere. Again I was mistaken: I didn't even see him.

A bad coid kept me at home for several days. Lying miserably in bed I decided on a test. I wouldn't pay my rent. "He will see the envelope under my door," I thought, "and if he is human he will offer to help me. That is, he will see the envelope if he is interested enough to look at my door in passing."

It was the fifteenth of the month. rent hadn't been paid. On the tenth there had been an envelope under my door.

Arthur had ignored it. There was another one that day. I could see the corner of it from where I sat huddled in a steamer rug in front of my empty grate.

I think I dozed, but suddenly I was wide awake. I heard Arthur's step on the stairs. He was coming up two steps at a time. So fast that he'll never notice what's under my door, I thought. My heart sank and tears came into my eyes. Then some one knocked. I huddled myself into my rug and didn't make a sound. I watched the door, holding my breath. I saw the envelope disappear. There was a pause and then the handle of

the door turned and the door swung open. Arthur stood in the doorway. He looked at the room, looked at me, and turned away abruptly, closing the door behind him. At this I began to cry in real earnest. In less than five minutes he was back. He stalked into the room, a bag of coal over his shoulder. He put it down and began swiftly kindling a fire. When he had a gorgeous blaze going, he turned and left again. He came back after half an hour with his arms full of bundles. He took them into the kitchenette. He came back with a glass hot milk, knelt beside my chair and held it to my lips.

"Drink it all," he said firmly. I obediently

drank it.
"Now," he said, "smile at me." I managed a little smile.

"Look here, Ann," he said, and it was the first time he had ever called me Ann. "Are you broke?"

"No," I said defiantly.

"Why didn't you have any fire?" he asked.

"Because it's too warm," I lied. Arthur snorted.

"Have you had any lunch?"
"Yes," I lied.

"Ann," he said, "you aren't telling the truth.'

"I know I'm not," I said and began to cry again. Arthur picked me up and sat down in the big chair. I stiffened to resist him but instead I buried my face on his shoulder.

"Now tell me all about it," he said ten-

"I thought you hated me," I began "I did hate you," he said, "but I don't any more. Not if you need me."

"I do need you," I cried. "I've needed you for weeks."

"Honey," he said. "I've been a stubborn rute. I've hated you for being so cool brute. and competent and adequate. I felt so in-competent. And I couldn't bear to have you help me. But I was a fool. I've been terribly lonely. I've wanted to take you out to dinner, to dance and all that and I couldn't bear to because you knew so much more about that sort of thing than I do. And to think that all the while you've been needing me! Can you ever forgive me?

"I'll try," I said.

"And will you let me take care of you always?'

"Yes."

He bent and kissed me and I have never tried to be independent since.

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